

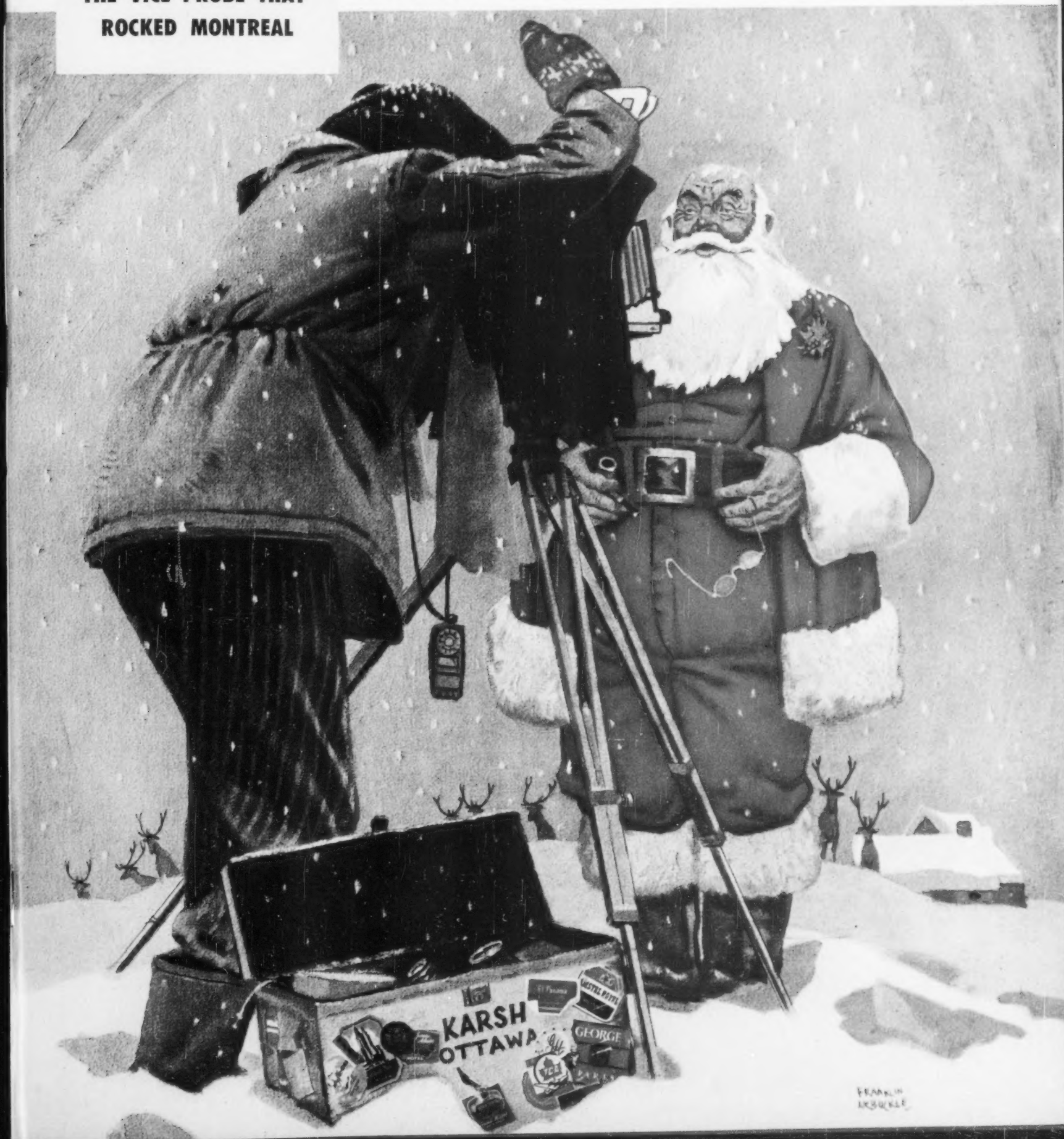
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EDITORIAL

How We Can Stop Those Murderous Floods

WHEN the next Dominion-provincial conference is convened it must be taken for granted that those attending will spend most of their time on tax questions. We urge, as noisily and insistently as we can, that they at least begin discussion of another question that's a thousand times more important: the creation of a tough, effective and consistent national policy on conservation.

It's time we stopped gaping in helpless surprise over the disasters our abuses of nature keep visiting on us year after year. It's time we stopped accepting floods and land erosion as acts of God. They're not. Almost without exception they're acts of man. The hundred people who lost their lives in and around Toronto's Humber River valley last October were killed by flesh-and-blood men as surely as the victims of the last war were killed by men.

The killers' names are not hard to find. Look on the address label of this magazine and you may find one. Look across this page to the list of editors and you'll find a dozen more. Pick up the phone book, the Directory of Directors, the Parliamentary Guide, the roster of your local hockey team, your local Rotary club or your local Ladies' Aid and you'll find the names of countless others who have subscribed to and abetted man's murderous attacks on nature and thus abetted nature's murderous counterattacks on man. In our entire history, while we have gradually pillaged forests, ruined land and so arranged it that most settled areas almost always have either far too much water or far too little—during the whole course of this criminal performance not more than a few hundred voices have been raised in real anger or real protest.

It is true that the damage we are doing to our land, our forests and our drainage systems is somewhat less today than it has been in the past. We have more laws and regulations now, some of them mildly effective.

But to the vast and vital task of repairing the damage already done we have remained almost completely indifferent. That's why this magazine believes we must create a national conservation authority and see that it has the widest possible powers not merely to prevent fresh wreckage of our land and water resources but to restore the wreckage already done.

It shouldn't take a flood on the Humber—or the Red or the Fraser—to remind us that the wreckage is sickeningly serious. In an article in this magazine four years ago Fred Bodsworth pointed out:

“Forest engineers say that 15 percent to 20 percent of the land should be forested to maintain a reasonable balance in the water cycle under a climate such as Canada's. Southern Ontario is now less than 10 percent forest land, many counties less than 5 percent. We have not only stripped trees from agricultural land, we have deforested 8,000 square miles of land so infertile that only trees will grow on it. Germany, though fighting for living space in two wars, has 27 percent of its land in forest. Canada, at the rate it is now reforesting its overcleared agricultural areas, will not have an adequate forest cover until 2750—if runaway water hasn't carried all of our topsoil into the oceans long before that time.”

Bodsworth finished his article of four years ago on a chillingly prophetic note:

“If the lessons of our floods—today-and-dry-tomorrow streams are still to be ignored, perhaps history can make the lesson clearer. For the great civilizations of Babylon, Persia and Egypt are dead today, not because they lost their wars but because they lost their water. Five thousand years ago Mesopotamia's valley of the Tigris and Euphrates possessed a fertility legendary among ancient peoples who believed that here lay the Garden of Eden. Babylon's population grew, the land was overgrazed and overcultivated. Today it is as sterile as any desert on earth—one of history's grimmest clues to the life-destroying might of unloosed water.

“It can't happen here?”

“When the Humber River was on one of its periodic flood sprees in 1942, University of Toronto scientists measured the silt content of just one of its three branches. It was carrying 2,700 tons of soil per hour into Lake Ontario.

“The Humber is one of Canada's smallest rivers.”

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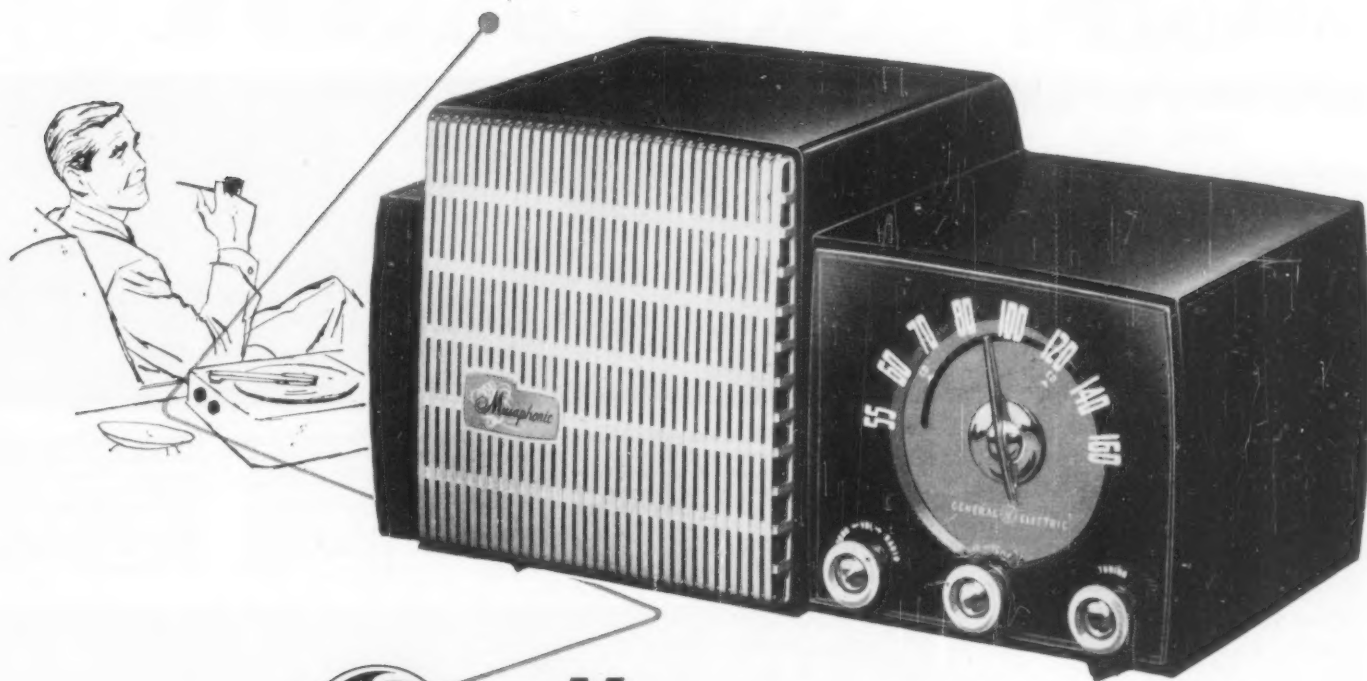
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Hear this G-E miracle in table radio tone



GE Musaphonic

Today hear the Musaphonic's fabulous console tone at your nearby dealer's in a side-by-side tone-test with any conventional table radio

You'd scarcely believe a table radio *could* reproduce tone as faithfully as the new G-E Musaphonic. But it does. Drop into your dealer's and hear it yourself. The superiority of Musaphonic over higher-priced table sets can be heard instantly—on broadcast and fine recordings. Basically, the difference is an oversized speaker, acoustically-mounted and equipped with G-E Alnico 5 magnet. Record player attachment is built in, switches on and off from the front. The G-E Musaphonic is a handsome set—Walnut, or Ivory colours are moulded right into a dashing, contemporary, plastic cabinet. Try it out soon for good listening and good looks.

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 Dusting Powder and Cologne Creation
 in a beautiful gift box that will be
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 Mother, Wife or Sweetheart. . . \$3.50
 Adrienne Cologne in lovely decanter
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Tiffany "4-in-One" Treasure Chest
 with Face Powder, Treasure Size Perfume,
 Powder Rouge and Lipstick nestling in
 a blue, satin-lined gift chest that will
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 Adrienne Perfume in an attractive
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 thoughtful extra gift. . . \$1.35



Tiffany "Trio" Treasure Chest con-
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 chest with blue satin lining. A gift she
 would choose herself. . . \$5.00
 Tiffany Cosmetics and Treasure
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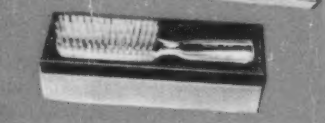
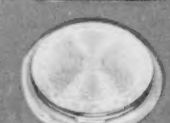
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 beautiful gift package that will delight
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 musical Swiss mechanism which plays a
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 . . . From \$1.95 to \$9.50



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 Tiffany Treasure Chest with the two
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 Beautiful Cologne and Perfume
 Atomizer. Clearest crystal, assorted
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Loose-Powder Compacts, made in
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 framed mirror, from . . . \$3.00
 Lady Windermere Boxed Station-
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 Ladies' Lucite Hair Brush with
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 Brush, Comb and Mirror with lovely
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 giving. . . \$1.19 to \$4.00

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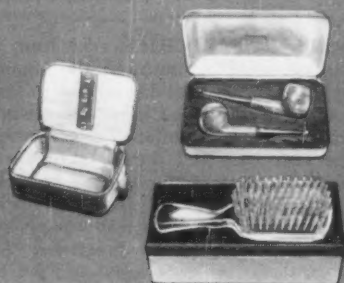
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Bachelor 5-Piece Men's Gift Set
attractively gift packed in Maroon and Gray to present him with Shaving Cream, Shampoo, Lotion, Hair Tonic and a Club Style Hair Brush. \$5.50
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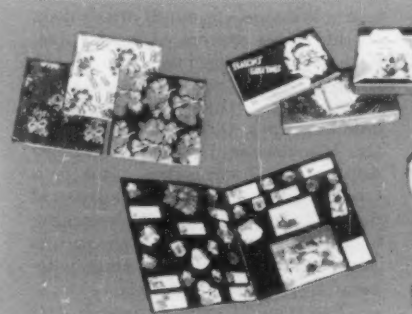


FOR HIM

Electric Shavers, Sunbeam (Model W) \$29.75
Philishave... \$27.95 **Schick "20"...** \$27.95
Langlois Lavender Shaving Cream and Talcum, In gift package... \$1.25
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Gentlemen's Stationery, 20 large sheets with 20 matching envelopes, gift box \$1.00
Langlois Lavender Shaving Cream and Lotion, Attractively packaged... \$1.65
Parker No. 21 Pen and Pencil Set, ("21" Pen \$5.75 "21" Pencil \$4.25) Boxed \$10.00
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Product that Bears the Name

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IT'S **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—**
QUICK!
...FOR EVERYBODY



Among the "Secondary Invaders" Are Germs of the Pneumonia and "Strep" Types.

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.



(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

WHATEVER ELSE YOU DO, gargle Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of a sneeze, snuffle, cough or scratchy throat due to a cold.

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Listerine Antiseptic is so efficient because, used early and often, it

frequently helps halt such a mass invasion... helps nip the cold in the bud, so to speak.

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Remember, tests made over a 12-year period in great industrial plants disclosed this record: That twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic users had fewer colds, generally milder colds, and fewer sore throats than non-users.

LAMBERT
PHARMACAL CO.
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Made in Canada

At the first sign of a cold or sore throat—
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—QUICK!

LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverly Baxter*



Sir Winston Reaches Eighty

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL rose from his seat on the front bench and arranged his notes on the famous dispatch box which never, by any chance, contains dispatches. A friendly roar of approval greeted him and even Neville Chamberlain who had played the tired bull to Churchill's picador, smiled with pleasure.

It was the year 1939 and the silent phony war had begun. For ten long heartbreak years Churchill had held no office. From the age of fifty-five to sixty-five he had been the brilliant failure of British politics, the ageing Prince Rupert who was always mounting some new horse and galloping madly in all directions. And now the rebel had donned the livery of office once again as First Lord of the Admiralty. How would he begin his speech?—for Churchill gives immense preparation to such an occasion.

"Mr. Speaker," he said in solemn tones, as if history itself were listening. "Twenty-five years ago as His Majesty's First Lord of the Admiralty I sat in my room and plotted war at sea against Germany. Twenty-five years have passed by and I find myself holding the same post, sitting in the same room, plotting war across the same waters against the same enemy."

He paused for dramatic effect. Like the great orator that he is he had planted two parallel sentences that were dramatic and challenging and now would come some tremendous utterance that would go rolling down the centuries.

Then it came! "Not quite what one would expect," he remarked. It was beautifully done. It was so right, so skilfully right. He had refused to dramatize himself. He had paid the Commons the compliment of not addressing us as a public audience. Nor was there even a suggestion of bitterness about the ten lost years in the wilderness. The prodigal son had returned and he had no words of reproach to utter.

That was fifteen years ago. And now on Nov. 30 the irrepressible urchin of British politics will be eighty. I would not be surprised if he uttered those same words: "It's not quite what one would expect."

He took part in the charge of the Lancers at Omdurman; he escaped from a prison camp in the Boer War; he was second-in-command of a front-line battalion for a time in the 1914 war; he flew to France in 1940 and tried to rally her ministers while the refugees were streaming past him and the Germans were close at hand. And in his eightieth year he left at the end of a crowded day to fly to the United States and immerse himself in the delicate problems of Anglo-American misunderstandings.

Who would have predicted that such a man would live to celebrate his eightieth birthday? He defied the gods and they were humbled. Perhaps they realized that, like themselves, he was an immortal.

The motto of the Churchill family is "Brave but Unfortunate." Certainly Winston Churchill drank deep of the bitter waters of misfortune. Five times he was rejected at the polls. Let us not begrudge those constituencies the place they will hold in history, Oldham, West Leicester, Manchester, Dundee, the Abbey division of Westminster. But as a true parliamentarian Churchill would defend to the last word of his vocabulary the right of voters to throw him out. What he thought of their judgment is quite another matter.

Twenty-odd years ago I was spending the week end with Lionel Guest, a cousin of Churchill, and he told me a story of an adventure he had shared with Churchill when they were boys. There was a big week-end party at Lord Wimborne's country house but the youthful Winston and Lionel, and a couple of others, became bored with the grown-ups and decided to play Indians.

Winston nominated himself the Indian while *Continued on page 99*



Still hearty, he donned Garter robes for recent fete at Buckingham Palace.



BLAIR FRASER BACKSTAGE across the Jordan



Britain's Anti-British Ally

AMMAN—Gen. John Bagot Glubb, commander of the Arab Legion and one of the few men now living to have become a legend in his own lifetime, is a small, neat, elderly gentleman with white hair and a small white mustache. An old saber wound in the face has given him the appearance of a receding chin; his voice is gentle and his blue eyes mild and limpid. While he talks he toys continuously with a string of Moslem prayer beads made of amber or some amber-colored stone.

His office is plain and businesslike—a big uncluttered desk, a leather-covered chesterfield for visitors, walls decorated only with a large-scale map of the area. Add a Canadian silk screen or two and it could be any one of a dozen offices at NDHQ in Ottawa. It's on the way in and out that you realize you're a long way from home.

Arab Legion headquarters is a big white building halfway up the steep side of the gravel pit in which Amman, the capital of Jordan, was built. Jeeps and armored cars, the latter armed with light machine guns, line the curb in front of it; there is great coming and going of small brown men in British summer khaki, but wearing Arab headgear of bright-red bandana instead of forage caps. The impression is that of a rear-area headquarters in wartime.

Barbed wire screens the foot of a wide stone staircase, and two guards flank the little gateway in the middle of it. They speak no English, but they are practiced in making the visitor understand that he must have a pass, and must go to an office a few doors away to get it. There, under a large sign reading "Arms Must Be Left Here," he finds benches filled with patient-looking Arab civil-

ians, who at 10 a.m. look as if they had been waiting several hours and expected to wait several more. But for a foreign visitor who says he has an appointment with Glubb Pasha there is no delay; in three or four minutes he is back with the slip of paper that lets him through the barbed wire, up the long staircase and into the busy labyrinth of offices that seems so much like home. A Scottish major takes the visitor in hand, chats a while until the telephone rings.

"The Pasha will see you now," says the major, and leads the way downstairs.

GLUBB PASHA is still British but no longer a British Army officer. He is a servant of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, and his Arab Legion's proper name is simply the Jordan Army. He speaks Arabic with as much appearance of ease as he speaks his very precise, unhesitant English, and when he talks about the Arabs of Jordan he says "we" and not "they." He often refers to the British Government or to British policy with all the asperity of an alien, as if his thirty-seven years of living with the Arabs had made him an Arab himself.

Nevertheless it is a symbol as well as a convenience that the doorway to Glubb Pasha's headquarters is only halfway up that long stone staircase from the street below. Turn right instead of left as you come out, go on up the stairs instead of down, and you will find yourself at the entrance to the British Embassy. The British ambassador in Jordan might be called the representative of an absentee owner—to wit, the British taxpayer.

The Arab Legion is Jordan's army but every

Continued on page 78

Here's the gift that will keep you in their thoughts!



For the people at the top of your Christmas List, choose a gift that goes right on saying "Best Wishes" long after the holiday is past... a box of fine stationery by Barber-Ellis. It's an ideal gift in three important ways: *Practical*, because it will be used over and over again—*Economical*, because there's a wide range of Barber-Ellis stationery to choose from, no matter what your budget—*Luxurious*, because it's a "famous name" gift, eloquent expression of your desire to give the very best. So drop in at your favourite stationery counter now and look over the wonderful selection of Barber-Ellis stationery. In addition to deluxe cabinets of such well-known lines as Cameo Vellum and Barber-Ellis Kid Finish, you will find special stationery for the men on your list in "Sir" and other designs... delightful stationery novelties for young and old... and gay writing tablets for the children. This Christmas be sure to choose stationery by Barber-Ellis—there could be no nicer compliment to the sincerity and good taste of those who give or receive.

Barber-Ellis

CREATORS OF FINE STATIONERY



SEND FOR THIS
HELPFUL BOOKLET
"The Etiquette of Letter Writing"
... gives you the answer to
everyday problems in per-
sonal correspondence. Just
send 10 cents to cover the
handling and mailing costs.

BARBER-ELLIS OF CANADA LIMITED
384 Adelaide Street W., Toronto 2B, Ont.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....PROV.....

Wonderful
things
have happened to
the beautiful new

1955 *Chrysler*



Dramatic new beauty, dynamic new power

One look—and you'll know wonderful things have happened to the beautiful new Chrysler! You'll sense a stirring new spirit in this long, low, brilliant new motorcar where style is wedded to engineering perfection.

From the classic, inspired styling of the radiator grille to the gracefully sloping hood and rear deck, here is a true masterpiece in metal. Flowing contours that create a vision of motion on wheels. Every inch and every line of it new and exciting, inside and out. And when you step inside, you'll find the traditional air of elegance you have learned to expect in a Chrysler.

Under the hood, there is smooth, flowing power—a thrilling new 188-h.p. Spitfire V-8 engine in Windsor DeLuxe models and eager new horsepower in the great 250-h.p. FirePower V-8 of the lithe New Yorker DeLuxe and incomparable Custom Imperial. For new peace of mind, there are *tubeless* tires to give you quieter, cooler running, better traction and stubborn resistance to punctures.

*Power brakes, full-time power steering, power seats and electric window lifts are available, too.

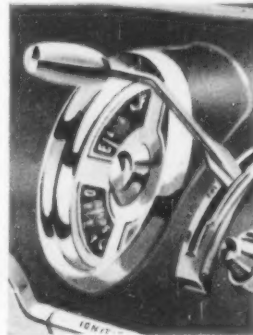
Yes—if you appreciate, if you treasure the finer things of life—it can truly be said you belong in the beautiful new Chrysler.

See it at your Chrysler-Plymouth-Fargo Dealer's.

*Power brakes are standard equipment on Chrysler New Yorker DeLuxe and Custom Imperial models. Full-time power steering, power seats and electric window lifts are optional equipment, but included in the Custom Imperial.



New Horizon windshield really wraps around—not only at the bottom corners, but also at the top so you enjoy full visibility at eye level.



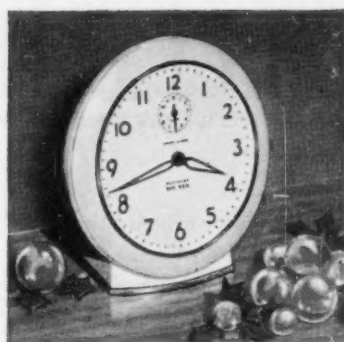
PowerFlite—the only transmission so completely automatic that the Flite Control lever is mounted on the instrument panel, since it is seldom used.



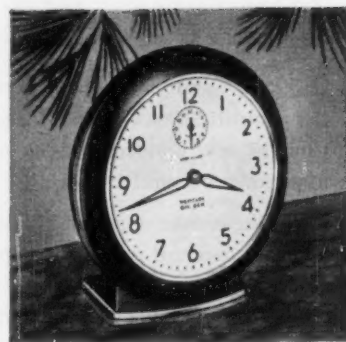
Broad rear deck slopes gently downward with a continental flair. Tall twin-tower taillights accent the clean, classic lines of this fine New Yorker DeLuxe.

MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED

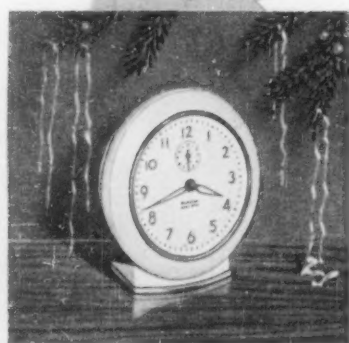




BIG BEN CHIME ALARM, SPRING-DRIVEN. Has a quiet tick. When it's time to rouse you, "first he whispers, then he shouts". \$8.50. With luminous dial, \$9.50.



BIG BEN LOUD ALARM, SPRING-DRIVEN. A tick you can hear and a deep, intermittent "fire alarm" gong. Black or ivory. \$7.50. With luminous dial, he's \$8.50.



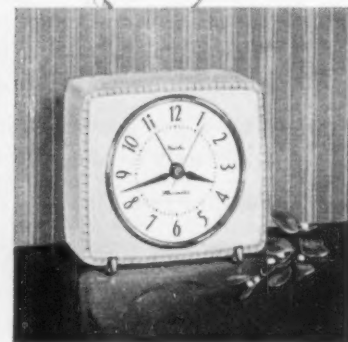
BABY BEN SPRING-DRIVEN ALARM. "Little brother" of Big Ben. Has a quiet tick; a steady call, adjustable to loud or soft. \$7.95. Luminous dial, \$8.95.



TRAVELARM SPRING-DRIVEN. You can take it with you. Closes like a clam; tucks into corner of bag. Flip it open; it's on duty and on time. Luminous, \$8.95.



MOONBEAM ELECTRIC ALARM. Calls you silently. First call is flashing light; later joined by audible alarm. 60-cycle only. \$14.95. Luminous, \$15.95.



GLO-LARM ELECTRIC ALARM. Hidden light glows through face, clearly outlining hands and numerals. Bell alarm. Beige, aqua green or ivory. 60-cycle only. \$11.95.



MELODY ELECTRIC WALL CLOCK. Fits into any decorative scheme. Mounts flush on wall with surplus cord concealed. Wide color choice. \$9.50.



KENDALL ELECTRIC ALARM. Beautiful wood case in mahogany or blond finish, suits any decor. Pleasant-tone bell alarm. \$10.95. Luminous, \$11.95.

Have a Merry Christmas



POCKET BEN. World-famous for dependability. Thin, good-looking and built for rugged service—a watch that "can take it". Non-breakable crystal. \$4.75. With luminous dial, he's \$5.75.



JUDGE. Westclox finest! Shock, water and dust resistant. Sweep second hand. Luminous. Year's guarantee. \$12.95.
ROCKET. Shock resistant. Sweep second hand. Stainless steel back. Year's guarantee. \$9.95. Luminous dial, \$10.95.

Spring-driven or electric



WESTCLOX^{*} keeps you on time

made by the makers of **BIG BEN**^{*}

Western Clock Company Limited, Peterborough, Ontario

^{*}Reg'd. Trade Marks

Does Israel want to start a War?

THE EASTERN HALF OF THE GLOBE

First of a series of on-the-spot reports by

BLAIR FRASER

TEL-AVIV—In the propaganda war between Israel and the Arab world the advantages of skill and address lie with Israel. Nowhere else in the world is a visiting reporter so well treated. As soon as his presence is known, the Israeli government press division gives him every kind of help. It makes appointments with anyone he wants to meet, takes him anywhere he wants to go, shows him anything he wants to see. His guide is a charming young man who speaks the reporter's language, usually with the same accent, and who is accepted instantly as a friend.

No one rams propaganda down the visitor's throat. He merely spends a few days with a congenial companion who believes with obvious sincerity that Israel has been right on the fundamental issues. Random conversations put Israel's case in the most effective way imaginable.

While Israel does the best public-relations job in the world, Arab countries do the worst. It is hardly an exaggeration to say they do everything wrong.

To begin with, they do all they can to exclude a reporter who wants to hear both sides of the question. Their consuls are under orders to refuse entry visas to anyone who admits an intention to visit Israel. (Israeli envoys, on the contrary, will explain just what must be done to get around this silly obstruction.)

Once into the Arab world, the reporter finds himself talking mostly to people who apply to propaganda the techniques of an oriental bazaar. They seem to think the way to sell a case is to overstate it.

Of the half-dozen Arab countries only Jordan, the poorest, has a genuine major grievance against Israel. All except Lebanon are backward countries, with a social system which was obsolete before the Middle Ages and now is threatened with a downfall long overdue. Most of them are obviously using Israel as an external scapegoat to divert attention from ills at home.

But the most glaring contrast in Israel's favor is the typical answer to the questions, "What's to be the end of this conflict? What do you people really want?"

Any Israeli, from taxi driver to cabinet minister, will answer without hesitation, "We want peace. We want the Arabs to sit down with us and work out a treaty."

Ask Arabs the same question and nine of ten will reply "We're going to drive the Jews"

Continued on page 56



Arab woman holds bomb used in raid in which nine Arabs died. Neutral UN observers agree with Jordan charges that Israelis have launched many such forays on the border.

Who's really to blame in the hot-cold war of the Middle East? Is the world's newest state ripe for disaster? Here's a surprising report on the situation from a Maclean's editor on the ground



Lawyers Pacifique Plante (left) and Jean Drapeau with part of their mountain of evidence showing that sin was officially tolerated in Montreal.

How Plante and Drapeau Licked the Montreal Underworld

The rackets ran full blast while police helped criminals dodge the law. Then a young lawyer decided it had to stop. Eight years later, after one of the most explosive court enquiries in our history, he had won his fight—and the man who helped him win it was the city's mayor

LAST OCTOBER 8 at 10.30 a.m. Mr. Justice François Caron of the Quebec Superior Court walked into a crowded Montreal courtroom to preside over the climax to one of the longest and most unusual investigations in Canadian history. For the next four and a half hours, while newspaper reporters scribbled and politicians, lawyers, policemen and ordinary individuals listened in uneasy silence, he read steadily in French from a 100,000-word report on a three-year probe into corruption and organized vice between 1940 and 1950 in Canada's biggest city.

At times Caron spoke sternly. At times he was bitterly sarcastic. At times he injected a note of subdued humor. What emerged was a picture of

BY KEN JOHNSTONE

mink-coated \$30,000-a-year bawdy-house madams driving Cadillacs, gambling joints raking in fortunes under the eyes of corrupt police officers, and city councilors pretending they knew nothing about conditions that were common knowledge.

When Caron stepped from the bench, leaving a scene of murmuring confusion behind him, some reputations had been ruined, some careers blasted, some officials exonerated. Two men had been vindicated. They were Pacifique Plante, a lean dark lawyer who had brought about these astound-

ing happenings through one of the most exciting and exacting personal crusades any Canadian has ever ventured upon, and Jean Drapeau, a fellow lawyer who bears an uncanny resemblance to Plante and who was his partner in exposing the system of official toleration that permitted vice to operate. Eighteen days after Judge Caron's indictment Drapeau was to be swept to a startling landslide victory as the city's mayor on the strength of his promise to clean up the conditions he had helped to expose.

For twenty months before May 1948 Plante had been a hard-hitting assistant director of the Montreal police force. His assignment was to clean up Montreal. He did this better than his predecessors,

although at various times he was up against dishonesty in official as well as other places, inertia, blackmail, pressure groups, and an attempt on his life. Then, suddenly, he was fired. He left the force a disillusioned and seemingly beaten man, his task only a fraction done, his public career apparently finished. But within a year he was back facing his foes.

A group of indignant Montrealers rallied around him. *Le Devoir*, a Montreal newspaper noted for its blunt courage, persuaded him to write a series of articles which contended that sin was officially tolerated in Montreal. In *Le Devoir* Plante made a staggering 15,000 specific allegations. His articles were later published as a book, *Montréal Sous Le Règne de la Pègre*—Montreal Under the Reign of the Underworld. It was a local best seller and support for its author snowballed.

In May 1950 influential citizens who believed in Plante presented to Chief Justice O. S. Tyndale of Quebec Superior Court a petition asking a full enquiry into Plante's accusations. Tyndale delegated Judge Caron to conduct the hearings. A thirty-year-old special enactment gave Caron authority to dismiss the accused from office and levy fines. He appointed Plante and Drapeau, who had helped Plante draw up the petition, as his special assistants.

Four years and five months later, on Oct. 8,

1954, Caron gave his judgment. He declared that twenty present and former high-ranking officers of the Montreal police, including Director of Police Albert Langlois and former Director of Police Fernand Dufresne, had tolerated vice. He ordered that Director Langlois be fired and barred from public office for a year and that he pay \$500 of the costs of the enquiry. He barred former Director Dufresne from public office for five years and ordered that he pay \$7,000 in costs. He assessed costs ranging from \$300 to \$7,000 against eighteen other police officers and discharged those of them who hadn't already quit or been fired from the force.

He endorsed Pacifique Plante's charge that for years gambling houses and brothels had operated on a big-business scale with the toleration and protection of police officers. He confirmed Plante's contention that, both before and after his brief term as its director, the Montreal morality squad had made a show of cracking down on the rackets while actually providing them with the combined services of a lackey and a guardian angel.

In their main features these services almost never varied. When a barbotte house, a bordello, or a horse parlor was raided no attempt was made to identify or prosecute its real proprietor; instead a minor employee was allowed to act as stand-in, plead guilty, pay a small fine and hurry back to work. When customers were caught in a raid,

police accepted bail for them on the spot; they were almost never embarrassed, then or later, by being asked to appear in court. When a book or brothel was ordered padlocked under the city's anti-vice bylaws, the police often put the lock not on the main entrance but on the door to a clothes cupboard, a broom closet or a bedroom inside. When a genuine entrance was padlocked, police often closed their eyes to the fact that right beside it was another entrance giving access to the same haven of prostitutes, bookmakers or barbotte dealers. The customers of course had been taught to ignore the locked entrance and enter by the other one.

By these and even more ingenious methods, hundreds of brothels and gambling houses were "raided" and "closed down" thousands and ten thousands of times without actually being out of business for more than a few minutes or losing more than a few dollars in revenue. Neither Plante nor Judge Caron made any attempt to establish how much they might have had to pay in bribes, fines, unrefunded bail and lawyers' fees. But the testimony of police and racketeers alike left no doubt that the girls upstairs and the boys in the back room were bringing in far more money than the law was taking out.

Some joints paid the costs of as many as two hundred convictions

Continued on page 102

These were the actors in the bizarre drama that rocked our biggest city



Harry Davis

An "edge-man," he collected from the racketeers to pay for protection. He was killed when he tried to be boss.



Louis Bercovitch

He was the gambler who shot Davis to death and later told Plante of a plot to kill him and halt the vice probe.



Fernand Dufresne

Former Director of Police, he warned Plante of powerful interests on top. The court found he "tolerated vice."



The Police

An officer stands guard on telephones seized in a raid on a gambling joint. Plante claimed bookies alike knew of raids.



Harry Ship

A gambling boss, he admitted he could not run a book without the toleration of police. Plante sent him to jail.



Pacifique Plante

In July 1948 Maclean's told how he'd lost his police job in Montreal. Plante soon fought back.



Albert Langlois

Police Director, he suspended Plante and was in turn ordered to resign by Judge Caron. He appealed the order.



Judge Caron

His 100,000-word report for the crusaders ended the costliest, longest probe in our history.

Great Faces in Color

Karsh, famous for black-and-white portraits, achieves some of his finest art in this full-color gallery of Europe's great

LAST summer Yousuf Karsh went to Europe to continue his major lifework of photographing the famous. To capture the spirit of a select few towering personalities he used the extra depths of full color. From these we present the best eight portraits — an exciting new Karsh album in color, accompanied by the photographer's own comments on his subjects.

"WHEN I ASKED Viscount Montgomery (below) if he would change into uniform to be photographed, he replied: 'There is no need for that; there are no Russians here,' but he changed anyway

to please me. I used an ancient tapestry for a backdrop.

"As my wife and I were leaving the Château de Courtaignes at Fontainebleau where Montgomery was staying we saw him again. He had changed back to civilian clothes and was inspecting a magnificent flock of sheep. 'One of my forms of relaxation,' he said.

"Dr. Schweitzer (next page) is, to me, the outstanding man of the age. I had planned for years to photograph the great doctor-musician-philosopher at his mission hospital in French Equatorial Africa. I feel lucky that he happened to be in Europe so

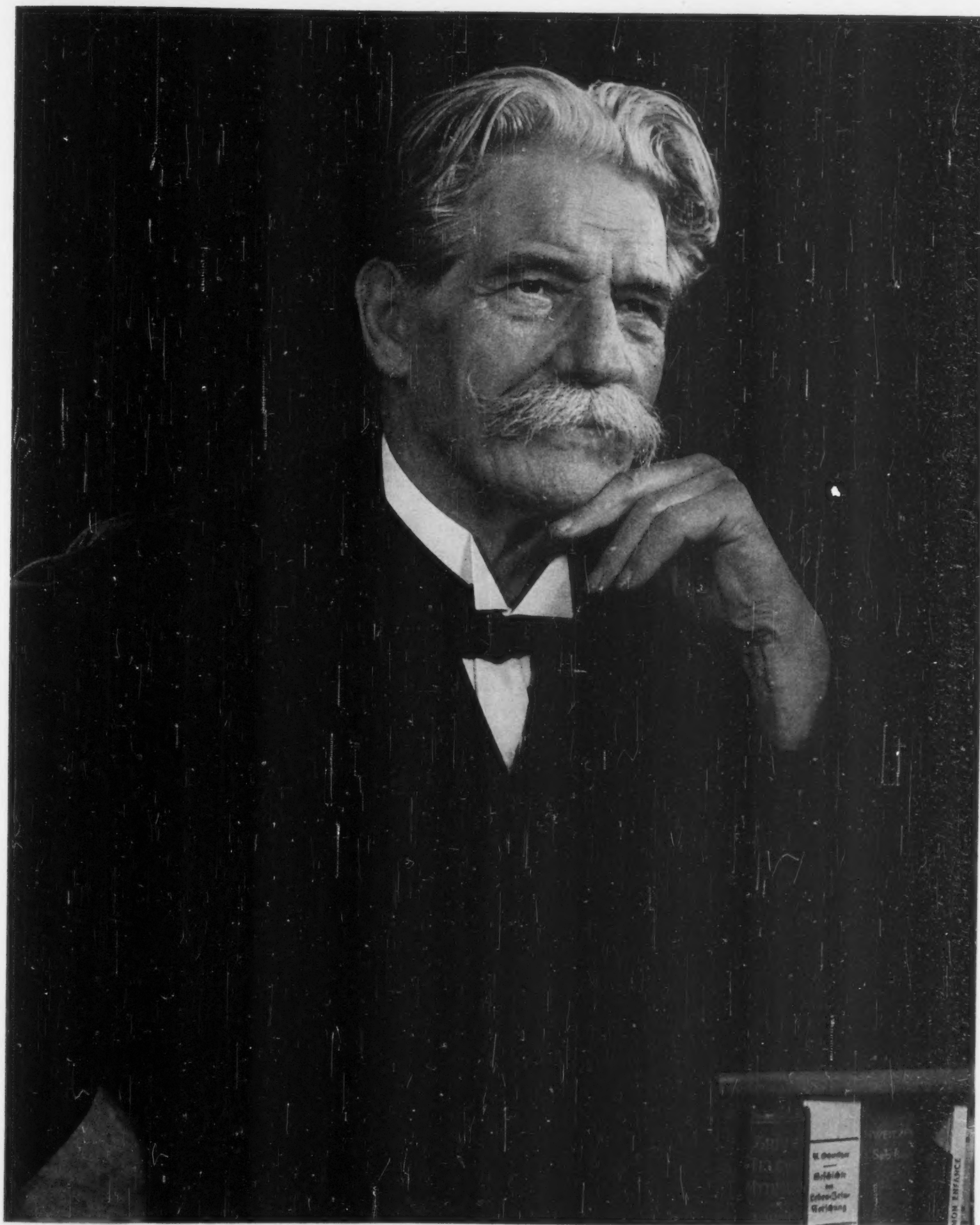
that I could photograph him in his native town of Gunsbach in Alsace.

"When I asked him what Africans think, he said: 'Natives don't think — they live. Their only thought is how little work they can get away with.' When I asked him what he considered the most important message of the Ten Commandments he replied: 'Christ really gave only one Commandment, and that was one of love.'

"What impressed me most was his complete serenity and concentration. While I bustled about setting up my camera and lights he calmly continued writing his new book."

FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY





DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER

More Great Faces on the next four pages



LE CORBUSIER

"In the famed architect's penthouse apartment I marveled at the spiral staircase he had built for only \$200. Because he felt that he had been constantly misinterpreted by both the public and the Press he was reluctant to outline his opinions and theories about his craft."

PABLO PICASSO

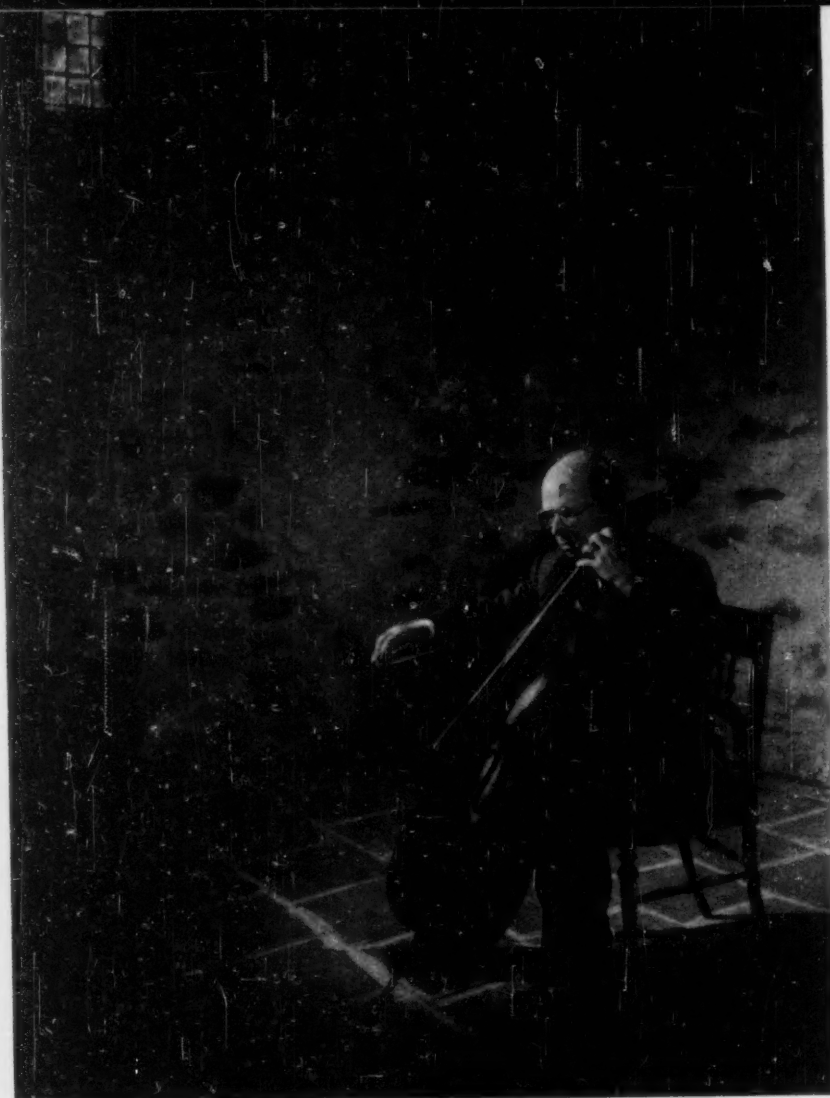
"The Impressionist painter proved himself a photographic delight by appearing on the spot for his sitting and telling me he found my portraits an ecstasy. He painted the vase he's holding in my portrait — this is his latest change of technique. Though his best-known work is ultramodern, there were many charcoal sketches in his home drawn strictly in the classical tradition."

MARSHAL TITO

"The Yugoslav dictator laughed when I told him I didn't want him to look severe enough to uphold his reputation for eating children. He insisted on reserving until the century had ended his judgment of the century's greatest man. For the education of a leader he recommended history as a study and chess in small doses for relaxation."

continued on next two pages





Great Faces in Color (continued)

PABLO CASALS

"Hearing the master play the cello in the deserted Abbé St. Michel de Cuxa in the Pyrenees was an unforgettable experience. The music was so beautiful that it was almost unearthly. A warm and wonderful personality, he entertained us graciously at Prades. I was sorry to say goodbye and still recall him standing at the window and watching us go."

AUGUSTUS JOHN

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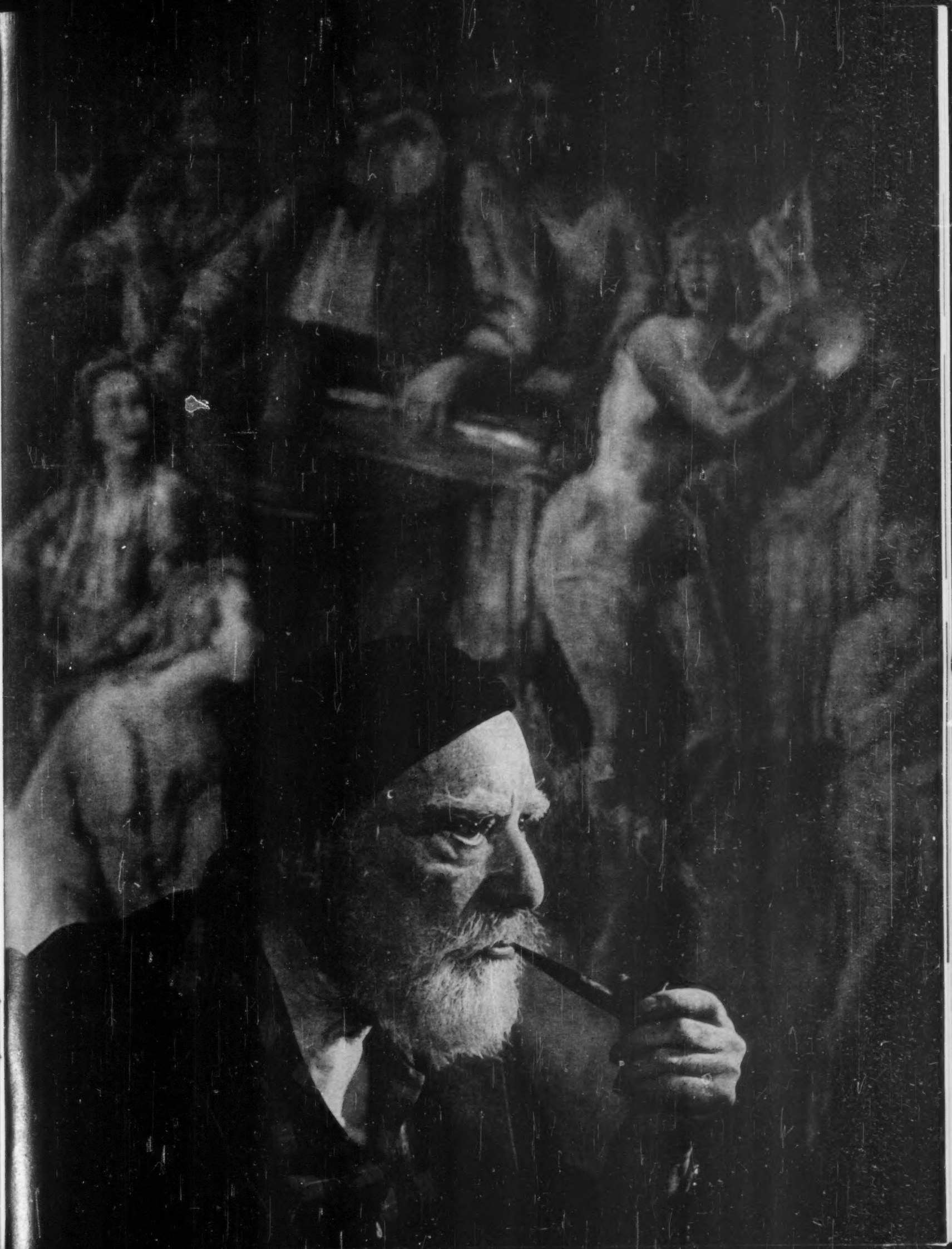
"When I asked him to compare camera and brush the British painter told me both photography and painting are capable of great things. He said he had little use for present-day artists as opposed to the classic masters. When I noticed one of his line drawings and likened it to a drawing by Michelangelo, he bowed profoundly."



ANDRE MALRAUX

"When I commented that his nose and that of his Greco-Buddhist statue were exactly alike, the French author-archeologist said: 'All great archeological discoveries end up looking like what they discovered.' He finds Lenin the most important man of the first half of this century because 'he instituted a new system of government and made it work.' Malraux thinks there might be a great world religious revival — not necessarily Christianity."

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I'm leaving Canada... and I'

For two years the U.S. Vice-Consul in Toronto listened with surprise and mounting irritation to what he calls the malicious myths we spread about his country. Now he raps our knuckles with a frank vigor that's as arresting as it is undiplomatic



Author Tinker loads up for his trip home. "It will be a pleasure to return to Arizona even if it's only cactus," he says after his two years in Canada.

I'm glad

BY FRANK A. TINKER



THE OTHER day, having resigned my job as United States Vice-Consul at Toronto, I was sweeping a two-year collection of paper clips and old memoranda from my desk in preparation for my departure. A Canadian friend stopped by and asked, as friends do when there is not much else to say, if I weren't sorry, really sorry, to be leaving. Without thinking, I was halfway through the trite answer when it occurred to me that I was lying—for no good purpose. I thought it over for a moment.

"No," I told him finally, "I'm not. In fact, it's going to be a great relief to leave Canada."

Being a person with whom I had played many rounds of golf, and spent evenings swapping stories, he accused me at first of joking. I fervently wished that I had been joking, for the distress on his face was not pleasant for a friend to see. I would have felt the same keen disappointment had a visitor to Arizona or Michigan told me he was glad to be leaving my country, especially if that visitor happened to be Canadian.

But why should he be amazed? Why is it a shock for Canadians today to hear that Americans who spend more than a brief vacation in their country feel like unwelcome interlopers? Certainly the reasons for this become abundantly more evident each day. They are remarked upon accordingly in my country in spite of the occasional determined editor who enjoys a vacation drive through one of the Canadian provinces and, thus sketchily educated, renews the oft-expressed idea of a union between the two countries.

Of course, as my friend properly and promptly told me, it is not the sole or primary aim of Canada to provide a comfortable rest camp for oversensitive Yanks. It is difficult to believe, however, that Canadians would not be concerned if they knew that a personal animosity toward Americans was growing among them. And such a feeling is indeed growing, as many foreign residents here can attest. Does the average Canadian stop to realize how far this has gone? What a tragedy it will be for both our countries if it is permitted to spread further, especially if it does so without the full awareness and consent of you Canadians!

People below the border are often accused of being grossly ignorant of Canada. This is not nearly so true as the Canadians who keep repeating it apparently want to believe. Still it may be that a little ignorance of the superficial differences is good for the soul, since one seldom hears Canada mentioned in the U. S. except in the most glowing and amicable terms. Indeed if a U. S. editor printed material as hostile to and suspicious of Canada as the material Canadian editors print almost daily about the U. S. he would be snowed under by an immediate avalanche of protest.

Aside from the fact that you Canadians have done nothing to alleviate it, much of the unfamiliarity with Canada found in the U. S. stems from the small circulation there of your national publications. If they were more widely distributed, however, it is a safe bet that many Kansans or Texans would refuse to believe that some of their comments came from our northern neighbor.

Does this sound farfetched or oversensitive? If so, will you consider the newspapers you have read during the past month (scarcely one of them did not give a prominent flourish to a truculent, smugly anti-American editorial or a twisted headline)? Will you answer truthfully whether you would like to have these utterances put forth in San Francisco or Boston as representative of your own feelings? Would you be proud of them there?

During the time spent here, I have known many Torontonians, although few of them well, and their refreshing cynicism towards journalism of such a character is welcome and familiar to American ears. They deny that such journalism

Continued on page 48

"Must the U.S. be a target... for childish spite?"



Senator Pat McCarran (right) at a U.S. Immigration post. He framed a law barring unfriendly aliens. We criticize it, although it's a lot like our own.

Is U.S. Bluffing On Westcoast Gas?

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All Signs Point to the Fact They Will Need Canadian Natural Gas to Serve Northwest Market, Despite Turndown of the Line from Peace River

When the U.S. rejected a plan to pipe our gas south many papers raised a fuss. They were silent, says Tinker, when we delayed U.S. gas to Toronto.



Flo Chadwick lost to Marilyn Bell, but was this an American disgrace?



We got Roy Rogers for the CNE, then treated him "like an unwanted alien."



Toronto Telegram cartoon shows our interest in McCarthy. Many in Canada don't like him but—just like in the U.S.—one survey showed that some do.

The menfolk of Dixon guffawed when the women said they were taking over the town. But the smiles faded when the pickets appeared at Flora Mae's.

Would the men surrender

When the Women Went on

BY ELDA CADOGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON

WHEN THEY get around to writing the life history of that lady mayor down at Ottawa, I hope they won't forget to tell about what happened here at Dixon. More than likely she's forgot all about it herself. A lady that makes as many speeches as she does and gets mixed up in as many fights isn't likely to remember a little place like Dixon. But she was here all right and us folks won't ever forget it.

It was the Women's Study Club got her to come. And there was a real good turnout to hear her, too. She was fresh from that big shindig they had out at the Sewage Disposal Plant and her name was news. Why, they say she shook hands with the Governor-General out there with her nose as high as though it had been the Crystal Palace!

Some of us men went along to hear her speak, mostly just to please our wives. And it wasn't too bad at all. She told the women about how they had to take their place in world affairs instead of just sticking in their kitchens all the time. She said they ought to be getting into politics. Right on up from the local school board to the Federal House, she said, and then maybe into the Senate to shake that up a bit. Everybody clapped the roof down when she was through. Especially the women. We had a cup of tea and some fancy sandwiches. Then we went on home and forgot all about it. Leastways the men did.

But it was right after that the trouble started. Nomination night was just the week after and what did those fool women do but nominate Caroline Perkins for mayor! I remember Clerk Bidewell just about upset the inkwell, he laughed so hard filling out that nomination paper.

Not that Caroline isn't a fine woman. She's been a widow now for about seven years—talked her husband to death, some folks say—but she's a real capable woman. After Steve died she bought the big Jackson house and turned it into a tourist home. Summers, she had as many as fifteen or twenty folks staying there overnight on their way to Lake Kashawingo for a holiday.

But Merv Tillbury'd been our mayor for nine years and he had a pretty strong organization. We couldn't see Caroline Perkins upsetting him. And she didn't. She got eighty-three votes. And at that she did better than was expected.

What got us was the way she took it. Seemed like she had expected to win. She had sandwiches made and tea and fruitcake and was all set for a big victory blowout. That's how we do it here in Dixon. Merv Tillbury nearly killed himself laughing when he heard about it. He had sandwiches, too, but he ran short and

just for a gag Bob Clarke went over and asked Caroline for the loan of some. She slammed the door in his face pretty hard. She didn't speak to Merv for a month or two but of course nobody can stay mad at him very long, especially a lady.

She stayed mad at Bob Clarke, though. She wrote a letter to the Chronicle saying as how he only got the job as foreman of the Board of Works because he was Merv's brother-in-law. She said the streets of Dixon were a disgrace, summer and winter, and that Bob Clarke was incompetent.

Well, sir, when Bob read that he got out the snowplow and personally plowed out every inch of the street in front of Caroline's house. He can run a snowplow as slick as most women wheel a baby carriage. The only thing was he accidentally filled in Caroline's sidewalk and driveway every morning for over a month. Once he buried her garbage pail so deep you couldn't even see it was there. Caroline certainly raised a row about that but there wasn't much she could do about it.

Well, after the election things went on about the same for another year. I do remember my wife Maude seemed to have twice as many meetings this fall as she usually does. But I didn't pay much attention to that. Women are always having meetings, missions and rummage sales and teas and things. And Maude seemed to take me up pretty short

Continued on page 66

STRIKE



Not a woman in Dixon had come to work that day but those posters were tacked on every hydro pole in town.





What happens to Family Allowances?

BY FRED BODSWORTH

PHOTOS BY PAUL ROCKETT

We hand out \$30 millions worth every month—almost a tenth of our total government spending—to mothers of children under sixteen. Where does it all go? Is the world's most generous baby-bonus scheme working? Here's the full story

AROUND the twentieth of this month two million Canadian mothers will receive cheques for thirty million dollars. It will bring close to three billions the amount that Canada has distributed in family allowances since the controversial, much-derided, much-applauded "baby bonus" went into effect almost ten years ago.

In Vancouver Mrs. Ed Diddlecombe, wife of a punch-press operator in a saw-manufacturing plant, will receive \$26. She will take the cheque immediately to an insurance office where it will pay the monthly premiums on endowment policies which will help provide university educations later on for her four sons.

In the big red-brick home at 181 Laval Street in Hull, Que., Mrs. Emile Seguin, a slight attractive mother of nineteen living children, five of whom are still receiving allowances, will tuck a cheque for \$37 into her purse. Most of it she will spend on children's clothing but some she will carefully put aside for music lessons for three of her daughters. Family allowances have financed musical training for six of Mrs. Seguin's daughters.

"When the allowances began ten years ago it was like another son going to work and bringing his pay home," Mrs. Seguin reflected recently. "In those days I would sometimes take a family-allowance cheque out and buy thirty pairs of shoes and rubbers at one time to fit the kiddies out for the winter."

One of the biggest cheques sent out this month—\$91—will go to a whitewashed log farmhouse near Mattawa, Ont., where it is the principal income with which Mrs. Zillie Minor, forty-one, clothes and feeds her family of eighteen children, fifteen of whom are eligible for the allowance. Her husband, August, is in poor health and only forty acres of his stony, forested 300-acre farm are arable. From this he sells some milk and eggs but most of what the farm produces is needed for food at home.

"The family allowance is practically the only cash we have," said Mrs. Minor. "The farm feeds us and the allowances buy clothing and foods we can't grow for ourselves."

Near Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., there is a mother who, for the first time since July 1945, will receive no cheque this December. Recently she addressed this letter to "The Family Allowance Man, Toronto."

"Dear Mr. —: Ralph is just about sixteen and he is the youngest so I guess I won't be getting no more children's cheques after November. I never wrote before to say so, but now it's all over I want to say how wonderful they have been. We had seven little ones and lots of months it was the only money I had. I could always buy rubbers so the children didn't have to stay home from school on wet days like some of them did before you started sending family allowance. When Ralphie drank the Flit the cheques paid the hospital bill. I don't know how to thank you."

In Montreal another mother will receive no December cheque—but for a different reason. Her husband, owner of a small factory, sent the following letter recently. "Sirs: Kindly cancel the family-allowance payments you are now making to my wife on behalf of our two children. We have decided that the plan is economically absurd and socially harmful and wish to be disassociated from it. You have set up a vast bureaucratic machinery to overtax the public, then pay back the amount of the overtax, less administrative costs, in the form of family allowances. What could be sillier?"

Perhaps these last two observations sum up the story of family allowances as well as it will ever be summed up. It's a story of chuckles and tears, of thanks, praise and ridicule. It is a story too of fraud, dishonesty and abuse, for not all of that fifteen tons of December cheques will be spent like those cheques described above.

Some unquestionably will be spent on beer or find their way into a poker pot. In the north around Great Slave Lake some Indians will spend theirs on raisins and yeast for the monthly batch of homemade hootch. According to the manager of the women's clothing section of a Vancouver store there will be a jump in the sale of women's hats and finery on the day after the cheques arrive. Here and there a husband who has been missing for a month will suddenly turn up at home again, get hold of his wife's allowance cheque, then disappear for another month.

One of the most paradoxical features of the whole operation is that a Government that normally watches its expenditures meticulously will cheerfully hand out its monthly \$30-million bonanza with no strings attached and virtually no supervision to see that it is spent on the children for whom it is intended. Officials of the Family Allowances

Continued on page 88



Ontario's biggest baby bonus

Mrs. Zillie Minor, with daughter Marie, is ready to start her monthly shopping trip after cashing her cheque for \$91.



It won't stretch to bananas

They look longingly at fruit they can't afford; the allowance buys the staples they can't produce on their rocky farm.



But it helps dress 18 kids

With twin babies and four-year-olds around the house and older children to outfit for school, much-mended clothes need frequent replacement. Below: family prayers end a busy day.



Ontario's largest family-allowance cheque (\$91) goes to Mrs. Zillie Minor for 15 of her 18 children. They live almost entirely on the allowance. Meals on the Minors' rocky 300-acre bushland farm near Mattawa are served in two shifts.



The Crew-Cuts (average age 22) carol and cavort in Milwaukee, where they were a big hit. Only two years ago in home-town Toronto audiences shouted "Shuddup!"

SH-BOOM!

The crazy career of The Crew-Cuts



From left: Rudi Maugeri, Johnnie Perkins, Ray Perkins, Pat Barrett. The station wagon helps them keep up with rich night-club bookings.

Bursting out of the same Toronto choir loft that produced the Four Lads, the scrawny Crew-Cuts soared from cakes-and-coffee to \$5,000 a week, top spot in the pops and a life without sleep

IN A night club on the northern outskirts of Milwaukee, Wis., four young men from Toronto last October sang the aria Sh-Boom for the 399th time in public. The lyrics begin:

*Hey nonny ding dong, a lang a lang a lang,
Boom dah doh, ba-do ba-do ba-vayk . . .*

The four young men, known professionally as the Crew-Cuts, were already somewhat disenchanted with the song Sh-Boom but they were aware that they'd continue to sing it three to five times a day for the next six months. Their record of Sh-Boom has sold more than a million copies; in the four months after its release, Sh-Boom had paid them \$27,500 in royalties and their fee for night-club and theatre appearances vaulted from \$500 to \$5,000 a week.

In addition, the Crew-Cuts have two other records, Crazy Bout You Baby, which two of them wrote and which sold 250,000 records in seven months, and Oop Shoop, released just a month before this article was written. In October Oop Shoop was 17th in record sales in North America and rising with all the majesty a song named Oop Shoop can command. Oop Shoop, some authorities believe, is Sh-Boom spelled sideways.

Further, the Crew-Cuts emerged a few weeks ago on the glossy four-color cover of an album of eight songs entitled Crew-Cuts on the Campus, a collection which gave early indications of being an immoderate success.

All this activity has occurred in eight months, which makes the Crew-Cuts the fastest success story in show business since Johnny Ray cried about a cloud. It makes the Toronto group, who had been singing on native soil for two years to

BY JUNE CALLWOOD

PHOTOS BY CLARENCE PAUL SCHMIDT

howls of "Aw shuddup!," the hottest property on the continent.

The two oldest members of the Crew-Cuts are Rudi Maugeri, 23, baritone, who does the arrangements, and Johnnie Perkins, 23, second tenor, whose voice is heard most prominently on Sh-Boom. Pat Barrett, lead tenor, is only 21 and Ray Perkins, 22-year-old brother of Johnnie, is the bass.

The Crew-Cuts are a quartet of harried, unhandsome, slightly dazed young men, all of whom have their crew-cuts barbered once a week to maintain the stubble of their trademarks. They range in height from five foot eight to five foot ten. Their weight doesn't vary at all; they all weigh about 130 pounds and their tailor stuffs padding into the front of their tuxedos to give them a suggestion of massive chest development.

"I've got four young Sinatras on my hands," an executive of Mercury Records, which has the Crew-Cuts under contract, explained recently. "That is, they're all scrawny."

The Crew-Cuts have had no opportunity to grow fat on the fruits of Sh-Boom. Assuming the worst—the unlikely possibility that they'll never have another big hit record—this winter of 1954-55 could be the peak of their career. It is essential to Music Corporation of America, which arranges their bookings for ten percent of the fee, that they be kept moving while they are still hot; it is essential to the future of the Crew-Cuts that they

make friends, at every stop, with record-store owners, disk jockeys, newspaper and television employees, any embryo Crew-Cut fan club that might be developing and with all human beings between the ages of thirteen and twenty. Teen-agers purchase eighty-five percent of all popular records and account for an even higher proportion of the dimes that go into juke boxes.

This leaves little time for such comparative non-essentials as eating and sleeping. In a recent three-day period, for instance, the Crew-Cuts had only five meals, not counting a round of cheeseburgers at five o'clock one morning or another evening when the group dined on parsley, chocolate-coated peanuts and two apples.

In the two and a half years they have been singing together, the Crew-Cuts have had frequent periods when they did little eating. Until recently, though, the only reason for lack of nourishment was lack of funds.

They began their musical educations when they were eight years old, in St. Michael's Cathedral Choir School in Toronto, an academic school from grades 3 to 10 that also trains choir singers. Other graduates of the school were the Four Lads, another vocal quartet that became a top night-club act three years ago and recently appeared at the Copacabana in New York, one of the fattest prestige spots in the entertainment business.

"Not all the boys can find their vocation in church music," observed the principal, Monsignor J. E. Ronan, gently. "We must have good boys in the theatre as well as any other place."

The fact that St. Michael's Choir School should have eight good boys in the theatre within a two-year period is part of the phenomenon of the times, when the music—

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Fans besiege Johnnie Perkins in a Boston store. Most of the Crew-Cuts' success depends on teen-agers, who buy most records and think the boys are "real crazy."



By his middle twenties Fleming sported the flowing beard he wore till he died.

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK



His beaver design for our first stamp popularized Canada's national emblem.

BY FRANK CROFT



Devoted to his family, he delighted in keeping his home filled with relatives.

THE FORGOTTEN WHIRLWIND

Sir Sandford Fleming had nothing to do with penicillin but he did (1) give the world standard time (2) plan most of Canada's railways (3) champion the Pacific cable (4) design our first stamp.

Perhaps his greatest achievement was vanishing overnight from the hall of fame

SANDFORD FLEMING was 44—the halfway point in his life—when in 1871 he was asked by Sir John A. Macdonald to build the Canadian Pacific Railway. He hesitated. That hesitation was one of the most astonishing things in a career as remarkable for self-confidence and audacity as it was for achievement.

Fleming hesitated because he was in the midst of building the Intercolonial Railway which, by connecting the existing terminals of Shediac, N.B., and Rivière du Loup, Que., would bind the new Dominion by a continuous rail line from Nova Scotia to Ontario. He was still chief engineer of the Newfoundland Railway. In his mind were taking shape the arguments for standard time which he was later to din into the world's ears.

Any one of those tasks would have been considered by an ordinary man to have been enough in itself. Sir Sandford Fleming was not ordinary. His hesitation was brief. Within a day or two he was himself again, and he accepted Macdonald's commission.

The following year he was crossing the prairies and probing the valleys of British Columbia on foot, by pack horse and canoe, selecting the territories to which he would assign his 600-man gang of surveyors and helpers.

Today the name Sandford Fleming is vaguely familiar to some Canadians as that of the man who agitated for standard time. It has been almost forgotten that he was also one of the greatest railway

builders of this or any other country; that he lithographed the first accurate large-scale surveyor's maps in Canada (Peterborough, Cobourg, Toronto); that he designed our first postage stamp, thereby making the beaver a national emblem; produced the first usable chart of Toronto harbor, wrote a prayer book, was a co-founder and the life force of the Royal Canadian Institute, chartered and fought for the Pacific cable between Vancouver Island and Australia and New Zealand and was chancellor of Queen's University for thirty-five years.

Today you can go from Vancouver or Prince Rupert to Saint John by train, covering nearly eighty percent of the journey on roads first surveyed by Sir Sandford Fleming. When Fleming walked ashore from the Scottish immigrant ship *Brilliant* in 1845, his adopted country had only sixteen miles of railway.

And today our orderly system of time zoning is literally the gift of a man who gave more than twenty years, thousands of dollars and leadership to the cause of sensible time reckoning. When Fleming started his crusade for standard time in the early Seventies, there were almost as many time zones as there were communities. When the sun was directly overhead it was noon, no matter where you were.

Traveling from Halifax to Detroit a person had to reset his watch at Saint John, Quebec City, Montreal, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford, London, Windsor and finally Detroit.

The railway tried to correct matters by establishing time zones to cover their areas of operations, but each railway based its time on a different meridian. In the Buffalo, N.Y., Union Station there were four clocks, giving the four times used by the lines serving the station. There was a similar muddle in Europe.

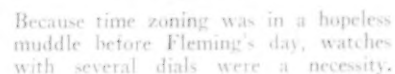
Fleming proposed a prime meridian from which all nations would measure time in twenty-four standard zones, each zone lying between two agreed-upon meridians of longitude. Within each zone all clocks would be on the same time. His theory was printed in the Royal Canadian Institute's Proceedings and reprints were sent to governments, engineers, the Press, railway and communications officials and educators everywhere in the world.

In 1881 Fleming was at the International Geographical Congress in Venice where he read yet another of his papers on the need for a prime meridian. His paper was recommended for adoption. But he wanted government action, by every nation in the world. The battle was sometimes almost too much for Fleming himself. Once when explaining his theory to a group of friends, as he used the words "prime meridian" he paused and cried, "Prime meridian . . . prime meridian; I'm sick of the sound of those two words."

By 1883 all railways in North America went on a uniform standard time basis. The following year a convention was called in Washington. Twenty-five nations sent delegates. Canada did not have a seat,

Fleming first looked for work in Peterborough

Fleming, his brother and his cousin all came to Canada for about \$75 a century ago. He listed meteorological data while a fierce storm raged.



That same year Fleming was a co-founder of the Canadian Institute in Toronto. It was formed by civil engineers, surveyors and architects to discuss their problems. It got off to a slow start and for the February 1850 meeting only two showed up. They were Fleming and a fellow surveyor, A. A. Passmore. They sat around in gloomy silence for a time and when it became clear that no one else would appear Fleming jumped to his feet and said, "I'll be president, and you, Mr. Passmore, be secretary, and

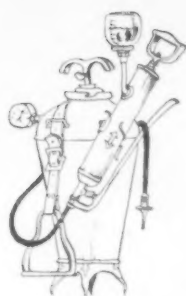


It was decided to open membership to all professions and sciences. Meetings would be held weekly, instead of monthly. Other changes were drafted into the constitution with more speed and unanimity than parliamentary correctness. The next day Fleming touched up the resolutions passed the night before and had five hundred copies printed. These he sent to all members and to everyone he could think of who was eligible for membership under the new rules. The next meeting was well attended and from then on the Canadian Institute grew rapidly.

Late in 1850 the post office department announced that the first Canadian postage stamp would be issued by the following year. Fleming got busy right away on a design. He drew a beaver for the central figure; the industry and engineering skill of the beaver appealed to Fleming, and it had been used as an emblem in British North America for a hundred years, principally by the fur companies.

WARNING TO





Ever bought those useless gewgaws from a door-to-door salesman?

Careful now . . .



you may have met J. Horace van Velay and thus become a victim of

The colossal C.O.D. swindle

BY JOHN I. KEASLER Illustrated by Len Norris

J. HORACE VAN VELAY, a small, well-pressed man of past middle age, with trusting blue eyes and an unobtrusive mustache, lived quietly in a suburb of Winnipeg with his wife, Katherine, and the neighbors regarded him as a retired broker. Consequently it was by dint of great moral stamina that Horace refrained, when pressed, from giving his neighbors advice in financial matters. He was retired, all right, in a manner of speaking. He was a retired confidence man.

He and Katherine had moved to this locale, where they were strangers, a couple of years previously, to embrace respectability. The past lay buried—they fervently hoped—in various files of various bunco squad filing cabinets in various cities. He had met Katherine many years ago, while they were both selling stock—on a good grade of bond paper—in the same rather non-existent oil company.

They were compatible. They married. Together they had labored. They accrued a goodly nest egg, but in the latter stages of their careers they had agreed they were becoming dangerously dated—the old flamboyant methods were passing. Thievery was becoming more legal, and a lot of the fun was gone.

When Horace narrowly missed taking a one-to-five-year fall in Montreal, where he was assiduously selling uranium mining rights to some land he had neglected to purchase, they gave it all up. (They could afford to—he had sold a great deal of the land.)

So now they clung to respectability on the prairies, and if Horace found it dull he nevertheless saw the wisdom of it. If he itched when the fat marks lay temptingly around him, then he simply refused to scratch.

Then he was seized with his great idea, the idea we will duly

note. It happened on a Friday. Friday was the day Katherine went shopping each week, and to her club. In her retirement she belonged to a club and did good works. Friday was the day Horace was left alone to take care of the house.

"Be sure and pay the egg man if he comes," Katherine said on this particular Friday as she went out the front door.

"Yes, dear," said Horace, and lay back on the sofa, nipping at a glass of rather good rye he had won in a rigged bet with his next-door neighbor, a captain of industry.

He lay on the sofa and he thought of the salad days. He was nostalgic today. He sighed. Retirement, as always, palled on him, and he thought of the treadmill turn of his prosaic life. Practically the only fun he had any more was thumb-nailing the aces in the poker game down at the firehouse. What I need in my retirement, pondered Horace, is a hobby.

A knock sounded at the front door and Horace opened it. He found himself facing a dull-eyed individual wearing a deliveryman's costume. The deliveryman said wearily, "I put the grass seed in the garage with the gladioli bulbs."

"Huh?" said Horace. "I beg your pardon?"

"That'll be seven-eighths, counting the hose nozzle," the man said.

"Oh," said Horace, paying the man, "Oh yes. Hose nozzle."

The things that go on around this house, he thought, as he went back to the sofa. During the afternoon he was interrupted by a man who brought a C.O.D. order, a man who brought an unexplained box of light bulbs from the hardware store—Katherine liked to have a lot of light bulbs—and the egg man.

About three o'clock

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Mr. Poobly paid Horace for the pepper mill, then stumbled back to continue his nap.



By comparing footprints Dr. Norma Walker can tell if twins Frances and Mary MacLeod are identical. Family history can tell her how healthy they are.

She knows the kind of Children you'll have

By **SIDNEY KATZ**

Photo by Peter Croydon

By probing into your family tree Dr. Norma Walker can tell why some people go bald, why some children aren't normal and why some parents shouldn't have children at all. Here's the background story of a new profession that digs up age-old secrets to save untold heartaches

IS MY baby normal?"

This is the first question most mothers ask about a new-born infant. Sometimes the answer has to be a heartbreaking "No." There are at least five hundred physical and mental defects that parents can pass on to their children.

To help people avoid the tragedy of a defective child a new profession has been born—that of the heredity counselor. He is a man to whom couples, worried by some physical flaw in their family background, can go with the question: "Can we have a normal and healthy child?" To answer this the counselor must combine the skills of a scientist, mathematician and detective. Even then he can't be sure, for many of the details about human heredity are still shrouded in mystery.

Heredity counselors belong to the most exclusive professional group in North America. There are only ten of them. One is Dr. Norma

Ford Walker, a handsome sixty-year-old University of Toronto professor who heads the genetics department of Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children.

Dr. Walker's hospital office is the scene of many dramatic interviews. A healthy young couple came to see her, still numbed by the news that their first child was born an idiot with an abnormally small head. "He's like a gnome—hardly human," said the wife, who was on the verge of walking out on her marriage. "If this is what God thinks of our marriage we should get a divorce," she sobbed. After probing into the couple's family health history for three generations, Dr. Walker told them, "You are equally responsible for the child. You are both carriers of recessive genes. You'll always run a one-in-four chance of having an abnormal child."

Two years later the woman told Dr. Walker, "You cleared the air for" *Continued on page 79*



ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN SAYS

Never ask a woman the way

She heads north while facing east but Bob's wife can go unerringly to any address while he ends up in the nearest blind alley. And if he argues that the sun sets in the west, chances are he'll be wrong

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

THERE'S more to the belief that women operate by intuition than we generally suspect. A man is uncomfortable unless he hears the fine precision-tooled gears of logic meshing behind all his actions. If a woman ever becomes involved in logic at all, she treats it the way my mother used to treat stalled alarm clocks: by rapping them smartly with the heel of her shoe. I'm still not sure which way is best.

For example, the directions east, west, across, along and around are things my wife talks about as loosely as she talks about gears and spark plugs. Yet by some instinctive process, like the migratory instinct of the Arctic tern, she always arrives where she wants to go without knowing where she's been, while I always know where I'm going with logical clarity, but I end up with my rad against brick walls or in people's private driveways.

We'll be standing with the kids at the corner of Yonge and Queen. She'll say, "While you go up Queen for your typewriter ribbon, we'll go across Yonge to College Street."

To anyone raised in Toronto, where north and south are "up" and "down," east and west, "along," this is like saying something is either round or blue.

"You mean you're going up Yonge to College Street while I go along Queen," I say.

"That's what I said. After all, you'll be at least half an hour."

"I'm talking about directions," I say. "Not time."

"Well—" My wife glances around. "I'm going south," she says, facing north.

I squint at her as if I'm looking for a distant boat.

"Oh—all right," she flushes and looks at me the way she does when I start to explain my philosophy of life. "Let's see, where's the sun?" She looks down Yonge Street vaguely, as if trying to catch somebody's eye.

"Look—" I say patiently. "The sun rises in the east and sets in the west." I pivot on my heel. "That's north." I make a chopping motion with one arm and wave the other like a Boy Scout trying for his signaler's badge. Once I hit an old man under the chin doing this. People frown at me, and veer sideways.

"Aren't you clever," she says, blushing. "After all, Columbus discovered that five hundred years ago."

"Columbus!" I roll my eyes. "Columbus didn't discover the sun. He discovered America."

"No he didn't," my youngest daughter says, counting what's left of her allowance. "It was Amerigo Vespucci." *Continued on page 115*





How TV is changing your life

BY MAX ROSENFELD

We've watched the effects of TV in the U. S. Now, after three years, we're finding out what it does to Canadians.

Is it killing other entertainment? Does it hurt your children?

Can you live without it? These answers will surprise you

WHEN the CBC first began planning for TV, Fergus Mutrie, television boss in Toronto, spent considerable time studying TV in other countries. After looking at it for a while, he made a remark that's still remembered. "The trouble with television," he said, "is that it's hard to lie about it fast enough to keep up with the truth." Now, with Canada in its third year of television, his comment is more accurate than ever.

After a slow start, Canada has advanced faster in TV coverage than any country in the world. The number of sets has grown from 146,000 in September 1952 to more than 900,000. By January 1955, twenty-two stations are expected to be on the air and 1,050,000 sets will be tuned to them. The automotive and radio booms arrived in different eras, but even if they had arrived together they still wouldn't have gone so far so fast as television has gone.

The pattern of TV's influence on Canadians may be seen in that part of southern Ontario which has been exposed to television the longest. This section, the Toronto-Niagara-Hamilton area, lies within a sixty-mile radius of the centre of Toronto. There were approximately 340,000 TV homes there on Sept. 1 this year. When the Toronto-Hamilton-Niagara area was first able to receive American TV in the winter of 1948-49, it was the well-to-do who



Also, Manvell says, the hours given up to viewing increase with the lower-income groups. In other words, the more wealth and education the viewer has the less he's inclined to look at television as a casual habit.

When television first enters the home it is a fabulous novelty and a great deal of time is spent looking at anything that comes over. For example, Elliott-Haynes Limited, a Canadian survey outfit, has found that where homes have had TV for less than six months ninety percent have their sets on between 9 and 10 p.m. This figure drops gradually until after two years eighty-one percent are watching programs at this time. Surveys also show that in the average home with a new set five people sit and watch; after two years the same set attracts only four viewers.

Canadians watch their TV just as avidly as Americans, according to the survey people, but they don't watch it as long each day, perhaps because our stations don't go on the air until afternoon, although in the Toronto-Hamilton-Niagara area the U. S. stations can be seen before that time. The average American family watches TV four and a quarter hours every day. Canadian owners spend about forty-five minutes less with their sets.

With so much of the family leisure time devoted to television, obviously other activities have to be readjusted. Dinnertime is frequently set by network schedules. In Canadian surveys, nearly two thirds of women said their families often eat and watch television at the same time. They had meals which could be served on one platter and eaten off coffee tables or laps.

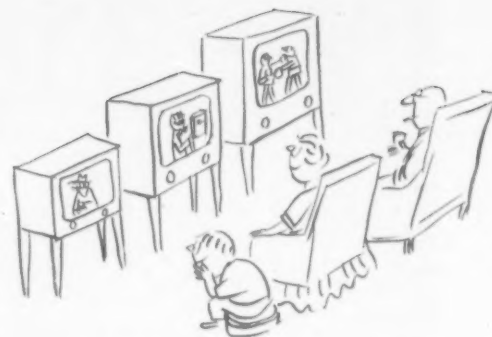
When television started it seemed obvious to many that radio would be supplanted. Now Elliott-Haynes surveys reveal that the daytime radio audience is as great as ever but evening listening has been cut in half. But radio still fights back—sometimes quite spectacularly. Last September 9, the night of the Marilyn Bell swim, radio listening jumped to 46.5 percent and at 8.30 p.m. it was 63.7, which meant two out of three homes in the Toronto-Hamilton-Niagara area had their radios on. "Radio naturally took over, because television is too cumbersome for such coverage," explained J. M. Leckie, vice-president of Elliott-Haynes.

Aside from special events, however, almost half of all TV homes listen to the radio every morning of the week. Almost one TV home in every three listens to the radio in the afternoon and about one in five listens in the evening. The main radio attraction is news, which most homes would rather hear than view. But on balance TV is easily winning over radio. Its ascendancy reaches a peak between 11.30 p.m. and midnight when for every three persons listening to radio, 97 are looking at TV. The Association of Canadian Advertisers, which gathered this arresting figure, comments, "It's not that TV is cutting into radio so much. But before TV people went to bed earlier."

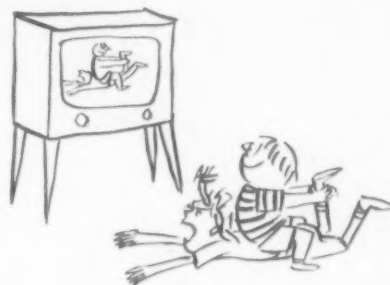
The average audience of an evening radio program, according to Elliott-Haynes, now consists of approximately 2.75 persons per set. Women listeners slightly outnumber men and are twice as numerous as child listeners. The television audience in the same Toronto-Hamilton-Niagara area has been found to average 4.20 viewers with the pattern reversed: four men for every three women, with the number of children nearly equal to the number of men.

If people are staying at home more to watch television, a natural conclusion would be that they now go to the movies much less. This view is supported by an Elliott-Haynes survey. Interviewers in the Toronto-Hamilton-Niagara area enquired at 1,500 television homes where the set was turned on when they called: "Since buying your television set, have you gone to the movies more, less or about the same as before?" Almost nine out of ten answered "less." These figures, however, are subject to many qualifications. No distinction was made between new and old TV homes. Moreover, a study made by the University of Oklahoma shows that many TV owners don't remember what they did before they owned sets.

At the movie box office for several years there has been a definite slump. But the president of Para-



TV for everyone is still a dream. Five now look at each set four hours a day.



Kids are the most rabid fans. Surveys show they get too excited watching it.



But it can be a boon in school. Tests prove TV teaches better than teacher.

bought sets. Right on their heels, however, came the low-income groups, with the middle class holding back. To the middle class, television seemed a luxury they could not afford.

Since early 1952, however, the middle class has been buying television steadily. International Surveys Limited, a Toronto firm on which the CBC relies, found that by April 1953 twenty-two percent of the TV sets in the Toronto-Hamilton-Niagara area were owned by the upper group (a definition based on factors such as home ownership, occupation, appliance and automobile ownership, income and so on), 37 percent by the upper middle, 26 percent by the lower middle and 15 percent by the low group. Between 65 and 70 percent of the sets now being sold in Ontario's biggest metropolitan area are sold on the installment basis. Finance companies say that most of them go to people earning between fifty and seventy-five dollars a week. According to appliance dealers, this group is more anxious to buy television than stoves, refrigerators and washing machines.

This confirms a recent finding by the British television authority, Dr. Roger Manvell, who says that "given two neighboring families of broadly similar economic status but of differing educational levels . . . the family where the educational level is lower is likely to acquire a television set first."

mount Pictures, Barney Balaban, insists: "Analysis has failed to show any direct relationship between the rise of television and the decline of our business." The brokerage firm of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Beane has issued a report which says box-office receipts and television-set sales show little correlation. The report points out that there was no TV in Canada when television began to compete with the movies in the U. S., yet movie box-office receipts were down just as much in Canada as they were in the U. S.

Daniel Starch and Staff, a research organization, also found that the movie audience was thinning out long before TV sales started to climb. But it discovered also that the decline in the movie audience got faster the same time that TV interest speeded up.

The editor of Canadian Film Weekly, Hye Bossin, refers to television as a "passing blight." "Of course a lot of people are staying away from movies," he says. "After about six months they start coming back to the movies." The director of the Canadian Motion Picture Distributors Association, C. J. Appel, admits that a number of neighborhood theatres have shut down on account of TV. "On the other hand," he says, "there are lineups at all the big movie houses." Appel claims that 1954 produced the

Continued on page 86

The wily wraith



that trappers hate

The wolverine robs their traps; he raids their caches; he befouls their cabins; he skulks in their shadows. But he isn't smart enough to stop trying to fight with porcupines

BY HOWARD O'HAGAN

ON A grey dawn thirty years ago—in early October, 1924—I had a strange mountain meeting.

I was back-packing into town from Brazeau Lake in the southeast corner of Jasper Park. I had crossed Poboktan Pass and was sleeping in the ranger's cabin by the headwaters of the Athabaska River. Since there was no bunk in the cabin I had spread my blankets on the floor and because of the smell of pack rats on whose residence I had intruded I left the door ajar and lay down with my feet towards it.

Men on the trail sleep lightly. My sleep followed the rule and towards morning I awakened, aware of a stir by the door and another's breathing in the cabin. I lay still, my packsack at my head and hobnailed boots at my feet. My only weapon, a small axe, was out of reach behind the flat tin stove.

I listened again for the sound that had awakened me. I heard nothing but the beat of my heart and the murmur of the river in the narrow valley. Yet I was certain that I was not alone.

My most likely visitor would be a porcupine. But the porcupine, an awkward brute, shambles. I would have heard him when he moved—and a porcupine would not stay still in a cabin where there were boots to chew and an axe handle, salty with sweat, to gnaw.

I carried no flashlight and, though light was showing against the one window above me and faintly through the door, the lower parts of the cabin remained in darkness. Now as I strained my

eyes and held my breath, the pine floor creaked and I knew that the body that shared the darkness with me was heavy. Vulnerable beneath the blankets, I waited for that darkness to reveal a form, conscious that what was there was waiting too.

Then I smelled a sudden rank and fetid odor as if I were enveloped in yellow fumes rising from the floor around me. It scorched my nostrils, burned my throat. I raised up on an elbow and coughed. In that instant, behind the stove and to the left of the door, the darkness yielded a shadow with four legs that detached itself and leaped over the threshold into the early-morning twilight. At first, from my glimpse of its size, I thought it might have been a coyote or even a mountain lynx. But neither of these would have been apt to enter a cabin, nor could either emit such a stench.

My one impulse was to escape from the polluted cabin. I threw back the blankets, opened the door and stepped outside to fill my lungs. The sun, just appearing over the pass above me and to my right, had not yet touched the cabin but had hit the valley thirty or forty yards below. I looked down the trail and saw what I now took to be a runtlike collie dog bounding along. It was blackish-brown in color and had a short bushy tail. Yet, somehow, it did not run like a collie and its shaggy coat seemed to hang loosely on its body.

I shouted. The creature stopped and slowly turned about. It stood up on its haunches and, lifting a forepaw to shield its eyes against the sun, stared back at me with a flat pointed head as if to

ask what manner of being disturbed the silence of an autumn morning. Then as I watched, my mouth open in amazement, the apparition suddenly vanished.

After breakfasting outdoors and leaving a night's firewood in the still foul-smelling cabin, I hoisted my pack and on my way down the trail paused to examine the tracks in the moist dark loam of the creek side. One stood out clearly. It was like the track of a wolf or large dog, except that it had a "thumbprint," making five toe indentations rather than four. In this it resembled the track of the fisher. But it could not be a fisher's track because the claw marks were plainly visible and the fisher family travels with its claws sheathed.

Here was a beast that smelled worse than a skunk and, though no larger than a half-grown collie dog, left a track as big as a grown wolf—a beast which did not trot nor run, but covered the ground in leaps and bounds. In this gait, had I known it—along with the remembered odor of his visit—I had a clue to the identity of my early-morning caller.

Weasels travel in jumps. They, too, through two glands, give forth a musky odor when under stress or excitement. I had not been long back in town when the old-timers told me the intruder was the senior member of the weasel tribe, a wolverine—a prying, curious beast. It was a rare event, they assured me, merely to have seen a wolverine.

For a man to see a wolverine remains a rare event up to this day. Last Aug. 31 newspapers carried a story that W. Mair,

Continued on page 63



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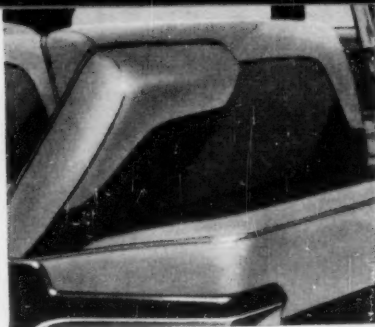
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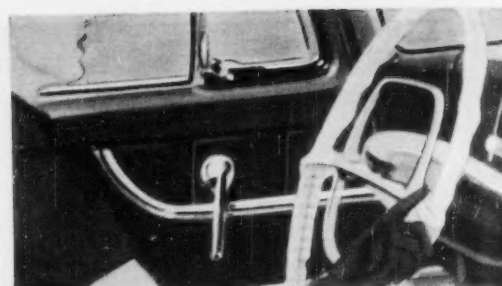


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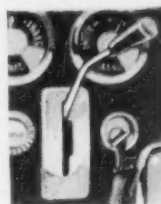


Beautifully tailored front seat of two-door models folds $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$, providing easy rear seat entry without disturbing two front seat passengers.

PowerFlite automatic transmission* Flite Control lever is mounted on the instrument panel.



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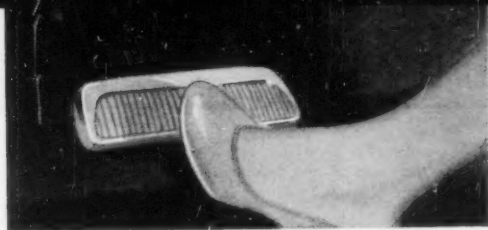
Aircraft-type dials enhance the bright new curved instrument panel. Smart new two-toning of the panel harmonizes with the rich colours of the interior fabrics.

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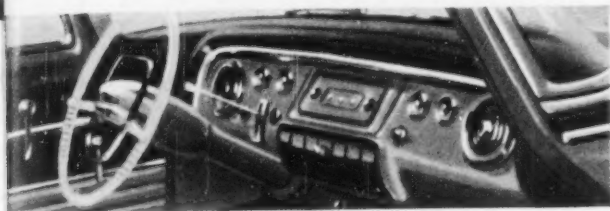


Gently sloping rear deck, extended fender line, and recessed taillights accentuate the car's low, slim, graceful silhouette.





Suspended pedals provide easier operation and also give a more natural pedal "feel." With PowerFlite, you get a big brake pedal that is eight inches wide.



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More than a foot longer, inches wider and lower—years ahead in inspired styling—new in everything but name—that's the daring new Dodge for '55! You'll sense a new trend in motorcars in its long, slim lines and clean, taut surfaces that give it an exciting "eager-for-action" look. Inside, intriguing new interior fabrics live in perfect harmony with exterior colours—and seem to breathe richness and luxury.

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See the daring new Dodge at your Dodge-De Soto dealer's now, and learn the whole exciting story of this all-new and beautiful car!

V-8
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*PowerFlite, power steering and power brakes are optional at moderate extra cost on Mayfair, Regent and Crusader models. Power window lifts and power seats are also available in Mayfair and Regent models at extra cost.

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Buying securities on tips, on rumours, without examination, or buying on the advice of uninformed people, very often causes many an investment headache. Better Business Bureaus are kept busy. Securities Commission officials look into innumerable complaints, and securities are purchased which sometimes turn out to be . . . "not what I thought."

Before you invest, investigation is good common sense. After you invest, investigation is also good common sense. "See your dentist twice a year" is not propaganda . . . it is preventive dentistry. Most people think it good business to check trouble before it starts or, at least, before it becomes serious.

To have your investment adviser check your securities at regular intervals makes sense too. Conditions change, industries change, markets change. To "put them away and forget them" is not good . . . it's not good for teeth, and it's not good for securities.

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RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

SUDDENLY: A solid little suspense thriller about an attempt to assassinate the President of the United States in a sleepy California town named Suddenly. Some of the characters are rather thinly imagined but Frank Sinatra as the chief killer proves again (as he did last year in *From Here to Eternity*) that he doesn't need to sing to keep his name in lights.

DRAGNET: Television's Jack Webb, under his own fast-paced direction, effectively but rather monotonously portrays the bleak and brutal plain-clothes man Joe Friday in this Hollywood whodunit.

THE EGYPTIAN: Passion and piety in the Pharaoh-way sands of Mika Waltari's best-seller novel. On the screen, in wall-to-wall CinemaScope, the result is frequently an imposing spectacle but the prevailing tempo is awfully slow. With Edmund Purdom, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature, and thousands of helpers.

THE FRENCH LINE: Jane Russell as a Texas oil heiress, Arthur Hunnicutt as her garrulous guardian and Gilbert Roland as her "French" boulevardier, in a hollow farce-with-music. It's a tasteless job but fairly funny in spots.

HER TWELVE MEN: Greer Garson's ever-loyal fans are a society in which I happen to be a bit behind in my dues. I was tempted to let my membership lapse altogether while sitting through this contrived comedy-romance about a schoolteacher and the small boys under her wing. With Robert Ryan, Richard Haydn.

SUSAN SLEPT HERE: Hollywood pictures, I still doggedly maintain, are slowly improving on the average, but I couldn't clinch the argument by citing the present specimen. It's a coy, leering and overdrawn comedy about a sexy-but-nice teen-ager (Debbie Reynolds) and a bachelor twice her age (Dick Powell).

Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>About Mrs. Leslie: Drama, Fair.</p> <p>Adventures of Robinson Crusoe: Tropical drama, Good.</p> <p>Alaska Seas: Action drama, Poor.</p> <p>Apache: Indian drama, Excellent.</p> <p>Broken Lance: Western, Excellent.</p> <p>A Bullet is Waiting: Western, Fair.</p> <p>The Caine Mutiny: Navy drama, Good.</p> <p>Cease Fire: Korean War, Good.</p> <p>Concert of the Stars (Russian): Arias and ballet, Fair.</p> <p>Daughters of Destiny: Three stories, Fair.</p> <p>Dawn at Sacorro: Western, Fair.</p> <p>Demetrius and the Gladiators: Semi-Biblical drama, Fair.</p> <p>Doctor in the House: Comedy, Fair.</p> <p>Drive a Crooked Road: Crime, Good.</p> <p>Father Brown, Detective: British crime comedy, Good.</p> <p>Final Test: British comedy, Good.</p> <p>The Gambler from Natchez: Drama, Fair.</p> <p>Garden of Evil: Drama, Fair.</p> <p>Golden Coach: Farce-fantasy, Good.</p> <p>The Green Scarf: Courtroom drama, Fair.</p> <p>Heidi: Children's story, Good.</p> <p>The High and the Mighty: Drama, Fair.</p> | <p>Johnny Dark: Race-car drama, Good.</p> <p>The Kidnappers: Drama, Excellent.</p> <p>King Richard and the Crusaders: Costumed swashbucklers, Good.</p> <p>Knock on Wood: Comedy, Excellent.</p> <p>The Maggie: British comedy, Good.</p> <p>Magnificent Obsession: Drama, Fair.</p> <p>Man with a Million: Comedy, Good.</p> <p>Men of the Fighting Lady: War, Good.</p> <p>New Faces: Broadway revue, Good.</p> <p>On the Waterfront: Drama, Excellent.</p> <p>Phantom of Rue Morgue: Horror, Fair.</p> <p>Prince Valiant: Adventure, Fair.</p> <p>Pushover: Crime and suspense, Good.</p> <p>The Raid: Action drama, Good.</p> <p>Rainbow Jacket: British comedy, Fair.</p> <p>Rear Window: Suspense, Excellent.</p> <p>Riding Shotgun: Western, Poor.</p> <p>Sabrina: Romantic comedy, Excellent.</p> <p>Salt of the Earth: Labor drama, Fair.</p> <p>Scotch on the Rocks: Comedy, Fair.</p> <p>Secret of the Incas: Drama, Fair.</p> <p>Seven Brides for Seven Brothers: Musical, Excellent.</p> <p>West of Zanzibar: Jungle drama, Fair.</p> <p>White Christmas: Musical, Good.</p> |
|---|---|

Extra Bedroom with Fir Plywood . . .



Like most families these days we need more room. Our architect, John, came up with this solution. Although my wife was interested primarily in appearance my worry was good quality construction at fair cost. "Quality construction starts with hidden things like the sheathing," John said, and recommended economical, unsanded Douglas fir plywood for wall and roof sheathing and sub-flooring. "It's strong and it goes on fast and that means low labour costs."



Look, tight joints, and not many of them. These 4' x 8' plywood panels cut out drafts — think of the saving in future fuel bills.



Our architect was right. The new room has taken shape quickly and the fir plywood sheathing has certainly given me the quality construction I asked for.



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The costs are in line and I've got top quality construction. We hope to build a new home some day and will sheathe it the same way with waterproof-glue Douglas fir plywood.

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The Forgotten Whirlwind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

A note in Fleming's diary says, "Had breakfast with the postmaster general this morning and showed him my design." It was later accepted and the first stamp, a three-penny brown, was sold in April 1851. Eight years later when the country adopted the decimal money system Fleming's beaver was used for the five-cent stamp. Thus Fleming can be credited with popularizing the beaver as a Canadian emblem.

By now Fleming himself had become something of an emblem. He was well over six feet tall—in an age when six-footers were rare—and he wore his dark-brown hair very long, even for that period. By his middle twenties he had a beard that could have won prizes. His voice was loud, with a slight rasp. He enjoyed company and talk and although he was a serious-minded youth he liked to go on the town once in a while. He speaks in his diary of attending a wedding party until 3 a.m., then going on to another party until seven, sleeping until eleven, and continuing the merrymaking until late afternoon. Another entry tells of his having had nightmares from drinking too much raspberry wine. Again: "Drank too much last night, but was up before church time." He liked good food, a good cigar and good wine. Some of his diary notes look like youthful boasting, but, whatever his indulgences may have been, his Presbyterian conscience usually pricked him into giving them up. He swore off meat, wine and smokes for a month in 1851.

He was a staunch, sincere and conservative member of the kirk. When he heard the psalms chanted in St. Andrew's, Montreal, in 1867, he lamented, "Surely we are losing the extreme simplicity and piety of the good old church. What would my grandfather, yea, my father say to all this?"

It was at a party in 1852 that he met Jeanie Hall, his future wife. He writes briefly but ominously, "At Wm. Hutchison's for the evening—Miss Hall." Another entry two months later shows that even when in love he could view his prospective bride with the detachment of the scientist. He wrote: "An intimacy has grown up with Miss Hall of Peterborough. How it may terminate I don't know—an amiable, well-bred woman, with her peculiarities."

By New Year's 1854 he was driving Jeanie Hall from Toronto to her Peterborough home where he was to undergo the parental scrutiny for a few days. Near Uxbridge the sleigh struck a stump hidden in a drift; the horses panicked; the shaft broke and Fleming emerged from the wreck with an injured chest. They were given shelter by the McLeans, a pioneer family nearby, who summoned a Dr. Kellogg from Uxbridge. The doctor took Fleming to his home and treated him there for a week, with Jeanie's devoted assistance.

Fleming and Jeanie were married in Peterborough the following winter and started their honeymoon in a two-horse spring wagon. They drove to Uxbridge where Dr. Kellogg was again their host for a week.

After leaving the doctor's house they drew up to the stump of poignant memory. Fleming jumped off the wagon and started to saw the stump off at the ground. His startled bride looked on for a moment then said, "Sandford, why on earth are you wearing yourself out on that wretched stump?" "Be patient, Jeanie," the great planner replied. "I'll have a use for it, I expect." After an hour's work

he wrestled the stump into the wagon and they drove on. Years later he gave his wife a picture of their five children in a frame made from the stump.

Fleming started his railway career by answering an ad for a surveyor in the Toronto Globe's help-wanted column. He was engaged by Frederick Cumberland, chief engineer of the Northern Railway then being built from Toronto to Barrie. When Cumberland retired from the job in 1855, Fleming succeeded him and pushed the line through to Collingwood.

The year he joined Cumberland's staff Fleming published his lithographed map of Toronto, which was accepted by the city's tax department and used for many years. He also charted Toronto harbor and its approaches, spending all the time he could spare in a rowboat, dropping a lead line over the side every few feet. His chart could be found in every wheelhouse on the Great Lakes long afterwards.

Fleming's appointment as chief engineer of the publicly owned Intercolonial Railway came in 1863. He started working east toward New Brunswick from Riviere du Loup at the beginning of winter. It was more like an Arctic exploration expedition than a survey job. The first two hundred miles were through unsettled forbidding country, crudely mapped. Dog teams hauled the gear. The men went on snowshoes and the main article of diet for both dogs and men was canned meat left over from the Crimean War.

Iron Bridges Don't Burn

Late in 1864 Fleming had three main surveys completed and enough routes had been studied on each of the three to give him fifteen separate lines from which to choose. He recommended the Bay Chaleur route because it offered access to the sea for lumber shippers in the north, and it was as far away from the U. S. border as he could get. This latter consideration was one of defense, a factor in everyone's thinking at that time. The Fenians were still making their border raids and there was a lot of wild talk about outright annexation by the U. S.

Building railways means trouble as well as toil. Fleming's greatest fight was with the commissioners of the Intercolonial—"the battle of the bridges," as it came to be known. The commissioners wanted wooden bridges because wood was cheap. Fleming wanted iron bridges because iron was durable and free from fire hazard.

The storm raged for nearly two years with Fleming having to leave the line repeatedly to appear at Ottawa, bringing his great fists down first on this desk and then that as he thundered for his iron bridges. Since neither commissioners nor governments could stand up under a Fleming barrage it was decided

that all bridges of more than sixty feet span should be iron. The indefatigable Fleming still wasn't satisfied, and continued his protests without pause. A limp government finally passed an order in council specifying that all bridges except three short ones should be iron.

The Press joined heartily in the battle of the bridges. The Halifax Express was particularly hostile to Fleming and in addition to the commissioners' stock arguments of economy found one of its own—safety. Iron, the Express pointed out, was brittle. Therefore it would crack under the weight of the first train it bore.

When most of the bridges were built Fleming gave a party for newspapermen near Shediac. He issued a personal invitation to the Halifax Express. From Shediac the party was taken by special train to the first iron bridge north of the town. There they dined and found a sumptuous picnic had been prepared—right underneath one of the "brittle" iron bridges. A heavy construction train thundered back and forth overhead all afternoon. The Express representatives may have been glad they were being proved wrong, but there must have been moments when under the jibes of their colleagues they almost wished they could have been proved right.

However remarkable a man he was, Fleming was not able to be in more than one place at a time. All the same he entered a contract in 1865 to build the Truro-Pictou line for the Nova Scotia government at the same time the Intercolonial was well under way. The first job was barely completed when Fleming undertook the planning of the Newfoundland railway. His final report on that work was made in 1875, after he had been engaged on the CPR for four years. For several years he was working simultaneously on the Intercolonial, Newfoundland and Canadian Pacific railways and standard time.

The job of a railway chief engineer when building a new line is to assign his engineers and surveyors to the field, consider their reports and determine from them the line the road is to take. But Fleming was far more conscientious. There isn't a mile of any railway he built, except some of the eastern stretches of the Newfoundland Railway, that he didn't study in person and discuss with his engineers on the spot.

Spending so much time in the wilderness, and being a devoted family man when he did return to civilization, Fleming had little opportunity to form intimate friendships. But one such friendship was with Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the Montreal parliamentarian and a Father of Confederation.

In the summer of 1864 Fleming and McGee were chatting about the unlikely prospects of Confederation. McGee was despondent and asked Fleming,



VIPs In Verse: No. 6

CAMILLIEN HOUDE

He's colorful in word and actions,
And always all things to all factions.
There's lots of good stuff, really, in
Chameleon Camillien.

P. J. BLACKWELL



Montreal, painted for the Seagram Collection by Albert Cloutier, A.R.C.A.

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For fourteen months the Seagram Collection of Paintings of Canadian Cities travelled abroad, earning goodwill for Canada. Wherever it went in 15 foreign lands the Collection became a major topic of interest and was widely featured in local magazines and newspapers, radio and television broadcasts, and newsreels. The Seagram Collection is now on a trans-Canada tour so that Canadians may see these 52 colourful Canadian ambassadors of goodwill . . . these portrayals of our thriving cities which were seen by more than a quarter of a million people around the world.



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ROUTE OF THE CANADIAN TOUR: OTTAWA, MONTREAL, CHARLOTTETOWN, HALIFAX, ST. JOHN'S, SAINT JOHN, SHERBROOKE, TROIS-RIVIÈRES, TORONTO, QUEBEC, LONDON, WINNIPEG, EDMONTON, VANCOUVER, VICTORIA, CALGARY, PORT ARTHUR—FORT WILLIAM, SUDBURY, SARNIA, WINDSOR, HAMILTON, KINGSTON, REGINA, SASKATOON, SHAWINIGAN FALLS, HULL.



ALBERT CLOUTIER, A.R.C.A.

Studied in Montreal. An Art Director in the Wartime Information Board in 1941, and later Official War Artist to the Royal Canadian Air Force. A member of the Canadian Society of Painters in Water Colour.

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Burroughs Adding Machine of Canada, Limited,
 Windsor, Ontario.



"Why are matters moving so slowly?" The question may have been rhetorical, but Fleming took it up and replied, "Because the Canadians and the Maritimers don't know each other; they're too far apart to get acquainted." Having given this opinion, Fleming decided to do something about it.

He asked McGee whether he would arrange for a group of members of the parliament of the provinces of Canada and newspaper representatives to await an invitation to make a good-will tour of the Maritime provinces. Fleming had no idea who would issue the invitation but he had no doubts about finding someone. "Let the Canadians see that the Maritimers aren't covered with barnacles and let the Maritimers see that the Canadians don't wear horns," he advised. "It's just silly notions like that which are holding up the union of British North America."

McGee returned to Quebec City and Fleming went to Saint John and there talked officials of the Board of Trade into inviting the Canadians to New Brunswick. When the Halifax Board of Trade heard of this, it sent an invitation on behalf of Nova Scotia.

The success of the visit went beyond Fleming's hopes. Twice the itinerary was revised to lengthen the tour. Canadian reporters flooded their papers with stories of Maritime hospitality, scenery, enterprise and everything else they could find to praise. Several Maritime papers which had been strongly anti-Confederation thawed noticeably. When delegates from New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island met at Charlottetown in September that year to discuss Maritime union, delegations from other Canadian provinces (Canada West and Canada East) were welcomed to the convention, contrary to its original purpose. Although Confederation was not achieved at Charlottetown, the events of 1864 smoothed the way for it at Quebec City two years later.

Whisky to End a Fight

Fleming was a great arranger and no mean diplomat. Once when he was subpoenaed as an expert witness in a water-power case in Brockville, Ont., he was dismayed to find that although there were twenty-eight witnesses to be heard, the first day was taken up with the examination of only one. He might be stranded in Brockville for a month!

Fleming invited one of the litigants, named Coleman, to his hotel room that evening. When Coleman entered the room he found whisky and biscuits set out. Fleming excused himself for a moment and reappeared with the other litigant, Macdonald. While Coleman and Macdonald glared at each other, Fleming quickly locked the door and slipped the key into his pocket. Fleming was over six feet in his socks and weighed two hundred and twenty pounds. Coleman and Macdonald were not big men.

With some fast talking, Sandford Fleming persuaded the men that from his knowledge of the case they could reach an immediate and fair settlement, saving much time and expense.

When they brightened up at that, their host offered to write out a fair solution of the case, as he saw it, then and there. They agreed it might be worth a try. Fleming, who could always put pen to paper quicker than Micawber, started to write. When he read his solution aloud both men agreed that it was as satisfactory as could be expected. Coleman suggested that seals should be attached to make it legal. Even this couldn't phase Fleming. He soaked biscuits in water and fashioned seals from the mixture. Coleman and

Macdonald impressed their signet rings in the dough and left the room arm in arm.

The next morning they told Fleming that they had shown the agreement to their lawyers and had been told it was not worth tuppence.

"Of course they would say that," Fleming boomed. "They are afraid of being done out of their nice fat fees. Stand up in court and read it to the judge." They did. The case was over before noon.

Fleming had taken his family from Toronto to Halifax in 1863 when he started work on the Intercolonial. Six years later he moved to Ottawa where he bought Winterholme, a huge house on Chapel Street. It was large enough to become a sixteen-family apartment building years later.

By now Fleming's parents and brothers had all followed him to Canada, and by 1869 there was a good supply of nephews and nieces, and later of grandchildren, to keep the place jumping, the way the Flemings enjoyed it. Christmas always meant a particularly full house. One Christmas Eve there were fifty-two stockings strung on a clothesline across the drawing-room. After Fleming's wife died in 1888 his two daughters were Winterholme's hostesses and, after they were married, a succession of nieces took the job.

Fleming's favorite relaxation was chess. He played chess in camp and once said he had spent nearly all his time at the chess board during forty-nine Atlantic crossings.

His pet hate was housecleaning, with its mess and disarrangement. There were two carpets on the floor of his study. A timid housekeeper had one laid on the other rather than incur the master's annoyance by removing the furniture while the old one was pulled up. Once when the household thought he would be leaving for a senate meeting at Queen's the opportunity was taken to redecorate the dining room. As Fleming left by the front door, a brigade of decorators with their ladders, pails and brushes came in the back door. At the station Fleming was intercepted by a telegram saying the meeting had been postponed. A dismayed niece saw him returning to the house. As he entered, the decorators were bundled out the back door with all their gear.

An engineer of his eminence naturally attracted a lot of crackpots eager to promote everything from trans-Atlantic balloon flights to perpetual motion machines. Fleming would always lend a sympathetic ear, then skilfully ease them toward the door where the family would hear him saying, "Thank you for calling, sir. You have an interesting theory there—most interesting."

He never voted. He felt that being engaged by governments of different political colors he should not have a part in their elections. But a diary entry of the Sixties reads: "To Chas Tupper, Elctn Exps—\$400." (This was the year Tupper led the Conservatives to victory in the Nova Scotia elections.)

There was a strong religious strain in Fleming. In 1887 he put together an interdenominational prayer book, hymnal and psalter which he printed under the title *Short Sunday Service for Traveling Parties*. The title page said: "Examined and cordially approved by Roman Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian and other Clergymen."

Fleming distributed hundreds of his prayer books among the railway work-

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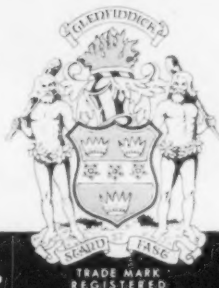


DISCOVERY OF NEON

Although the first Neon illuminated sign was exhibited in France in 1910, the gas was originally discovered by two Scottish scientists years before. Sir William Ramsey and M. W. Travers were experimenting with argon in a glass bulb surrounded by liquid air when they made their great discovery in 1898.

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flavour of a mellow
Molson's gives happy
relief to the thirsty
throat every time.

ers of his day and would frequently conduct a service from them, looking like a latter-day prophet with his beard and flowing brown hair as he stood in a mountain valley or on the unbroken prairie. He was usually clad in black.

Sandford Fleming made a lot of money but he did not die wealthy. He made substantial gifts to Queen's University. It was his own money which was used for thousands of miles of travel in the promotion of standard time and the Pacific cable. In the early days of the Canadian Institute—when he was still a struggling surveyor—he took out an insurance policy for a thousand pounds, naming the institute as beneficiary. He continued to help the RCI financially in later years.

Like many men who have not had a university education his feeling for places of higher learning amounted to awe. Being chosen chancellor of Queen's in 1880 was for Fleming even a higher honor than the knighthood he received during Queen Victoria's jubilee year, 1897. Once, when somewhere in the wilds, he heard that the University of Ottawa had been destroyed by fire. He rushed to telegraph a donation to the rebuilding fund. When a friend reminded him that this was a Roman Catholic institution he was subsidizing Fleming turned on him with one of his rare losses of control and cried, "Roman Catholic! English Catholic! Scandinavian Catholic! What in blazes difference does it make? It's a university!"

At Halifax Fleming had bought an eighty-acre estate on the wealthy North West Arm. Soon the entire area became private land. But when the Flemings moved to Ottawa the estate was given to the public for a recreation ground, still enjoyed by thousands today.

The Easiest Way to B.C.

Fleming's nine-year service to the Canadian Pacific Railway took him up the Ottawa Valley, along the tortuous north shore of Lake Superior, across the prairies and through Yellowhead Pass into the mountains. Ever thorough, he mapped eleven different routes through British Columbia, all leaving the Yellowhead and branching to tidewater at points as far north as Port Simpson and as far south as Port Moody.

By 1879 the line he finally recommended was from the Ottawa Valley westward by the north shore of Lake Nipissing to Sudbury, then northwest to the Superior shore and Fort William; from there it was west and north to Selkirk, northwest to Battleford, Edmonton, and the Yellowhead Pass, with a sharp swing southward to Kamloops and Burrard Inlet.

Until 1880 the CPR had been a government undertaking, first under Sir John A. Macdonald and then under Sir Alexander Mackenzie. When in 1880 the project was turned over to a private company, headed by Donald Smith and George Stephen, Fleming's position with the road was terminated and his proposed route was radically changed. Fleming had again been influenced by defense considerations as much as anything and he favored Yellowhead Pass because it offered the lowest and easiest grades into British Columbia.

But, although much of his plan was rejected, the skill with which he had routed the line and, above all, his record of personal rectitude were above criticism. A royal commission which enquired into the affairs of the CPR in June 1880 emphasized in its report that "the chief engineer and his staff have shown ability, zeal, and the strictest integrity in the supervision of the work. They have fought inch by inch and day by day against what they thought to be

attempted encroachments on the part of the contractors' engineers."

Fleming, as usual, landed on his feet. He had always had faith in an all-land route to the Pacific and he invested heavily in the new company. And although Smith and Stephen had favored the Winnipeg-Regina-Calgary-Kicking Horse-Kamloops route over Fleming's northern line, later roads, such as the Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Northern followed nearly all Fleming's surveys west of Red River.

The CPR was Fleming's pet. Though it had refused much of his work he loved it and frequently spoke of it as "the Queen of All Railroads." His position as major shareholder and director entitled him to a private car. He seldom used it; he was afraid of putting on airs. Once when he couldn't open a balky window in an ordinary day coach he smashed out the glass with his cane. Presenting his card to the astonished conductor he said, "Have the divisional superintendent send me the bill—but the Canadian Pacific coaches should have no such windows."

Fleming was still with the CPR and was waging his greatest battles for standard time when he took on a third job, the Canada-Australia cable. He visualized an all-British government-owned cable service eventually to encircle the earth. The fight he put up for twenty-three years to get his cable makes a similar story to that by which standard time was won. Official apathy had to be overcome, as well as the active hostility of the Eastern Telegraph Company, a British private concern that owned the cable then in operation from Britain to Australia and New Zealand via the Mediterranean and India. Messages between Canada and the Antipodes were routed by the Eastern's line and by trans-Atlantic cable.

Fleming prepared two charts for the Pacific cable. When the cable was finally laid the staff of oceanographers and hydrographers who did the job found themselves following, with slight deviations, the route Fleming had worked out in his library at Winterholme. Between his estimates of the cost and expected revenue and the discouraging figures suggested by Eastern there was a difference as wide as the Pacific itself. When the job was finished, Fleming's costs figure was within seven percent of the actual amount and revenue from the first five years of operation was within three percent of his estimate.

The Pacific cable was completed in 1902. A monitoring wire was extended into his Ottawa mansion and Fleming listened while a message of loyalty was tapped out from a native Fijian prince to King Edward VII. Next was a warm message of congratulation to Fleming from the prime minister of New Zealand. Other messages were exchanged between viceregal personages. When the telegrapher's key was finally silent everyone looked at Sir Sandford, perhaps expecting a stirring patriotic pronouncement to mark the big event. He beamed on everyone and said, "Isn't it dandy? . . . Just dandy."

Though in his middle seventies, Fleming continued to work for the completion of his all-British cable. But the fires were slowly dying. The outbreak of the First World War ended any chance for further cable laying and the following year, 1915, Fleming died.

Canadians can be thankful for his decision to ignore the advice given him by Bishop Strachan, a Toronto cleric and educator, when as an immigrant youth he visited the bishop in 1845. He was told: "Go back to Scotland, my boy. There is no future here for the professional man. All the great works in this country are now completed." ★



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I'm Leaving Canada — and I'm Glad

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

speaks for the average Canadian. But do they really believe that this constant carping from the Press, minority groups and disgruntled politicians in search of a whipping boy, and from overzealous patriots, is not lowering their own opinion of the U. S.?

There must be a distinction between valid political criticism and deliberate, personal attacks on politicians. Heaven knows that, as a constant target, the U. S. is becoming an expert on both types of criticism and, to a certain extent, inured to the latter. A friendship as solidly based as that between Canada and Uncle Sam need never fear an honest difference of opinion reasonably expressed. But no worthy association can avoid being harmed when the complaints are unthinking, overplayed and malicious. Today, in even the most impersonal negotiations, many Canadians seem to insist that they are being bullied by their big brother. But, after all, it is no one's fault that the U. S. is bigger than Canada in population and industrial wealth. Sometimes the smaller party's resentment becomes downright ludicrous.

During the recent pipeline fracas, when the U. S. Federal Power Commission turned down the Westcoast Transmission Company's request to build an outlet for Alberta gas into our northwestern states, the announced reason for the refusal was that the Canadian supply could not be considered completely reliable in times of emergency. A section of alert editorial Canada immediately read the charge of "unreliability" into a personal affront. As such, it was condemned loudly and somewhat exultantly. Yet no Canadian paper had the grace to remark that this phrase of the FPC decision was almost exactly the same as that rendered by the Canadian government when it delayed permission for American gas to be brought temporarily to the Toronto market from Niagara Falls.

Understand, this and other examples offered here are not intended to justify American economic or foreign policy. They are merely to illustrate the disturbing Canadian tendency to personalize, to refuse to accept the shortcomings of big business and governments, both their own and others, and to insist on a constant, imagined competition in all things between themselves and the U. S. Through the mere accident of size, it would seem that Canada is thus condemning itself to certain and recurrent frustration.

It is no secret, even in Canada, that the booming economic outlook of your country is encouraging the surge of nationalism that usually goes with such growth. Pride in his country has always been considered an integral part of a happy citizen. But is it necessary that national pride be subverted and traded for childish spite?

Any foreigner in Canada must have been discouraged to hear the coach of Miss Marilyn Bell, the youngster who made the gallant swim across Lake Ontario, claim during a reception at the Toronto City Hall that Miss Bell's act had somehow proved the superiority of Canadian youth. The fact that a professional American swimmer had been invited to make the attempt also and had failed appears to be slight ground for the remark and the state of mind it encourages. Certainly Florence Chadwick, who went to Toronto in good faith at the invitation of the Canadian National Exhibition, must have been

amazed to find that she had been assigned willy-nilly to carry U. S. colors in a contest of which she was totally unaware and which her business contract specifically prohibited. When the swim proved too much for her the inevitable triumphant hoots made it appear more of a disgrace than a simple failure.

It is to be hoped that the fates will be more kind to Miss Bell and that she will not be saddled with this nonsense about the honor of Canada every time she enters the water. The real issue is not the swimming prowess of either woman nor the honor of either country, but the personal esteem and friendship of the people on both sides of the line which Canada appears to hold so cheaply.

The same charge of creating a spiteful and hostile atmosphere without reason must be made in the curious and apparently chronic hassle over the nationality of the entertainer who heads the grandstand show at the CNE. As usual, a top American entertainer was paid this year to do his stuff in hopes of attracting larger crowds. The usual bickering followed. Roy Rogers, with Miss Chadwick, had good cause to wonder at the reasoning of a community which hires him to put on a show, and then casts him in the role of an unwanted alien who is being forced on the patrons. After the charm of the Exhibition and the thrill of the swimming marathon have gone, there is still left the unbecoming spite and antagonism so unthinkingly engendered.

Giving a Baby a Home

I have tried to talk frankly with many people about this deliberate misunderstanding of American intentions toward Canada. Mr. Ginsberg, my laundryman on Toronto's Bathurst Street, pointed out that when a person or a public has no definite opinion it takes but a little nudging to implant one. Such subtle nudging is indulged in constantly both in Canada and abroad with surprising success by misinformed or calculating persons.

Consider the matter of immigration. One opinion poll showed that it was one of the subjects uppermost in Canadians' minds, although few of them are familiar with the immigration laws of either their own country or the U. S. Yet, mention U. S. Immigration and many Canadians immediately grimace, even though their own experience with that service has been pleasant. The reasons for this are easily explained and, once more, the illustrations are given not to argue the merits of our immigration regulations, but to try to persuade the interested Canadian how illogical it is to work up a personal animosity over them.

Perhaps the baby-smuggling episode of last year may be recalled. A U. S. Immigration officer at Malton Airport apprehended an American citizen taking a Canadian baby illegally into the U. S. Almost certainly the impression lingers now that the officer was unnecessarily severe in his actions and, in general, what was the matter with a person taking home a baby that needs a home anyway, regardless of national borders? The discussions that followed were not about regulations, but were of an emotional character, and when the smoke cleared the facts had been obscured in many Canadian minds by the colored reports. The general impression was that the U. S. Immigration Service was too tough.

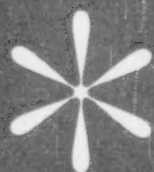
But how about Jimmy McHugh, the officer involved? If you are passing through Malton someday drop in to our offices and say hello to Jimmy. See how much of a brute is this soft-spoken grandfather. Ask him how he felt in the plane that day when, on a parent's

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intuition, he asked the woman carrying the baby to produce further evidence of the child's identity. The U. S. laws specifically state the provisions for the adoption of a foreign-born child, thus protecting the child. Jimmy McHugh, as a representative of our Immigration Service, unfortunately remains a despised symbol because he protected the interests of a baby and discharged the duty to which he had been assigned. Thus the effects of ignorance and inspired gossip!

There has been a concerted effort in Canada to discredit U. S. immigration

policies—and the late Senator McCarran who is supposed to have hysterically voted them into being. Any person who has studied the question both inside the U. S. and out will agree there is much more hysteria about U. S. immigration policy in foreign countries, including Canada, than there is anywhere in the U. S.

Obtaining entry into any foreign country is usually exasperating and confusing. The applicant seldom understands nationality laws or considers the need for them. His exasperation is to be expected, and every visa officer of

any nationality experiences it many times a day. It is saddening however to hear the conversation I heard in a U. S. consular office not long ago. An elderly Canadian woman wanted to return to her retirement acre in Florida where she had been living illegally for several years. The clerk told her courteously that she would have to present her birth certificate in duplicate. The woman snapped, "Oh! I suppose this is some of that McCarran folderol!"

As Canadians have been told many times, the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1952, sponsored by Senators Mc-

Carran and Walter, added little to U. S. immigration law. We have always had regulations barring people we believe would not help the national welfare and might, indeed, try to destroy it. So has Canada. America is the announced target of the enemies of the free world, and it is only sensible that we recognize that fact. This resultant legislation was not something slipped over on America while it slept, but a firm expression of the opinion of an overwhelming majority of the country.

The U. S. simply would rather not be bothered with people of a political faith that has shown such small concern for human rights or morality.

For Canadians, the McCarran Act has liberalized entry to the U. S. in many ways—particularly students, transients, and those with foreign-born spouses. Incidentally, most of the clamor against the McCarran Act is critical of the quota system of admitting immigrants. Most Americans agree they should maintain the essential character of their national family along its traditional lines. Therefore, we favor the entry of the same ethnic types as Canada.

Does this justify the gossip that American immigration laws are bitterly prejudiced as to race—a gossip you can hear parroted from one end of Canada to the other? Why is it so easy for Canadians to forget that both our populations are comprised of a mixture of races that makes any such talk patent nonsense? It is precisely because of such planned immigration that we are a mixture, rather than a disrupted collection of unassimilable, unreconcilable types.

Don't Belong in the U. S.

Most of all, Canadians should keep in mind that at the present phase of their development the U. S. and Canada differ greatly in their basic approach to immigration. You need, or desire, a rapid increase in population. You instruct your representatives overseas to encourage immigrants. But the more crowded U. S. must continually guard against a mass influx and even then is only partly successful in warding it off. One third of Italy's population wants to move to America, reports say—undoubtedly to their own detriment unless such a movement is carefully planned. An estimated fifty percent of the people in Mexico's northern provinces have entered the southwestern states illegally at one time or another.

There are now more people illegally in the U. S. than Canada has admitted legally since the war.

When the American prejudice against newcomers and isolationist tendencies are being smugly damned, as they often are by her best friend, that friend should be reminded that we have given homes to five times as many newcomers as Canada since 1945. And we have not given any of them false encouragement to come. Thus we have avoided such embarrassment as my former colleague, the Italian consul in Toronto, faced recently when delegations of his unemployed countrymen called upon him demanding jobs or a return to their own land.

It is easy to see how Canadians could become irritated about immigration. After all, your country is trying to expand and is offering the immigrant a chance to share in the tremendous opportunities available to him here, in return for his contribution to the national economy and life.

Most Americans would sympathize with the chagrined Canadian who sees long lines of such newcomers at U. S. consulates, clamoring for visas to move

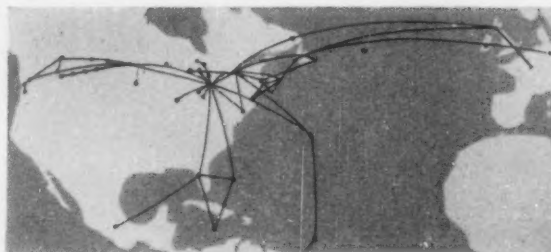


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TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES

south. It is becoming increasingly apparent that many are using the generosity of Canada as an aid to enter the false dreamland of New York or Los Angeles. Your country, like Israel, is being used as a staging ground for entry into the U. S. by people who cannot enter directly. If it were not for U. S. quota restrictions, based, like your own, on the welfare of the country, Canadians might find, like the Israelis, more people leaving their country even today than are entering.

Being an American in Canada, the writer is obliged to explain that he does not mean this to be mere boasting about how the U. S. attracts so many people. It is hard fact. It has been observed by American consular officers and it may be verified through Canadian overseas representatives.

Surely there is little logic in venting the irritation this causes upon anyone outside Canadian borders. The situation behind it, multiplied many times in intensity and scope in other countries, is the reason for the severe American approach to immigration. Understanding this will go a long way toward alleviating much of the friction so ardently and unfortunately publicized in Canada.

This practice of identifying a person of a certain nationality with his country's powerful and unpopular—and perhaps deservedly unpopular—interests is, of course, fraught with danger. Because a person is Russian, it does not follow that he is a murdering Bolshevik. The fact that he is American does not mean that he automatically endorses every bit of claptrap put out by Hollywood, U. S. Steel or the CIO.

To carry the point further, many Americans deplore excessive protective tariffs. They agree with the irate Canadian who proclaims goods should be bought from the place where they are most economically grown or made. But there is an interesting reverse face to this coin. What happens when the Yank reminds the Canuck that there is not really much justification for the duties on American automobiles entering Canada? After all this amounts to twenty-five percent of the value of medium-priced cars and thirty-five percent of the value of expensive cars. The U. S. tariff on lead, now so widely decried by some Canadians, is not much more than seven percent and that against zinc is six and a half.

Canadians in border cities used to buy a TV set in the U. S. free of duty on a tourist permit. Now that there's a TV industry in Canada such sets are assessed about an additional half of their value by the time they have cleared Canadian customs and excise men at the border. This includes a sales tax.

When the U. S. raised the tariff on Swiss watches, Canadians seemed to take it more to heart than the Swiss, since this appeared to be an example of rank protectionism. Actually, if you care to check the figures, they show that on a representative seventeen-jewel, two-control Swiss watch movement, valued at \$30, you would pay about \$2.35 American duty. The same movement entering Canada would be subject to an immediate duty of fifteen percent, or \$4.50. Then, in addition, the Canadian finished watch is assessed an excise tax and federal sales tax,

which the U. S. does not levy on goods.

Any Canadian who cares to compare the prices of Swiss watches in the U. S. and in his own country may do so, and from that may decide if the hullabaloo about American protectionism might not have a double edge. The purpose of duties is to give domestic goods an advantage over the foreign by raising the prices of the foreign.

These figures mean little in themselves except that men everywhere are inclined to be selfish about their private business and their national welfare. What does mean something to an

American, though, is that a Canadian family may be persuaded that the leviathan to the south is depriving them of a livelihood by restricting trade between the two countries.

It would be unfair not to mention at least one outstanding subject in which a remarkable attitude of tolerance and understanding has been shown by Canadians. No informed, unbiased Michigander or Ohioan would deny that U. S. special-interest groups had been shortsighted and selfish in so long delaying the start of the St. Lawrence Seaway. Yet in spite of—or perhaps



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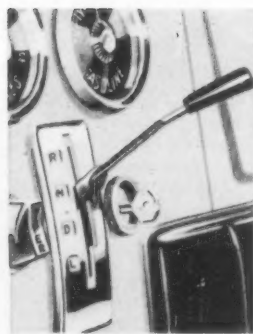
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because of—the fact that the issue has been made a political pumpkin, few Americans in Canada have been accused of being personally responsible for the stalling. It appeared to be understood on both sides of the river that a small, powerful bloc had succeeded in postponing the project and that there was another group just as active striving for its success.

But such examples of understanding are all too rare. In an issue of Maclean's an American in Canada may read Beverley Baxter's assertion that the U. S. could have avoided war in 1939 by sending a strong naval force to the Mediterranean to rattle sabers with the British fleet in the Fascist back yard. On the same day, he can read in any number of newspaper editorials of the present "provocative" American policy of maintaining the Seventh Fleet in the troubled waters near Formosa. These views are all too often parroted by the Canadian who buttonholes an American at a cocktail party—not to educate the poor fellow but apparently for the sheer delight of demonstrating his lack of sympathy for American views.

It has been at least one Yank's privilege to attend a luncheon at which a local functionary announced that if the U. S. had sent the French more aid they might have won the war in Indo-China—and then a dinner where a Canadian MP solemnly reported that he had seen trigger-happy Americans in the UN threatening the peace of the world. Imagine, a Canadian whose nation has been "co-existing" with the U. S. for 180 years bitterly denouncing the "expansionist" and "aggressive" Yankee!

We are accused—this is a hang-over from pioneer days that sounds suspiciously like jealousy—of being materialist and moneygrubbing, usually by our more enlightened European

cousins but occasionally by Canadian capitalists as well. The answer to that charge is apparent to anyone who gets outside New York City on his visit to the U. S. and it does not need repeating here.

But who is it, in turn, that runs the blockade into Red China and sends trade delegations to governments openly dedicated to the destruction of such free trade? Unlike Britain, Americans believe it is to the credit of their leaders that they have had sufficient faith in their decisions about communism to abstain from begging for the advantage of commerce with communism's slave labor.

The Tone Canadians Use

At the same time we appreciate the fact that many Canadians cherish their ties with the British Commonwealth. It is certainly impressed on the foreign resident in Canada. Since Americans, as it is well known hereabouts, are isolationist as well as expansionist there is no objection by us. But you need an agile imagination to understand how the advocates of a British tag for Canada can at the same time pose as the impartial link between the U. S. and the rest of the world.

It is fascinating for the average American to learn that he needs "understanding" and "interpretation" when he believes that he is speaking quite clearly. And he is literally amazed when he hears such a service being offered to the world in the detached, patronizing tone now used in Canada.

Canadians, of course, have gone along with British foreign policy rather than American foreign policy to an increasing extent during the past year or so. Many Americans too probably think this is right. I don't believe there are any who think that it is cause for



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endangering a friendship such as our two countries have been able to model for the world. Yet the Canadian tourist in Algonquin Park can talk glibly to his American counterpart of going our separate ways unless, as he puts it, the American can get more into step with reality.

Does this difference of opinion extend even to the defense of North America? There are heard in some quarters, fortunately isolated so far, grumbings about the presence of American soldiers on Canadian territory. Generally, these grumbings have been prompted by easily identified minority groups who emulate the "Go Home, Yankee" theme which communists everywhere exploit.

It may be difficult for some Europeans to understand that American military forces may consider the defense of Europe their own defense as well, through simple geographic reasons. It should be apparent to any Canadian, however, that the defenses of our two countries are absolutely inseparable and their problems individually unsolvable. The American soldiers on joint temporary duty with Canadian forces will be one way of making Canada more familiar to large segments of American public opinion—if they are encouraged to do so.

Groping for a Scapegoat

At some point every person writing of America abroad seems required to mention a senator named McCarthy. There is no doubt that many Canadians dislike the man and deplore his methods, since he appears a most unlikable person and his methods smack of something repugnant to traditional American fair play. But one survey showed that he had majority support in some areas of Canada. And this drives home the real point contained here—that it is not and should not be a matter of personalities or national prejudices between Canada and the U. S. when such a question is under consideration. McCarthyism, if there is such a thing, exists in both countries to about the same degree. To point to the man and say that he, as an American, is the cause of it is putting the cart before the horse and is groping for a scapegoat for unpleasantness at home.

Americans, far from being insular, like to think in terms of their hemisphere. When we are assigned to foreign service in the other Western republics, however, we are cautioned not to call ourselves simply Americans, since it might offend the pride or sensibilities of people who have as much right to the title as ourselves. This caution need not be extended to Canada, it is said, since there appears little desire for such identification. Canada, for instance, is the only independent nation of this hemisphere that does not belong to the Organization of American States. We certainly hope that this is not indicative of the attitude of the individual Canadian toward his co-Americans.

This raises a pertinent question that can always be asked of Americans: "What, if you believe Canada is drifting away from you in sentiment, have you done to cultivate its citizen, to let him know that you care one way or the other?"

It must be admitted that in an official sense we have not done a great deal. The days of diplomacy by uncton are

over, however, and embassies and consulates are seldom geared or expected to perform any but the most routine bureaucratic chores. Perhaps it is one of the evils of diplomatic life that official associations are usually formed at levels which tend to isolate the foreign assignee from the heartbeat of the country to which he is posted. It's not easy to broaden the contacts where you're as much on the defensive as the average American in Canada finds himself.

I came to Canada as an ignorant visiting American. I have spent the

time required to remove me from the "stranger" category and I must repeat my confession that it will be a pleasure to return to my native Arizona, even if it is only sagebrush and cactus. There, if we fly the Mexican flag for guests, no squabble follows over whether it is a gesture of hospitality or surrender. If we read that Ontario has curbed the export of pulpwood to the U. S. we do not holler that Canada is trying to stifle our industries.

In Canada I have listened, read, visited, and made some friendships, but I am afraid they have been distin-

guished by their quality rather than by their number. I am disturbed, and other Americans would be disturbed if they had had the same opportunity, to see the direction in which Canadian public sentiment is being led. I do not believe it is deliberate, but it is happening nevertheless.

Does the continued respect and comradeship of 160 million Americans mean enough to each Canadian that he will examine with conscience the causes of his complaints against us, their frequency and their justice? Let us both hope so. ★



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Does Israel Want to Start a War?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

into the sea." They've said it so often in the past thirty years that by now it's automatic.

So it comes as a shock to learn from neutral observers who have been on the spot for several years that Israel and not Jordan has been keeping the border tense by repeated acts of aggression.

Israeli spokesmen don't admit this, of course; I doubt whether Israeli civilians have the slightest suspicion that it's true. Dr. Gideon Rafael, director of the Arab affairs section of the Israeli Foreign Office, said in answer to a question:

"There have been no attacks from the Israeli side except in direct retaliation for attacks from Jordan."

By now so many raids have occurred in both directions that almost all can be described as retaliation for some previous assault, but here is how the series worked out on the border last summer:

In June, five Jordan Arabs went on a raid into Israel. Like all male adults in Jordan they were members of the National Guard, but the rifles they carried that night were their own. They killed two people and wounded two more; two of the Arabs themselves were killed. The three who returned to Jordan, wounded, were immediately put in jail by Jordan authorities; as I write they are still there.

A few nights later, an Israeli Army unit of about company strength attacked a camp of the Arab Legion, the army of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, at Azzun, five miles inside the border. They ran down between the Arab Legion tents, spraying machine-gun fire on either side at about the height of a camp cot. Since Arab Legionnaires sleep on the ground, only three were killed and three wounded when they jumped up to see what was going on. An Arab farmer was also killed in this operation.

Eye for eye and tooth for tooth, the score was more than even—for two Israelis killed in the first raid, six Arabs were dead, two of them the actual culprits. However, in the raid on Azzun the Israeli Army had had one man wounded and captured; he was held in Arab Legion custody.

A month later another group of armed Israelis made a raid into Jordan. They killed one Arab, wounded another, and took a Jordan policeman prisoner.

Whether or not these raiders were Israeli regulars, United Nations observers aren't sure. They're in no doubt though about the next attack from Israel because they were present—the fighting lasted long enough for a team of UN military observers, summoned on Jordan's complaint, to arrive while the operation was still going on. An Israeli Army unit had attacked an Arab Legion position four hundred yards inside the border, with machine guns and two-inch mortars. They killed an Arab Legionnaire and captured another.

After a fortnight came a fourth raid, carried out by two platoons against Jordan villages. They killed an Arab Legionnaire who had come up with his unit when the village gave the alarm, and they wounded three villagers of the Jordan National Guard but they didn't manage to get any prisoners.

The fifth Israeli Army raid was more successful. This time a battalion was in action, according to UN estimates. Two Israeli forces mined and ambushed the only two roads leading to a Jordan

village while another force attacked the village itself. Of the Arab Legionnaires who came down the ambushed roads to help defend the village, two were killed, three wounded and three taken prisoner.

That made five Arab prisoners all told for the one Israeli captured in the Azzun raid two months before. Israeli Army spokesmen now made a bald proposition, unofficially, through United Nations authorities:

Would Jordan exchange its one Israeli prisoner for the five Arabs?

Jordan authorities didn't like the idea much. The Israeli prisoner, after all, had been captured five miles inside Jordan territory and was thus unquestionably guilty of an offense both countries recognize—infiltration. The five Arabs, on the other hand, had been forcibly abducted from their own country by Israeli raiding parties. However, the Jordanians didn't want to be legalistic at the expense of their captured men; they finally indicated that if Israel would release the five Arabs "unconditionally," Jordan a little later would "unconditionally" release the Israeli soldier.

There were of course other incidents in the course of the summer. Cattle

Stripped!

Daughter matched mother's
Dimensions this year,
Resulting in mom's being
Thrown out of gear.

WALTER APPEL

thefts, orchard looting and at least three murders have been committed by Arabs in Israeli territory since the raid on Azzun. Jordan admits there is more individual infiltration from Jordan to Israel than vice versa because, as they point out, it was Arabs and not Israeli who were driven from their homes by the war of 1948-49. When Jordan authorities catch an Arab infiltrator, though, they put him in jail. I didn't hear of any Israeli being jailed for the same offense, though individual attacks from the Israel side are committed too.

The day before I arrived in Israel ten Arab boys were swimming in the irrigation pool at Wadi Fukin, an Arab village about a quarter of a mile inside the Jordan border. Four were youths of sixteen or so, the rest little children. All were not only unarmed; they were naked.

It was a Saturday, the Sabbath in Israel. A little after noon, four men with rifles came over the top of a high hill just on Jordan's side of the border. They fired a half-dozen shots into the swimming party and hit two twelve-year-olds. One was drilled through the upper chest but since his lung was not pierced he recovered quickly. The other got a bullet in the abdomen; he was taken to a hospital twelve miles away with his intestines hanging out, and when I saw him a week later he was still a very sick little boy.

UN observers couldn't make any investigation on the Israel side of the border—they haven't been able to do so since Israel walked out of the Mixed Armistice Commission, which conducts these enquiries into truce violations, last March. However, they believe the four riflemen came from a nearby kibbutz (collective farm) where the members all belong to the Herut Party. The

Herut was founded by the Irgun Zvai Leumi, a terrorist group which before the war used to boast of its atrocities against British soldiers and Arab civilians. Herut's leader in the Knesset, Israel's Parliament, is the ex-Pole Minahim Begin, who founded the terrorist Irgun movement.

In the 1951 elections in Israel the Herut Party got little more than six percent of the vote and elected only eight of a hundred and twenty members to the Knesset. Some neutral observers believe though that the terrorist Herut may be more influential with the Israeli Army than it is with the electorate as a whole.

In any case, for whatever reason, they say the Israeli Army is following a more "activist" policy than the Israeli Government would be expected to sanction. Prime Minister Moshe Sharett is well known as a moderate man and so are most of his ministers. What worries neutral observers I spoke with is the fact that the Israeli Government seems unwilling or unable to do anything effective to stop these well-planned, well-executed military operations. Instead, Israeli policy has sometimes appeared to be designed to condone or conceal them.

For instance, the ostensible reason Israel quit the Mixed Armistice Commission last March was that the chairman, Commander Elmo Hutchison of the United States Navy, who has since been recalled, wouldn't vote for an Israeli resolution. Eleven people had been murdered when a bus was ambushed at Scorpion Pass in the Negev desert in southern Israel. The Israeli wanted Jordan condemned for this outrage, just as Israel had been condemned when half a battalion of Israeli soldiers killed fifty-three men, women and children in Qibya a year ago.

Hutchison had no doubt that Arabs had ambushed the bus but he wasn't sure they came from Jordan. Their tracks petered out eight miles from the border; he thought they might have come from the strip of land near Gaza held by Egypt, or perhaps from among the fifteen thousand Bedouins who roam the Negev desert within Israel. So he abstained from voting and Israel withdrew from the armistice commission.

One UN observer, who served for months on the staff of the Israel-Jordan commission, thinks the Hutchison incident was merely an excuse to get out. "Israel didn't want to stay," he said. "Israel was becoming embarrassed. Her men couldn't find enough verifiable complaints against Jordan to justify the 'retaliations' by the Israeli Army. In all the time I worked with that commission, and most of it was before the Israeli pulled out, they never proved anything that matched the reprisals."

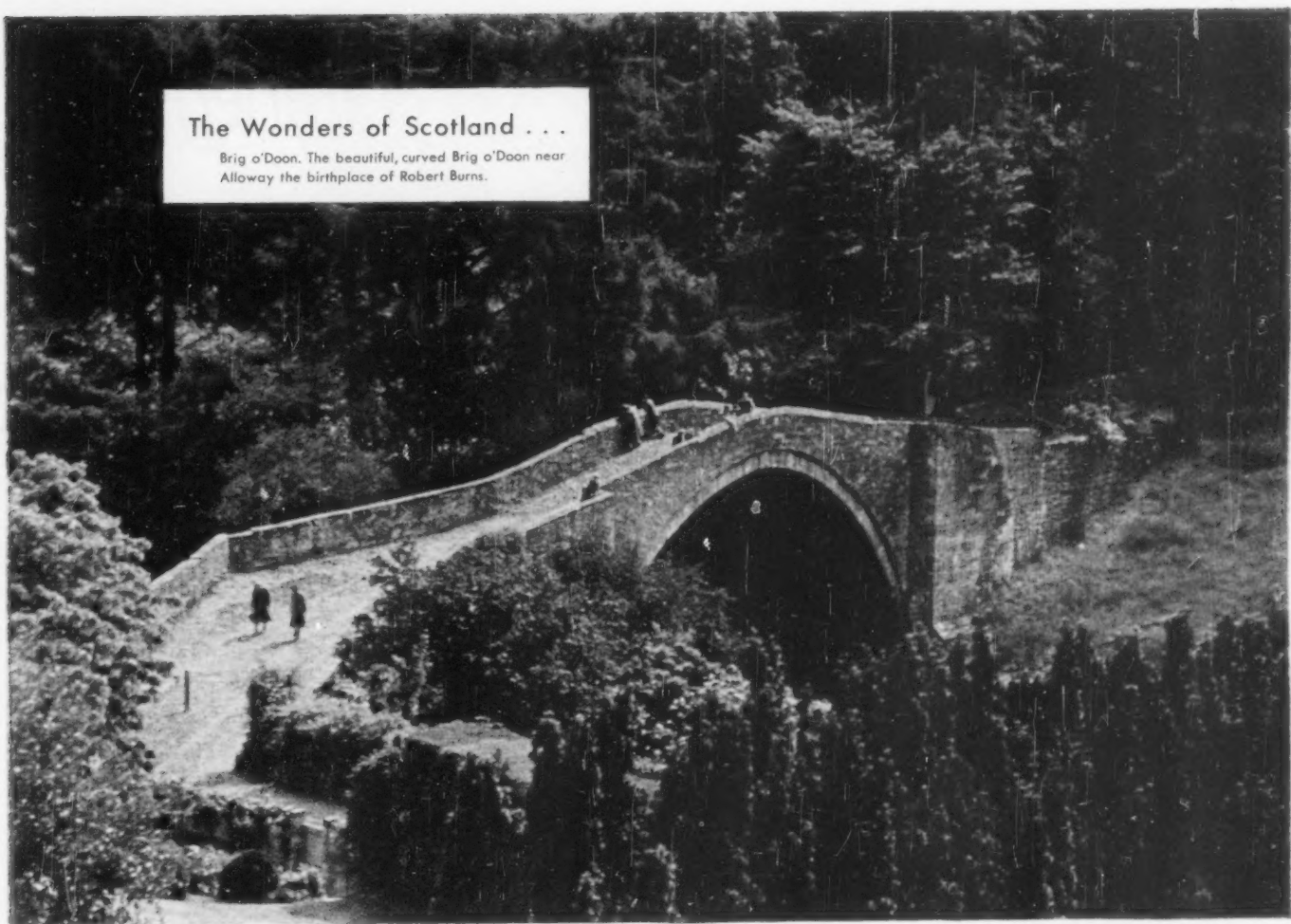
Since then Israel has learned the drawbacks of being absent from a tribunal which continues to function. All the complaints of the past half year have come from Jordan; all have been unchallenged and all have been upheld by the UN commission—a record that looks bad for Israel. Israel has taken advantage of Hutchison's recall to return to the Mixed Armistice Commission.

Meanwhile, though, the summer series of "retaliations" went forward with no UN enquiries on the Israeli side. The same applied to Israel's own complaints—instead of being laid before the Mixed Armistice Commission for investigation, they were simply an-

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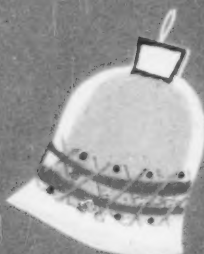
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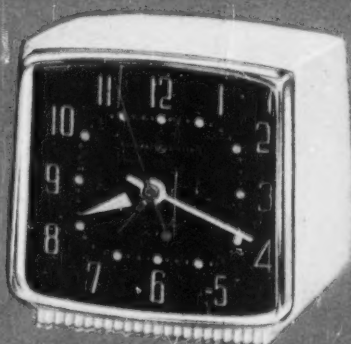
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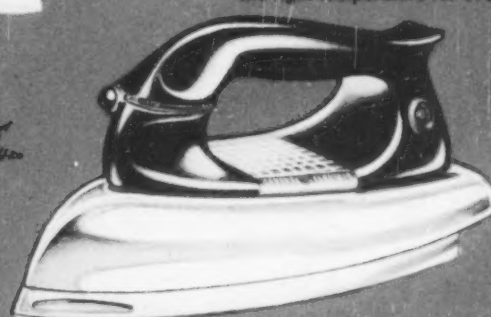
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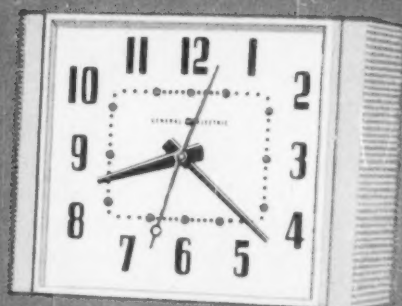
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nounced to the Press by spokesmen for the Israeli Army. There was no way of checking them. If the "activists" wanted a clear field for unimpeded activity, they got it.

But why? Why should a peace-loving, law-abiding nation embark upon, or even permit, a policy of deliberate violence?

It's no answer to say the Israeli Army wanted to rescue the prisoner taken at Azzun. Few people would argue that five men should have been killed, seven wounded and five abducted as hostages, all as a proper way

of releasing one man from imprisonment for an act both countries declare to be a crime.

Equally unconvincing is the reason suggested by a British officer on the Jordan side.

"Best battle training in the world, these night patrols," he said. "The Israeli Army has been having manoeuvres all summer, and you couldn't find a better way to train troops. Here's an exercise not merely with live ammunition but with a live enemy. Even if the enemy's only a peasant he's likely to be armed, and often he turns out to

be a trained soldier in small-scale war.

"These Israeli raids are very well executed," he added with professional appreciation. "The attack on Azzun, for instance, was technically perfect—thoroughly planned, and carried out with courage and efficiency."

There's no way of finding out what the true answer is, because Israeli spokesmen do not admit the facts that give rise to the question. As Dr. Rafael at the Foreign Office put it, "Israel has never admitted that regular troops were involved." He was talking about the attack on Qibye last year, but his

words apply equally to all the 1954 operations.

It's a safe speculation, though, that one reason for the "activist" policy—and the chief reason for the total lack of public protest against it in Israel—is an opinion held by many Israeli, and especially by those who have lived a long time in the country:

"The best way to treat an Arab is to hit him hard, make him good and scared; then he won't bother you for a while."

Some UN observers think this is the whole answer to Israel's record of belligerence. Others doubt it; they point out that if that were the case, there would be a direct ratio between the number of individual infiltrations from Jordan and the periodic reprisals from Israel. They say the figures don't indicate any such relation.

One point that comes up on both sides of the argument is the present state of Israel's economy.

It's a commonplace that the Israeli have done wonders with their harsh and barren land. Deserts have blossomed like the rose; cities and towns stand where mud huts or sand dunes stood before. Israel can fairly claim to be the only country of the Middle East with a twentieth-century economy and culture; it's a modern democracy in the midst of feudalism, with modern industry in the midst of handicraft.

Before I went to Israel I had the notion, partly from reading literature of the Israeli bond drive in Canada, that Israel was in bad economic trouble that was growing worse. I found this to be quite untrue—if anything, the opposite is true. Israel appears to be in fine shape.

They Learned to Tie Shoes

People who have lived there for several years say the improvement since 1950 or 1952 is astounding. Then, they say, there was nothing in the shops at all; people got their rations and that was it. Now the streets of Tel Aviv and Jerusalem are full of bustle, the shops are full of goods at reasonable prices, currency inflation has been checked so that people are saving their money again and everybody feels proud and happy about it.

Not that living is easy. Wages are low by Canadian standards—about \$2.50 a day is the basic labor rate, and one of the features of Israeli life is that the spread between top salaries and bottom salaries is not wide. But things are so much better than they were before that few complain.

Moreover, this improvement has been wrought at the very time when the young state was wrestling with a colossal problem—seven hundred thousand immigrants, about half of them from backward Middle Eastern countries with no knowledge of modern skills. (Some from Yemen didn't know enough to unlace their shoes before trying, for the first time in their lives, to put them on.) Many of these people have learned industrial jobs and are working in new factories; others are working new irrigated farms in the Negev desert or old farms abandoned by Arabs who fled during the 1948 war. The immense task of settling more than one immigrant for every Israeli already in the country seems to have been done.

"Look at what we've worked to build up; can you imagine anyone in his right mind wanting a war that would destroy it again?" said young David Solomon, the Government press-division man who was my guide and companion during most of my stay in Israel. We were driving back from the Negev, where we had toured a new factory, lunched at a new co-operative farm, had tea at a new residential development. The question

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obviously didn't require an answer.

Yet there is another side to the Israeli economy which is less cheerful, and it too happened to be well illustrated during that tour of southern Israel.

We visited the new model suburb at Ashkalon, the ancient city of the Philistines which has been Israeli territory since the armistice of 1949. About three hundred and fifty houses have been built for two thousand people; two hundred more are planned in the immediate future and eventually this residential area is to house about ten thousand.

But what, I enquired, did they live on? What does Ashkalon do?

That was a hard question. There was a new cement-pipe factory nearby, supplying the Government's irrigation pipeline to the Negeb; none of its seven hundred workers lived in the suburb but it was a local industry which would last several years. A small plywood plant was operating, too. As for the people living in the suburb, some had government jobs and others were building the two hundred new houses planned for the suburb itself. (They'd already built their own.)

But what did the town live on? What supported it?

That was an easy one. It got \$50,000 a year from a group of South African Jews who'd conceived the project (it's called "Afredar" for that reason) and \$100,000 a year from the United Jewish Appeal. Total subsidy, \$430 a year for each family.

To some extent all Israel is in the same position as Afredar.

Even now, after great strides in building up exports, Israel earns only one quarter of the foreign exchange she needs. This year she will spend twice her total earnings on direct consumption alone—food, fuel, clothing and the like. For investment, debt service, imports for re-export and so on she will spend as much again. Altogether she will need \$257 millions more than she can earn by selling goods and services.

For about half that amount Israel relies on reparations from Germany (\$60 millions) and grants-in-aid from the United States Government (\$74 millions). The remaining \$123 millions will have to be collected among the Jews of the world, two thirds of it in the U. S. and Canada.

This represents a considerable increase in Israel's requirements from world Jewry. In 1952-53, the last period for which twelve-month figures are available, these contributions were only \$106 millions. The current budget counts on sixteen percent more than that.

It's still an open question whether this much can be collected. There have been some signs that the North American donors to the Zionist cause are becoming a little weary in the well-doing that's expected of them.

Last winter, at an economic conference in Jerusalem attended by leading contributors and fund-raisers from North America, a project was launched to consolidate Israel's short-term debts and reduce the needless burden of high interest rates. Jewish communities undertook to use their own credit to raise long-term loans to replace the short-term loans which were costing Israel a lot of money. The quota accepted for this "consolidation loan fund" was \$75 millions. Only \$60 millions have been collected.

In this situation there are obvious advantages in an atmosphere of tension and emergency. Israel's long-term interests unquestionably lie on the side of peace—fuel oil alone costs millions more than it should do each year, because it must be shipped all the way from the Gulf of Mexico; belligerent

Egypt won't allow Israel-bound tankers through the Suez Canal. But since this blockade exists anyway and would not be removed merely by a conciliatory attitude on Israel's part, there is some short-term gain in keeping the heat on along the border. The fear of war makes people readier to make donations abroad, and to accept privation at home.

Another short-term economic consideration is the problem of the Arab refugees, about eight hundred thousand of whom left their homes and fled to Jordan, Egypt, Lebanon and Syria

during the 1948 war with the Israelis.

Israel won't allow these people to return, on various more or less plausible grounds—Israelis say they can't risk having a fifth column half the size of their present population. Meanwhile, though, the Arab refugees' farms and homes have been occupied by immigrant Israelis.

No compensation of any sort has been paid to the Arab owners. I met a Christian family in Old Jerusalem whose properties in Haifa and Galilee had been worth half a million dollars; they are now eking out a living on a

very small job in one of the Protestant establishments and think themselves lucky that they are not among the 460,000 in the refugee camps of Jordan alone. The vast majority of refugees have lived for six years in tents or tin shacks on a subsistence ration supplied by the United Nations.

Even assuming that these refugees could be persuaded to accept anything less than a return to their own homes (which they say they will never do), it's obvious that any reasonable treaty would have to provide for payment to them for the property Israelis have ap-



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"Israel would stand no chance starting a war . . . with Britain aiding the Arabs"

propriated. Israel has no spare money for such a costly settlement.

These things may have some bearing on the "activist" policy of the Israeli Army along the Jordan border. But there is another possible explanation, equally plausible and much more sinister, which Jordan spokesmen contend to be the true one.

They say the Israeli Army is trying to provoke the Arab Legion into starting a war.

Israel would have no chance against the Arab countries in a war that Israel herself initiated, because Britain is bound by treaty to come to the aid of Jordan in the event of any aggression. But if Jordan were to attack Israel Britain would have no obligation to assist her, either in the invasion or in any counter-invasion that might follow.

On paper, Israel is so heavily outnumbered by the Arab countries that a provocative policy seems insane. There are only 1.6 million people in Israel, and 180,000 of those are Arabs, mostly in Galilee. The Arab League—Egypt, Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, Iraq, Saudi Arabia and Yemen—includes a grand total of 43.5 million people and at least four fair-sized armies within striking distance of Israel.

In fact, though, the Arab League is not a military unit. The armies of Egypt, Lebanon and Syria invaded Israel in 1948, and demonstrated their inability to do much in the way of fighting. The only effective enemy which Israel would have to fight would be Jordan—the Arab Legion.

A Frontier on the Jordan

Founded and commanded by General John B. Glubb (Glubb Pasha) and still including about fifty Britons among its officers, the Arab Legion is a good, tough, well-disciplined fighting force. However, it is only about one division in strength; it has no aircraft, no heavy artillery and not much armor. Israel, according to Jordan's intelligence, has about two hundred military aircraft and could probably mobilize four or five divisions. Without massive help from outside, the Arab Legion would be in a bad spot.

It could hardly hope to prevent an Israeli counterattack from sweeping eastward all the way to the Jordan River and perhaps beyond. The Jordan provides a natural, sensible frontier for Israel and any Israeli would be more than human if he did not think wistfully of a united, integrated land stretching from the Jordan to the sea. The Herut Party, the terrorist Irgun group, goes even farther; its platform calls for "the territorial integrity of Eretz Israel (Land of Israel) in its historic boundaries on both sides of the Jordan."

Such an addition of territory would also help to solve the long-term economic problem. Even at the end of her present seven-year plan, Israel's Ministry of Finance has estimated only that "the net deficit in foreign currency for consumer goods is expected to drop from \$145 millions in 1953 to \$75 millions in 1960."

If any such notion of provoking an attack from Jordan has guided the "activists" in Israel, they seem to have made a bad mistake. So far as one can tell from talking to foreign officials in the area, the "activist" policy has been worse than a failure, it has been a boomerang.

For one thing, the Arab Legion won't bite. Glubb Pasha and his British officers, however strongly they may sympathize with their Arab comrades, will not allow their force to be goaded into the trap of reprisal in kind. Individual reprisals do occur—in September, for example, an Arab Legion corporal sneaked across the line, ambushed and killed two Israeli national guardsmen on their way to sentry duty, then came back to Jordan and gave himself up. He said he had murdered the two men in revenge for the death of some relatives in a previous Israeli raid.

Jordan authorities put the corporal in jail; when I left he was still there. It is unlikely that he will be tried and hanged for murder, considering the state of public opinion in Jordan, but at least he is in prison.

Glubb Pasha believes this sort of thing could be stopped by co-operation at the local-police level. In some places, local commanders' meetings are held and, since neither side enjoys being routed out of bed by gunfire, the policemen each keep an eye on their own bad eggs and trouble is avoided. Glubb Pasha says Jordan would like to have this kind of local working agreement all along the border, but that Israel doesn't want it.

Be that as it may, the attacks from the Jordan side are likely to remain at this relatively petty level, which no amount of clamor could magnify into an invasion.

Meanwhile the "retaliations" from Israel, though they've had little publicity in the world Press, have been giving Israel a bad name with Western governments. The United Nations observers who investigate these attacks, Canadians and Americans and Europeans, are all reporting unofficially to their own foreign services as well as officially to the United Nations. Commander Hutchison, for example, the American who is *persona non grata* with the Israeli Government, is regarded by U. S. officials as a fair-minded man; they believe what he says, and tirades against him in Israel not only fail to convince but merely annoy Americans in the Middle East.

It would be frivolous to suggest that this annoyance had anything to do with the recent U. S. decision to extend military aid to the Arab states and ignore the protests of Israel. Undoubtedly the decision was based on considerations of high policy—the power vacuum that threatens the whole of Asia Minor, and the danger that Soviet Russia may move in to take advantage of it. Washington knows that when the chips are down, Israel has no choice but to be on our side. The Arab states are a much more doubtful quantity, and need both cultivation and protection.

It's equally true that the Western world has no choice but to support the state of Israel. All Western governments know that Israel is the only functioning democracy between Turkey and the Indian Ocean, the only state whose government has the unquestioned loyalty of its people, the only fully reliable ally.

These considerations would certainly prevent the Western alliance from ever letting Israel go down to defeat either militarily or economic. But in the meantime, Israel would probably get a better hearing in the capitals of the world if she could make her own hotheads behave themselves. ★

The Wily Wraith That Trappers Hate

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

chief of the Canadian Wildlife Service for the federal Department of Northern Affairs, while traveling the northwest boundary of Jasper Park had come upon two of these animals one evening on the headwaters of the Snake Indian. They were playing in the snow of an alpine pass and were compared by Mair to "young puppies." The story, establishing its news value, went on to say that the wolverine is "among the shyest and rarest animals in Canada and is seldom seen alive." Mair doubtless saw two of the season's cubs, which are thought to be born in late June or early July.

As for the statement about the wolverine's shyness, most trappers would argue that in boldness and impudence he has no four-footed rival. Though a man may spend a lifetime in the mountains and on the barrens without ever having seen a live wolverine, he will know him only too well by his works. Robbing traps, befouling cabins, raiding the most ingeniously protected food caches, he pursues the trapper like the wrath of conscience.

Aptly enough, the wolverine's qualities have insured for him a place in the imagination. Among trappers his

the bear is plantigrade, putting the whole sole of his foot to the ground as a man does. The wolverine walks on his toes like a dog.

A good-sized specimen measures about three feet overall, is a foot high at the shoulder and weighs from twenty to thirty pounds. The animal's ferocity and strength deny these modest proportions for, dropping on its back from above, he has been known to pull down a full-grown moose.

Ernest Thompson Seton asserts that wolverines have frequently been seen to chase wolves away from the carcasses of deer killed by the wolves and cites the instance of two wolverines in northern Idaho that successfully disputed the body of an elk with a cinnamon bear. He tells of another that stood its ground on a piece of carrion, let a man approach within twenty feet and, rather than relinquish his stinking meal, let himself be shot. This is hardly the attribute of a shy animal.

Webster's dictionary states that the word "wolverine" is the diminutive of wolf. The wolverine, however—he also goes by the title of *le carcajou* or the glutton—except for an insatiable appetite, has little in common with the wolf. The wolf is primarily an animal of the open country. The wolverine does not go far from timber. The wolf travels in company when he can but the wolverine is generally thought to be a loner. Nevertheless, George Hargreaves of Mount Robson, B.C., a great guide and hunter of the Rockies, held that this was only apparently so. On his trap line, he had seen tracks that convinced him the wolverine often traveled paired, male and female, twenty-four hours apart.

In his forty-odd years of tramping through the Rockies, Hargreaves told me he had seen only two live wolverines and had trapped not much more than twenty. As well as a defensive measure, to protect a trap line, wolverines are trapped for their fur. Though not a fine fur by any means, it was used, until the recent popularity of the slim silhouette, for women's coat collars. Its chief use through the years has been for lining parkas because it will not frost.

In 1951, the last year for which figures are available, the Canada Year Book (1952-53) states that 780 wolverine pelts were marketed in Canada with an average value of \$24.17. Fifty years ago, the records of the Hudson's Bay Company show that the average annual harvest was about the same, the figure of 736 being given. The value of the fur on the Winnipeg market was from two to six dollars.

The wolverine is admirably equipped for survival, being omnivorous, possessing astonishing physical endurance and having only two enemies. His usual diet is mice but when pressed by hunger he will attack even the largest ruminants. In lesser moments he will run down fox and other small flesh eaters. He will rob a trapper's cache and befoul with his musk what is beyond his gluttony.

The wolverine mates late in March and has his two to five young in a den under a rock or windfall. He has only two creatures to fear as he roams the forest: man, with his traps and snares, and the porcupine. Probably in any one year more wolverines die from festering quills in their gullets than are caught in traps set by man.

That, at any rate, was the opinion of "Old MacNamara," a trapper I knew who had his trap line up the Grant Brook, one of the headwaters of the Fraser just west of Yellowhead pass in British Columbia.

I went to his cabin with him one fall in the Twenties. We reached it in the twilight. MacNamara pulled open the



exploits have become a legend and the mere trapping of the animal confers a distinction comparable to that of a PhD in the field of scholars. Nor has the wolverine been quite disregarded in the academic world: Michigan University's football team is known as the Wolverines and their state as the Wolverine State. Though it is doubtful if any wolverines remain there today, Michigan at the beginning of the century was one of the most southerly limits of the animal's range.

Native to the primitive timber areas of the northern U. S., Canada, Alaska and Siberia, the giant weasel is so seldom seen because he shuns the light and prefers to travel at night. It is a preference shared by most predators, but one imposed upon the wolverine. His classical name is *gulo luscus*—*gulo* referring to throat and hence to his gluttony and *luscus* meaning half-blind. It is his weak vision that persuades him on occasion to rear up and shade his eyes with a paw when facing into the sun, an idiosyncrasy peculiar to his kind. According to Ernest Thompson Seton, the first Hudson Bay wolverine reported in 1766 was said to have only one eye. This reputation for poor eyesight—an incapacity the wolverine shares with the bear—has endured through the years.

Gulo luscus has other points in common with the bear, though they are in no way related. In size and appearance, he resembles a yearling cub. He has a chunky build, his coat is coarse and shaggy, his ears are stubby and his claws are long. The bear cub of course has only the stub of a tail. The wolverine's is about six inches long. Another difference is that while the wolverine is almost black two rusty skunklike strips run along his sides to meet on his rump, giving him the name in some localities of skunk-bear. Also,

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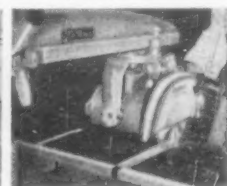
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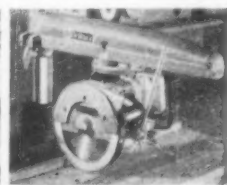
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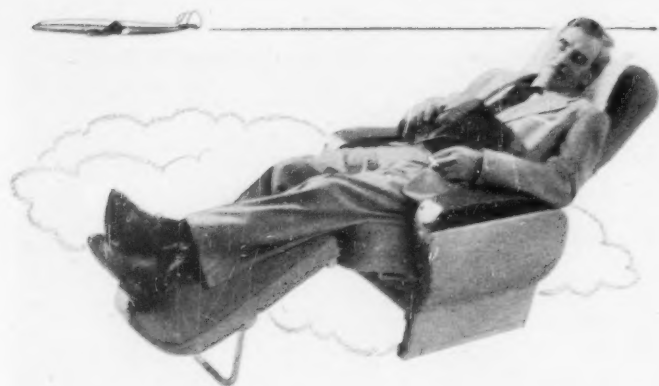
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door and, stepping over the high threshold, felt for the candle he had left on a shelf six weeks earlier. The candle was gone. The shelf was gone. We had candles in our packs and got them out.

In their dim light we saw that the cabin was a litter of destruction. Behind the bunk we heard a slight rustle and the chatter of teeth. MacNamara pulled it aside and revealed a porcupine, head buried in the corner, bristling tail ready to lash.

I stepped back to get my axe to hit it on the head. When MacNamara saw what I was about to do, he held

out his arm. "Boy," he said, "never kill a porcupine."

I was surprised. A porcupine is a prime nuisance on the trail. Gear has to be carefully piled and watched against its busy teeth which will destroy saddles, bridles, boots, axe handles—anything the salty hand of man has touched.

Since MacNamara refused to kill the porcupine, we had to prod him over the threshold, which was about eighteen inches high. The job took most of an hour. At its end, the sticks we used were studded with quills. Quills were in the walls, on the floor and were

CANADIAN ECDOTE



How Mary Sproule Joined the Masons

IN 1783 when ten thousand refugee Loyalists from the United States settled down in the New Brunswick wilderness they did their best to pick up their old ways of life. Many of the men who were granted land around Sussex in the Kennebecasis River Valley had been Masons in the U. S. It was not long before they formed Zion Lodge at Sussex. Scattered over a forty-mile area, they traveled to meetings by horse in summer and on snowshoes in winter. They had no hall and met in private homes "on the first Monday after the full moon in the calendar month," with each member taking a turn as host.

One Monday in the early 1800s they journeyed to the two-room log house of young James Sproule, who lived on the edge of the forest. As the first of them arrived Mary Sproule, James' wife, picked up her candle and knitting and withdrew to the bedroom, which was separated from the main room of the cabin not by a door but by a flimsy curtain. It was not until the meeting was over, and a candidate had been initiated, that the Rev. Oliver Arnold, Anglican rector of the parish, realized that Mrs. Sproule had been able to hear all that went on—that she couldn't, in fact, have helped hearing.

"You listened to the initiation ceremony," Arnold thundered at her.

"I didn't listen," she said, "but you talked so loud."

The old parson turned pale for it was prescribed that no outsider could be allowed to live after learning the secret initiation ritual. "Brethren," he gasped, "she must die."

"Have mercy!" cried Sproule. "But what can we do?" asked Arnold.

"We can swear her in as a Mason," somebody suggested, so that's what was done. Mary Sproule took the oath that made her the only woman member of the Masonic Order in Canadian history. She was never to hold office or even to attend another meeting, but the curious incident was eventually reported in newspapers around the world and brought fame to the little lodge in the Kennebecasis Valley.

When Mary Sproule died a stone bearing the Masonic emblem was placed over her grave. As a footnote to the story, Ralph T. Pearson, of Sussex, a direct descendant of James and Mary Sproule, is now Grand Master of the Masons in New Brunswick.—BY GRACE AITON

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working through our trouser legs.

The porcupine waddled across the clearing, his back totally bereft of quills. He climbed a tree with much fuss and chirping. MacNamara stood under it and shook his fist. "Stay up there!" he shouted. "Stay up there, grow quills and come down and get me another wolverine!" To me he said, "That's why you should never kill a porcupine."

The reference was made explicit during the next three or four days while we tidied up the cabin and sat on a log by the moss-fringed pools. MacNamara had not always been tender towards porcupines. Until the previous December he had brained them without compunction. His change of heart followed a three-week hunt after a wolverine—the most demanding and the most frustrating hunt of his life.

That December when he had snowshoed up from town to begin his winter's trapping he had found his cabin gutted—on this occasion not by a porcupine, but by a wolverine.

He had another smaller cabin and a cache over the Arctic divide on Miette Pass. But when he tramped over the divide he found that the wolverine had been there before him, as the tracks he had seen in the snow had warned. The Miette cabin too had been invaded and despoiled.

The cache a few yards away was a platform between four spruce, whose trunks had been limbed and ringed with stovepipe. It was a good dozen feet above the snow. The wolverine somehow had got to it. The old trapper's winter grubstake, toted up there on his back, had been tossed down into the snow and befouled.

MacNamara knew from experience that no ordinary trap would be likely to take the crafty despoiler. The wolverine would merely put his paw beneath the trap, spring it and gobble up the bait. On the other hand, unless he were caught, he would follow the trap line throughout the winter, eating the marten or whatever other fur was in the traps.

For three weeks MacNamara tried every trick he knew to capture the wolverine, but the wily animal sprang his traps without harm or disregarded them entirely. When he put out pellets of frozen fat, some containing strychnine, the wolverine swallowed the harmless pellets and spat the poisoned ones out. This went on day after day.

He was about to pack up and pull out when one morning on the B. C. side of the divide he came upon the wolverine's tracks. They were fresh. He had seen tracks often before. They formed a maze and, as a rule, were impossible to follow for any distance.

However, these new tracks held his attention. Rather than leading from willow bush to willow bush after mice, or haunting the trap line, they were haphazard and more than once ran in a complete circle. What made them easily distinguishable was that frequently the wolverine had stopped to cough up blood.

After an hour or so the tracks led MacNamara to a clump of balsam near tree line above the Grant Brook. The balsam were less than man-high, and, looking over them toward the alp lands, he saw that the tracks did not extend beyond. He had come to the end of the trail.

He slipped off his right mitt and released the safety catch on his rifle. Cautiously he moved forward, trying to see through the mist of branches, and he saw a wisp of vapor above the balsam. Inside there something breathed. MacNamara was too prudent to enter. Thirty pounds of weasel are not to be trifled with.

He had not long to wait. The wolverine's snakelike head appeared through the branches. It was a bristling thing of horror. Its eyes were rimmed with porcupine quills. Its mouth was held half-open by quills which studded its tongue and lower lip.

Before MacNamara could lift his rifle to his shoulder, it sprang for his throat. He clubbed it in mid-air with his rifle butt and brought it down and shot it through the head. Death by starvation would have come soon in any case, for with tongue and throat festering with quills, the wolverine could no longer feed.

Since that morning MacNamara had never lifted a hand against a porcupine. But a mystery remains: why was it that the wolverine, too wise to be caught by all a trapper's cunning, should fall victim to the porcupine, the stupidest animal in the bush? MacNamara's wolverine was not unique. Other examples are on record. The bear and fisher know enough to flip a porcupine over and expose its vulnerable belly. The wolverine goes for him with open mouth. Yet he has had long centuries to learn about the porcupine and relatively few to learn about man's snares and wiles.

Man scent along the trap line will cause the wolverine to shy away, or approach with caution. However, he will break into a trapper's cabin where that same scent is often strong enough to overpower anyone but the owner. It seems that it is not man, nor his scent, that he fears, but man's contraptions. In spite of that fear, or in contempt of it, a wit beyond mere instinct enables him more often than not to prove himself a better tactician than the trapper who sets one of those contraptions in his path. Nevertheless, on occasion, he does get caught.

The wolverine seems to have inherited a long distrust of man. Records going back almost three hundred years attest that he was as wily then as he is today.

He Steals Grizzly Bait

One spring I was up Cache Creek, another tributary of the Canoe on the western slope of the Rockies, on a grizzly hunt with Benny Fournier, a French-Canadian trapper, and a man from Lapland. The grizzlies—we saw a lot of signs about—smelling the smoke of our fire, cleared out of the valley before we had a shot at them.

However, the Laplander had not given up, though Benny and I did not know it. On our last midnight in the valley we were awakened by the roar of a .303. While the echoes rolled around us, the Laplander jumped out of his blankets and began to beat his chest. While Benny and I were making supper he had made a rifle set half a mile up the valley. He had secured his rifle in a willow bush, tied a rind of bacon fat to the muzzle, tied a fish line to the bacon and run the fish line around a willow behind the rifle's butt, run the line forward and looped it about the trigger. This was on the chance that there might still be a laggard grizzly in the valley and that, as usual, he would be hungry.

At sunup we approached the rifle set, Benny and I dreading that we would find a grizzly with the back of his head blown off. We found nothing but the rifle and some shreds of bacon. The Laplander said that a rabbit had tripped the trigger in jumping over the fish line. Benny shook his head. He walked over to a patch of snow about ten feet away and pointed. "Wolverine," he said and added that maybe the wolverine had been trying to gnaw through the fish line and had thus pulled the trigger. I doubted that any

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animal would have the sagacity to avoid the business end of a rifle, baited with bacon fat, and go around behind in an attempt to disarm it.

However, Benny's view finds support in the works of Ernest Thompson Seton. There a wolverine, near Fort Simpson, N.W.T., is reported not only to have attempted to gnaw through the fish line of a rifle set, a delicate operation on a light trigger, but to have succeeded in the effort twice against the same man on the same spot. The rifle was not discharged either time and the bait had been so carefully removed

from its muzzle that the set was undisturbed.

But now when I consider the wolverine, I am apt to forget the animal and remember a man—Ollie the Swede. I met him a few days before Christmas in the hungry Thirties in a cabin on Starvation Flats, which lie below Mount Robson between the Fraser and McLellan Rivers. George Hargreaves, Benny Fournier and others were there, but Ollie, short and with a driven, haggard face, held the floor, walking up and down. "That wolverine!" he repeated endlessly, "he yust go

fort' and back and fort' and back." Like Old MacNamara, Ollie had lost his winter's grubstake and a pack of furs to the wolverine.

Two hundred years and more ago, man tramped the floor and cursed the Canadian wolverine who just goes "fort' and back" along a trap line. A hundred years from now it is safe to say that if any trappers are left and the forest remains the situation will not be much changed. The wolverine, the shadow-haunter, will still be with us, using against man, man's own weapons of persistence, wiliness and cunning. ★

When the Women Went on Strike

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

once or twice. She always used to be a real sweet-tempered woman but she was kind of uppity, now that I remember back. I was afraid maybe she'd found out . . . well, never mind what I thought. The thing is, none of us men noticed anything. That's what gets me about the whole thing. To think that many women could all keep so quiet about something. It shakes a man.

WHEN nomination night rolled round again and the women marched in, we started to laugh. Clerk Bidewell got an extra nomination paper out just as nice as could be, though. He was hardly smiling at all. Mayor Tillbury winked at him but he kept his face pretty straight considering.

And they nominated Caroline Perkins again for mayor. We felt kind of sorry for them. They couldn't win but you had to admire them for trying.

Then they asked for some more nomination papers. Clerk Bidewell just about had a fit when he saw what they were doing with them. They went right down the slate and nominated women for every single office. Six for aldermen—alderwomen, I guess I should say—and six for the school board, as well as Caroline for mayor. My wife, Maude, was one nominated for alderwoman. I felt pretty embarrassed. Merv Tillbury didn't feel so good either, when he saw his wife with them. Percy Evans, who lives next to Tillburys', heard some pretty loud talk over there about 11 that night, so we figured he laid down the law to Ellie pretty hard. He seemed all right next day, though, and he just laughed when we kidded him about it.

Next thing we knew was when we saw Bob Clarke going down to the clerk's office hell for leather with a copy of the Chronicle. He was all excited and he talked with Bidewell awhile and then he got excited and they phoned Merv Tillbury. He came right down.

Merv didn't get excited, though. Bob showed him the full-page ad the women had in but Merv didn't turn a hair. He said he fully realized the power of advertising and that he was fixing up a little ad himself. But it was votes that counted, he said, and the women didn't have enough even if they all voted the one way, which they never would, he said, on account of women couldn't stick together more than a day at a time. He said for Bob to quit worrying and for Bidewell to calm down. They did, too. Bob went on back to work looking kind of sheepish.

The ad was a whopper all right. You could read it from back about six blocks. And the women had got Bill Enderby, the editor, to run off handbills the same and they had them all over the telephone poles till you got sort of sick just looking at them.

The ad said they were fed up with the way the men were running the town and they were going to take over. Yes, that's what they said. Just as bold and blunt as that. Not a word about promises, or "to the best of their ability" or "solicit your support" or anything like that. They just listed the women who were running and said they were taking over after the election. And at the bottom of the ad, in print about a foot high, they had this slogan: WOMEN CAN DO IT BETTER. We could see why Bob had been upset. We knew they couldn't do it, of course, but it made us mad just the same.

I saw the ad at noon and I decided to have a few words with Maude right

"WOULD YOU SAY
THAT AGAIN OPERATOR?
- ONLY \$2³⁵ !"

"Funny how wrong you can be on some things. The other night I phoned Fredericton from Winnipeg and then, out of curiosity, asked the operator how much the call cost.

My guess was at least \$6.50. Actual cost? Only \$2.35, night rate, station to station. From now on I'm using long distance more often for that *personal touch* in business and personal affairs.

(In a recent survey it was found that most people think long distance calls cost TWICE AS MUCH AS THEY ACTUALLY DO. Look at the table of typical rates below. You'll agree . . .)

LONG DISTANCE COSTS LESS
THAN YOU THINK

Use it often

How does your "guesstimate" compare to actual rates on the following long distance calls?

Halifax to Winnipeg \$2.50	Winnipeg to Fredericton . . . \$2.35
Saint John to Edmonton . . . \$3.00	Regina to Toronto \$2.20
Montreal to Halifax \$1.40	Calgary to Montreal \$2.80
Toronto to Vancouver \$2.95	Vancouver to Saskatoon . . \$1.75

ABOVE RATES IN EFFECT 6 P.M. to 4.30 A.M.
STATION TO STATION

Trans-Canada
TELEPHONE SYSTEM

United to Serve Canada

MARITIME TELEGRAPH & TELEPHONE COMPANY LIMITED
THE NEW BRUNSWICK TELEPHONE COMPANY LIMITED
THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA
MANITOBA TELEPHONE SYSTEM
SASKATCHEWAN GOVERNMENT TELEPHONES
ALBERTA GOVERNMENT TELEPHONES
BRITISH COLUMBIA TELEPHONE COMPANY

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — Next Best Thing to Being There!

away. A fellow doesn't like to see his wife make a spectacle of herself. Only when I got home, she wasn't there. There was no dinner on the table and the dishes weren't done and the beds weren't made and Maude wasn't there. Neither was little Susie, who is only three and mostly goes where her mother goes.

Our boy Tim came in from school and the two of us got some soup heated up and found some chocolate cake. I could have sworn Maude had done a lot of baking the day before but we couldn't find anything but a couple of pieces of stale cake. We made out but it was pretty cheerless. When we finished, Maude still wasn't home. Then I phoned over to McClellans'. Jean McClellan is Maude's best friend. Pete answered the phone.

"I was just picking up the phone to call you," he says. "No, Maude isn't here and what's more Jean isn't either. Looks like she hasn't been here since breakfast. The dishes are still on the table. And little Pete must be with her."

"That's funny," I tell him. "Did you call anybody else?"

"Yes," he says. "I called over to Parkers' but Bill says Marion isn't home either and he hasn't seen Jean. Where the hell you think they are?"

"Damned if I know," I say. "Maude sometimes comes in late from a church meeting but they don't ever hold meetings in the morning that I know of."

"Well," Pete laughs. "I guess they'll come home when they get ready."

"Sure," I tell him. And we hang up. And that was one thing we certainly were right about.

MAUDE wasn't home at supper-time. In a way I wasn't surprised. Because that afternoon I couldn't find a married man in Dixon whose wife had been home for dinner except Clayton Kelly and his wife's that done up with arthritis she can't get out of bed. Clayt said she pretended to be asleep all the time he was home and didn't say boo. And Peggy Martin, who looks after her, ran out the door when Clayt came in and called something back to him he didn't hear and there was no dinner ready for him any more than there was for us.

There was something new at the house, though. Spread across the dining-room table was this great big sign: **WOMEN CAN DO IT BETTER.**

When I saw that, I sent Tim down to the Coffee Cup for some hamburgers for our supper. The minute he was out the door I phoned over to Tillburys'. Merv answered and he sounded like a bear waked out of a winter's sleep.

"Ellie there?" I ask, just as innocent as I can manage.

He doesn't say anything for a minute. Then he gives that hearty laugh of his that all the women like so much.

"Why, she just stepped out for a minute," he tells me. "But when she gets back I'll tell her the handsomest man in Dixon has been calling her up." And he laughs again and hangs up.

I waited and waited and waited for Tim to get back with the hamburgers and when he came in it was nearly seven.

"Couldn't help it, Dad. Gloria didn't come in to work today and neither did Joan and everybody in town wanted hamburgers and Kelly was trying to make them all himself and he burned some because he got excited. I had to make our own and I'm not sure they're cooked in the middle."

They weren't either but we ate them. And we had some milk and we put the dishes in the sink. I read the Medway Mirror and the pictures of all the women running for election were in it. Maude looked real nice. She's a fine-

looking woman, if I do say it as shouldn't. But Caroline Perkins had a sort of grim look around the mouth, I thought.

Maude still wasn't home so Tim and I went to the movies. Things were in a flurry down there. Pearl Patterson, the cashier, hadn't showed up and neither had the two usherettes, Millie Perkins and Tiny Carter. Tim and I had to stand in the line-up for a while and I got talking to Jibber Sutherland. He said there hadn't been a woman in his grocery store all day. And nobody had ordered anything except Caroline

Perkins. She had ordered twenty loaves of bread, sliced.

"Last week she asked me to get her five big hams," Jibber tells me. "Said her women's group was catering to a supper. But I'll bet that ham and that bread got together today. What do you think?"


"It wouldn't surprise me much," I answer him. "Might be a good idea if you didn't deliver any more bread to those women."

He shakes his head, mournful like. "That Caroline Perkins can turn out baked bread that would set you drool-

ing," he tells me gloomily. "Besides I've got bread stacked on the shelves that wasn't bought today and another lot coming in tomorrow. I can't afford to turn down the one sale I might make all day. A man has to think of his business."

I could see that Caroline Perkins was going to get all the bread she wanted. Finally Ed, the theatre manager, got in the box himself and we all went in to see the show.

It was nearly eleven when Maude came tiptoeing into our bedroom. I kept my eyes almost shut and didn't



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54-BP-7

Kwakiutl Indian Mask,
from British Columbia

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HUDSON'S BAY
Best Procurable
SCOTCH WHISKY

say a word. I figured she'd start talking when she got into bed. The trouble was, she didn't get in. She took some things out of the clothes closet and tipped out again. After a while I got out of bed and had a look around. The spare bedroom was locked up tight and there was no light but I knew Maude was in there.

I GOT UP a bit earlier in the morning than usual but Maude and Susie were gone. Tim asked a lot of questions about them and I had a tough time answering them.

When I got downtown there were little groups of men all over the street and some of them were shouting and waving their arms around. Everybody was talking at once and it was a while before I could make any sense out of it. But finally I got it into my head that nearly half the population of the town had gone on strike. Not one woman in Dixon who had a job had come to work that day. But everywhere you looked there were these here **WOMEN CAN DO IT BETTER** posters.

Jim Pettigrew was really dancing up

and down. He's the lawyer in Dixon and he had a whole raft of legal stuff that needed typing right away and Jane Ellis hadn't showed up. She's worked for Jim Pettigrew for nine years and some folks say she's sweet on him—he's a widower, you know—and she was the last person in the world Jim ever expected would let him down.

"The assizes are coming up in less than three weeks," he rages, "and Jane knows more about those cases than I do and she won't answer her phone and the door is locked and the blinds are down. What the devil can I do?"

"You'd better get a court order or something, Jim," I tell him.

"Can't," he snaps. "Jane always makes those out too."

The worst, though, was Bill Enderby, the Chronicle editor. His linotype operator is Lottie Carmichael. She's set every word that has been in the Chronicle for eighteen years. And she'd only missed three days in all that time. But today she hadn't come in.

"Biggest news story I ever had," Bill moans. "And two full pages of election ads, besides all the usual stuff, and the only thing that's set is the women's ad for this week. I'm helpless, that's what I am. Helpless! Thank God the ballots are printed!"

And he jumps in his car with all kinds of papers and things and sets off toward Medway. He figured maybe he could get one of their operators to help him out.

By and by the crowd kind of automatically veered off toward the Town Hall. Clerk Bidewell was there, looking pretty flustered, and Mayor Tillbury was there too. They had the voters' list out and they were ticking off names and counting out loud as they went. We knew right away what the situation was and we kept quiet till they finished.

Merv's face kept getting a little brighter all the time and when they turned the last page, he wiped his brow with his hand and gave that big laugh of his. We knew everything was all right.

"Well, boys," he says, "if every woman that's got a vote votes for the female candidates, which they won't, they'll be exactly 163 votes short. They can't win."

We all gave a kind of a cheer and then we started in to joke and laugh as if we'd never been worried at all.

"Still," Pete McClellan points out, "we gotta be sure the men vote and vote right. We haven't too big a margin."

We all assured him he didn't need to fret about that.

"And another thing," lawyer Pettigrew says, "you married men had better put your feet down pretty hard. Hit 'em where it really hurts, in the pocketbook."

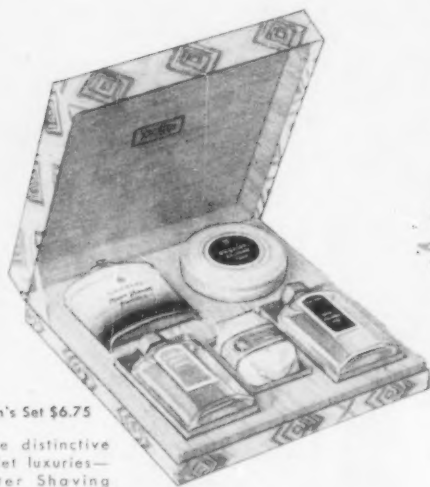
"That's right," one of the younger men, not married yet, puts in. "Don't give 'em any money till they quit this nonsense. That'll bring them around in a hurry."

I felt sort of funny when he said that. Just about a month ago Maude had talked me into setting up a joint account. She said that way, if anything happened to me, my account wouldn't be frozen up and she and Tim and Susie could go on eating and get me buried proper and pay the bills. She was sort of cute about it and I let her have her way. Maude's sensible with money and I didn't have any fears on that score. But now I felt a bit uneasy. I slipped out of the crowd and headed over toward the bank. Then I noticed I was being followed. About fifty other fellows were coming along the same way. We all got to the bank about the same time.

"Maude drew out every cent yesterday morning, Ken," Horace Phillips tells me. "I thought of calling you, but it was all aboveboard and it's not up to me to interfere."

I gulped and went over and sat on the bench by the wall for a while. I'm not a wealthy man but we've got just the two kids and Maude manages to keep expenses down. I've got my shop and my house and five thousand to boot. Except now Maude had the five thousand. And all perfectly legal, too. Come to think of it, we owned the house jointly as well.

When I came out of it a bit, I



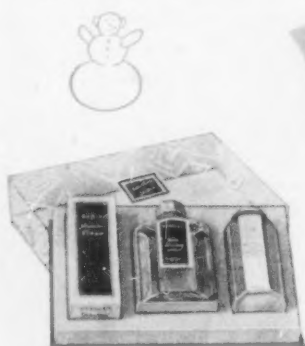
Men's Set \$6.75

Five distinctive toilet luxuries—After Shaving Lotion, Shaving Bowl, After Shower Powder, Lavender Toilet Soap and Hair Tonic.



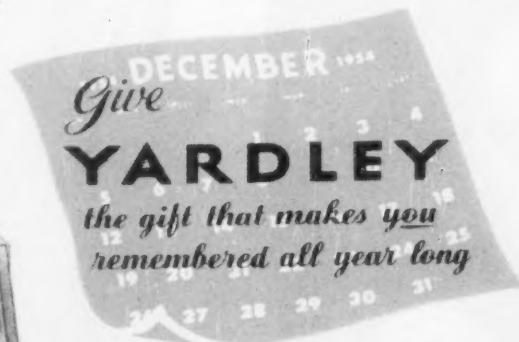
Ladies' Set \$10.00

Inspired English Lavender Bath Salts, Lavender Talcum Powder, English Complexion Cream, Lavender Compressed Blossoms Sachet, Complexion Powder and 3 tablets of Lavender Toilet Soap.



Men's Set \$3.85

For the well groomed man—After Shaving Lotion, Invisible Talc and Shaving Cream.



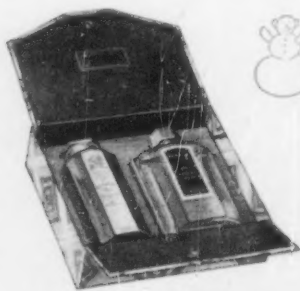
Whether it is one of the distinctive Yardley Gift Sets or a bottle of her favourite Yardley Perfume, a gift bearing the name Yardley is the mark of discriminating taste.

Gift Sets from \$1.85 to \$10.00
Perfumes from \$2.50



Ladies' Set \$3.35

A Lavender 'Scent Sequence'—English Lavender, Lavender Talcum Powder and Lavender Toilet Soap.



Men's Set \$2.85

For the man who uses an electric shaver, After Shaving Lotion and Invisible Talc.



Beauty Kit \$7.50

Containing eight essentials for the well groomed woman. New Feather Foundation, Complexion Powder, Cream Rouge, Lipstick, Cleansing Cream, Night Cream, Toning Lotion and Cleansing Tissues. In Antique Ivory, Grey and Maroon.

noticed every bench in the bank was full. Most of the men looked pale and I knew right away they were in the same fix as I was.

"I put the car and the business in Helen's name," Fred Burkitt says to nobody in particular. "I was going to beat the succession duties. I'm wiped out, boys. She owns the house, the car, the business and she's drawn out the money."

He put his head down in his hands and I thought he was going to cry. Then he gets up.

"I'm going to get drunk," he tells the benchers. "That is if I've got enough change in my pockets to get drunk on." And he walks out with determination in his eye.

THAT was the worst week the town of Dixon ever had or is ever likely to have unless we get the plague. Business came to a standstill. School was closed because every woman teacher sent word she was home sick—even old Miss Cartwright who hadn't missed a day since she taught me thirty years back. You'd go into a shop and no girls came to wait on you. Usually the owner would be moping around trying to figure out where the stuff was because

Illusion

Most men seem to share
The unjust delusion
That women's clubs are
Just pro- and con-fusion.

MARY ALKUS

he'd come to depend on the girls. The Chronicle came out with just four pages and most of that was pictures. The headline said, DIXON WOMEN GO ON STRIKE! You can bet that was news to us! The grocery stores might just as well have closed up. When it leaked out that Caroline Perkins had got 500 pounds of flour over at Medway, we got a sinking feeling in our stomachs.

Our stomachs weren't acting right anyway. Nearly every man in Dixon was eating at the Chinese restaurant. Harry Lem did the best he could, with no girls to wait on the tables or wash dishes, but after a couple of days all the meals tasted the same. Our appetites just wilted away.

Dr. Shoulter sat beside me for supper two days before the election.

"How are things with you, Doc?" I asks.

"You know," he says, "I just can't understand it. Nobody's been sick for over a week. Not a woman has been in my office with any kind of ache or pain. Not one kid has had a sore throat or busted his arm sleigh-riding or come down with mumps."

"That's too bad," I sympathize.

"It's grim," he agrees. "Not that I'll starve in a week, you understand, but if once they get the idea they don't need me..." He shakes his head dolefully. "One good thing, though..."

"What's that?" I ask.

"The women are going to find they can't get along without me pretty soon now. You know Nettie Adams?"

"Sure, Bert Adams' wife."

"Yes. She's four days overdue right now. The election isn't till Monday and it's almost bound to come before then. She had a run-in with Dr. Giles over at Medway, so she won't go over there. So they'll be calling me all right. And I've half a mind to give them a damn good scare when they do."

"Go to it, Doc," I urge him. "They deserve it."

And we have to laugh when we think the women can't get along without a man, even when the job is one strictly for women, so to speak.

But next day he looked pretty down in the mouth.

"Any news of Nettie?" I ask him hopefully.

"She had her baby last night," he tells me sadly. "Nine-pound girl, I hear."

"You hear?" I exclaim. "Don't you know? Weren't you there?"

"Oh, they called me," he admits.

"Caroline Perkins called me about two o'clock in the morning. I jumped into my duds and went right over. I bet I wasn't ten minutes."

"Well?"

"Caroline answered the door. She said I was too late. She said I should know how Nettie was with her babies by now and I should have got there quicker. She said the baby was born and everything was fine and they had no need of my services."

"Good Lord!"

"Yes. She said she ought to report me to the Medical Association for negligence. She said I could tell Bert Adams it was a nine-pound girl and Nettie planned to call it Caroline."

And Doc shakes his head again and walks on back to his office, not hurrying like he used to. He knows there's nobody waiting.

It was just after that the news about Flora Mae's got around town. Flora Mae lived out at the edge of Dixon. Her house was back from the road a piece and some of the fellows used to go there from time to time to have a beer and chew the fat. Nothing really wrong with that, I suppose. But the women in town, all the wives and mothers, hated Flora Mae like poison. They wouldn't speak to her on the street, the few times she came into town. Flora Mae would have been pretty lonesome if she'd had to depend on them for companionship, I can tell you.

Well, naturally, with all the women away and the men being so lonesome, some of them took it into their heads to drive out to Flora Mae's. But when they got there, they drove right on past. Bert Adams came back looking pretty white.

"They've got two of the wives out there," he tells us and his voice is shaking a bit. "They're walking up and down in front of Flora Mae's and they've got a banner to carry. It's about three feet wide and it says UNFAIR TO ORGANIZED WOMEN." He shakes his head pretty doleful. "They're picketing her place, that's what they're doing! And the worst of it is, I think they saw me. When I drove by, they wrote something down in a little book."

It had got so you didn't know what the women would do any more. There didn't seem to be much they wouldn't do.

I think it was the business at Flora Mae's though, that got Merv's dander up. Because next thing we hear is that he's holding a meeting over at the Town Hall. It went without saying that it was a men's meeting. Merv was up at the front, smiling away, and the councilors were all sitting in a row and the Public Utilities Committee were ranged round a little table with a bunch of papers in front of them.

"Now, fellows," Merv starts out in his hearty way, "this here situation in Dixon has reached what is known as major proportions."

He coughs a bit and beams all round at everybody. Then he says, "Your elected representatives feel that something should oughta be done. It has been suggested by the chairman of the Public Utilities"—and Merv bows to-

In luxurious **CONSOLE** or **COMPACT** **PORTABLE**



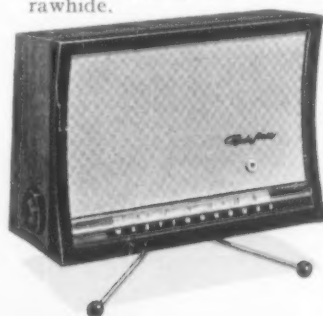
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Westinghouse RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS

Choose any Westinghouse radio, large or small and **know** that you are getting the very best in radio engineering—High powered chassis for greater selectivity and sensitivity — "True Tone" speaker system for "Full Range" tonal quality and undisturbed fidelity.

The luxurious "Kimberley" (left above) is a fine 6-tube radio-phonograph with both standard and shortwave reception and fully automatic 3-speed record player with last record shutoff. "Custom Craft" cabinet available in walnut, mahogany or blond oak.

Most compact radio-phonograph ever developed, the portable "Caribbean" (above right) combines a fine radio and 3-speed record player in handsome luggage styled cabinet of simulated rawhide.

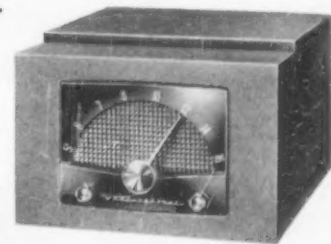


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Enjoy the thrill of full range sound from this thrifty, space saving, table radio-phonograph... Here's everything for complete music enjoyment... a powerful super sensitive A.M. radio and a 3-speed automatic record player compactly arranged in a smart cabinet of durable walnut or blonde finish.



Full range of models from \$26.95

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY LIMITED • HAMILTON, CANADA

New as tomorrow's headlines ...



High-styled, high-spirited new aristocrat of the Canadian road...so long, low, excitingly beautiful!

Eyes widen, hearts quicken at the bold, rakish, swept-back lines of the all-new Dodge Custom Royal V-8! It's so excitingly low and long. The brilliant new Royal Lancer pictured here is nearly 18 feet in length—more than a foot longer than last year's hardtop model!

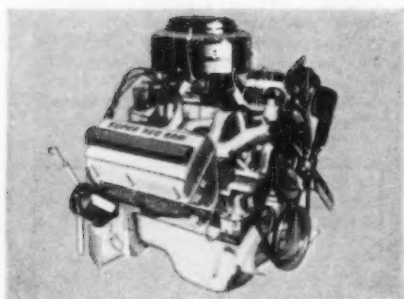
Step inside and you enter a gracious new world. Feel the heavy, diamond-quilted, Jacquard-type upholstery that whispers "luxury." See how its rich tones blend with soft, pastel-hued bolsters in true

easy-on-the-eyes colour harmony.

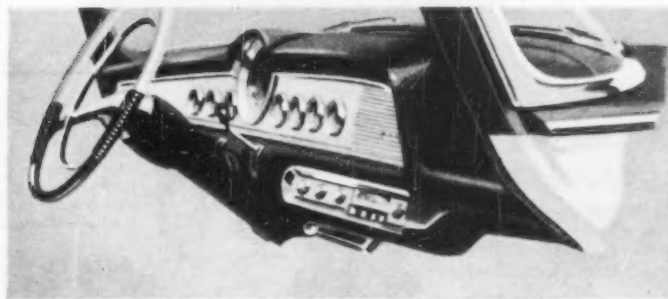
Thrill to the dash of new V-8 power. Enjoy the silky smooth performance of PowerFlite, most automatic of all transmissions . . . *standard* equipment on the Dodge Custom Royal. Here's the car to set your pulse a-pounding with its promise of high adventure. See it, drive it now for a new joy in motoring!

*Awaiting you
at your Dodge-De Soto dealer's*

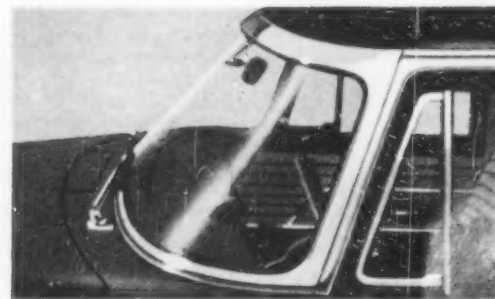
...the '55 **Dodge** Custom Royal V8



Super Red Ram V-8 provides more "go" for swift acceleration. Holder of many world's performance records, this great Dodge engine now gives greater-than-ever efficiency and economy, too!



Like an airplane's flight deck, this modern instrument panel displays a row of gleaming round dials on a deeply contoured surface that curves into door panels. The Flite Control lever for PowerFlite automatic transmission is now located on the instrument panel along with other controls that you seldom need to touch. An outstanding new convenience feature!



Take in the full sweep of the New Horizon windshield, first full wrap-around. It curves way around at *your eye level*, as well as at the bottom. Gives you maximum visibility for safer driving!

MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 1, 1954

ward Tom Lederer—"that in the public interest it might be a good idea to cut off the power and water service to the residence of one Caroline Perkins in order to make some major repairs to the system. Now, far be it from me," Merv goes on, "to inconvenience a lady, but the basis of our democratic system rests on the sacrifice of the minority to the good of the majority."

We all nod at that and some fellows say "Hear, hear" and "Good old Merv" and you can see the men of Dixon are behind him, solid.

"Now what we want to know," Merv

continues, and he isn't smiling now, "is whether there is any fellow here likely to object to this power and water being cut off?"

There is a dead silence. Merv waits a minute. Then his big smile comes out again and he says, quite happy, "I take it we are in agreement." Everybody cheers.

There is a little stir at the back of the room and Herb Pilton is on his feet. He's the owner of the Dixon Pure Milk Dairy.

"I've been thinking along the same lines as our esteemed mayor," Herb

starts out, "and I would like the men of Dixon to know that as of tomorrow there will be no more milk and butter delivered to the residence of Caroline Perkins." Everybody cheers again and Herb sits down, wiping his face with his handkerchief and looking modest.

NONE of us men ever did hear just what did happen at Caroline's when the power and water went off. They must have had quite a time of it stumbling around in the dark. We heard that the next afternoon six or seven of them went out to the Miller

sale on the fourth concession and bought up a whole bunch of oil lamps, all the kerosene he had around and his old wood stove. So it looked like they wouldn't be too bad off.

It was about five o'clock that day when Sam West came roaring into town in his big car. He was red in the face and just choking with rage when he pulled up to the Post Office where some of us men were standing around chewing the rag. He was so mad we could hardly understand him.

Sam is the biggest dairy farmer in these parts and his Holstein herd is one of the finest anywhere in Ontario. Sam's been aiming at taking the butterfat record this year with his cow. She has some highfalutin name like Abbe-kirk Royal Shady Buttercup but mostly Sam calls her Buttercup. He's been nursing her along and keeping records of every drop of milk she gave and what she ate and timing her and weighing her and scrubbing her till you'd have thought she was a new Cadillac instead of a cow. Anyway, when he stopped sputtering long enough, we made out that the women had stolen Buttercup. You couldn't really call it stealing, I guess, because the note they left was signed by his wife. "Am borrowing Buttercup, love, Barbara" was what it said.

Sam was wild! He had to keep his records every day, regular as clockwork and here they'd taken Buttercup and were drinking her milk, sure as God made little apples, and butterfat along with it! Then he heard Marco Polo raising a ruckus. Marco Polo is Sam's bull, Grand Reserve Champion at the CNE last year. He was pawing the floor and puffing and blowing and butting his head and pretty soon Sam saw why. The women had hung a big sign around his neck. There was this big picture of a bottle of milk and their same old slogan, WOMEN CAN DO IT BETTER.

THE NIGHT before the election I went up to the house to get Tim's supper. The minute I opened the door, it hit me. Maude was home. The whole house was alive. The smell of baking filled the front hall. I could hear steak frying. There's no sound in the world like steak frying. I went into the kitchen. Maude had her back to me, still working at the stove. Two lemon pies were sitting on the cupboard. The table was laid with the best dishes and there were roses on it. It sure looked nice. Tim was washed and he had on a clean shirt. I hardly knew him. Susie came running over to me.

"Hello, Ken," Maude says, turning around. "Supper's ready." Just as though she'd never been away.

"Now, see here, Maude," I says, "if you think this vanishing trick of yours is going to get my vote . . ."

"Sit down, Ken," she interrupts. "The steak's done to a turn."

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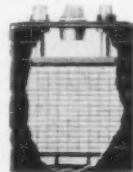
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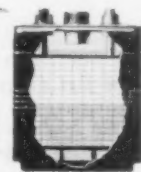


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It was, too. And the pie was the best she ever made. I helped her with the dishes. When we were finished, I asked her right out, "Where's my five thousand, Maude?"

"Our five thousand," she corrects me, still sweet as pie. "Why, I've got it."

"Don't you think it would be safer back in the bank?" I ask, kind of sharp.

"I've been thinking about that," she answers, "and I thought that after the election—if everything goes all right, that is—we might set up two accounts, one for you and one for me, and split the money fifty-fifty."

"I see," I tell her, slowly.

"I'm glad you do, Ken," she smiles.

We had a pleasant evening, me listening to the radio and Maude ironing shirts for me and Tim. When we went upstairs she never even glanced toward the guest room.

"It sure is nice to have you back, Maude," I tell her, and I'm glad Merv Tillbury isn't there to hear me say it, but I can't help myself.

"I hope I won't have to go away again," she whispers, kissing me.

But next morning when I get up, she's gone. And I wonder if I dreamed it that she was home at all.

"Gee whiz," Tim says, when he comes down to breakfast. "Gee whiz, Dad!" And I know just how he feels.

Well, election day was a busy day, I can tell you. So busy that none of us fellows had a chance to talk to one another. We hauled every man that was able to be moved to the polls. And we saw lots of women. They brought Clayt Kelly's wife out of her bed and old Mrs. Simmons from the hospital and darned if Nettie Adams wasn't there, too, and her baby only a few days old. Flora Mae was driving for us, but somebody kept letting the air out of her tires every place she stopped and it slowed her up. The women were all laughing and joking and jolly as could be. The men never opened their mouths.

Long about four o'clock Merv Tillbury got a bunch of us together and we went over to his house to make sandwiches. We made kind of a mess of that. And we hunted out cups and saucers and spoons and things. Then we went back down to wait for the results.

It was a record vote in Dixon. Out of thirteen hundred possible votes, 1,203 were recorded. The women got 1,123 of them.

The funny thing was that when Merv Tillbury personally asked every man in town if he voted for the women every man jack of them denied it. I denied it too.

The party over at Caroline Perkins' was just about the best this town will ever see. At first there were just women at it. Then Merv Tillbury, fortified with a good stiff drink, went over to congratulate the new mayor. Some of the rest of us tagged along. The women were all flushed and chattering like magpies and they all crowded around Merv just like they used to do when he won. Finally he sat down and then some of the fellows came by to see what was keeping us so long and what with one thing and another, we sent over to Merv's for the sandwiches. The lights came on about then and things really got going. It was nearly four o'clock when Maude and I got home and next morning Maude brought me my breakfast in bed.

Well, sir, the Christmas spirit got hold of us about then and it lasted right up till New Year's. Yesterday the women were all sworn in over at the Town Hall. We had newspaper people here from a hundred miles around and flashbulbs were popping all over Dixon. Caroline's first official act as mayor was to slap a business

tax on Flora Mae's place. Maude was appointed chairman of the Board of Works. She was pretty thrilled. It was quite a day. And it turned out to be quite a night, too.

It began snowing about supertime, big soft flakes. Then the wind began to howl. By nine o'clock it was a real blizzard. Joe Atkins didn't make it home from Medway till past two o'clock I hear, and it was still coming down then. Trucks in the ditch all along the way, he said. Drove five miles with his head out the window.

When I got up this morning, you

could hardly see out. Couldn't see the sidewalks at all or where the street was, even. And still snowing.

When I came down to breakfast, our phone was ringing off the wall. Maude was sitting in a chair in the kitchen, not answering it, and she was crying her eyes out.

"Everybody's phoning me about the snow plows," she sobs. "The roads are all blocked, you can't get in or out of Dixon. And the main street is plugged up. And some of the telephone wires are down and the whole east section has no hydro and half the

plumbing is frozen up and the phone just rings and rings and somebody swore at me . . ."

"Well, don't just sit there," I snaps at her. "Phone Bob Clarke and get the snow plows moving. That's all you have to do."

She only cries harder.

"I did phone him," she says. "I even yelled at him a little and he said . . . he said . . ."

"Well, what did he say?" I ask her, all impatient.

"He said 'WOMEN CAN DO IT BETTER!'" ★

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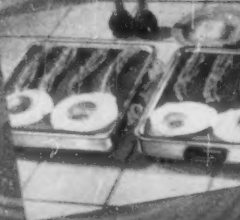
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The Colossal C.O.D. Swindle

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

the florid-faced man came to the door. *I do wish Katherine would come home,* Horace thought, like untold numbers of husbands before him.

"I am your Friendly Flavors representative," the florid-faced man boomed, unloading merchandise into Horace's unresisting hands. "Little lady out for the day, eh? Well, tell her I'll bring the thyme next week. That'll be five-eighths, and here's your new book of Stampie-Savies. Do you know if she wants the ivory napkin rings?"

"Er," said Horace. "Ivory napkin rings. You better ask her, I guess."

As the man left, Horace stood there staring blankly. He held a large tin of coffee, the economy-size flagon of vanilla extract, various spices rare and exotic and what the man had explained was a Friendly Flavors premium—the Akmi-Dandee Nutmeg Grinder.

What a strange realm of business and commerce goes on to make up this household, Horace mused confusedly—and his mind stirred convulsively.

He stood there shaken with the enormity of his vision. *He saw a nation of husbands completely docile and unknowing under the never-ceasing onslaught of the men who come to the door!*

He was transfixed at the thought of immense hordes of husbands like himself, who didn't know which end was up when it came to what went on in their own homes—but who would fight to the bitter end before admitting this to a deliveryman, the stranger who brings the hose nozzle, the wall mirror, the thyme. (Thyme?)

He thought of these husbands, the great blank-eyed tribe that accepted, limply and without questioning, grass seed, C.O.D. orders, literally anything from the men who come to the door and J. Horace van Velay, a man with a vision, was a man obsessed.

He would be a man who comes to the door...

DURING the time Horace was busy transforming himself into a man who comes to the door he was happier than he had been since the old days.

Let us understand it was not solely a latent, thirsty larceny in his breast

that brought about his decision. It was the inability of the scientist to resist experiment. Even more, it was the soul of the artist, the creative worker stricken with a beautiful concept, an idea of such beautiful simplicity that the execution was irresistible. It was the old firehorse hearing the fire gong; the craftsman faced with a job, the challenge of new frontiers to the explorer. Besides he needed a hobby.

He didn't tell Katherine of his vision, as he worked his route up, slowly, over the weeks. It would serve no purpose to tell her—she would disapprove, he was certain. She would think he had become a backslider, she would find it hard to believe he was simply conducting a great experiment as his hobby.

Of course, he amended, the experiment must show a slight profit or it would not be the real thing. This is why he busied himself purchasing items to take to the doors.

He made up a list, after a great deal of thought, of things which would be the most liable to come to the door, things the average wife might have sent out. He started with five items, chosen on the basis of his own experience.

1. Pepper mills shaped like animals.
2. Unbelievable hats for women.
3. Chafing dishes.
4. Odd-shaped bowls with no purpose.
5. Plant food. (Enriched.)

He thought of hose nozzles but discarded this because of the obvious low price, and the resultant small markup. The others, however, were perfect in all respects—they were compact and could be placed in the cardboard boxes he purchased; they were confusing; they were exactly what any husband thought his wife spent her time buying, and they were vague in value and could be priced to individual situations.

He purchased these items as cheaply as possible and concealed them beneath the seat of the family station wagon—hid them in the rear of the garage until time to start his route. Working up the actual route turned out to be easier than he had anticipated.

This consisted of driving completely across the city to points where he was entirely unknown and ascertaining the day off from work of a few husbands at a few definite addresses. He did this through various means, involving mostly a little leg-work, striking up casual conversations in various barber



"Can't you get a job where the boss has a tom cat?"

shops where he got shaved, and simply listening. In what seemed like no time he had the addresses of ten houses where the husbands could reasonably be expected to have been left alone while their wives went out to spend their incomes.

To obtain more than a dozen names, Horace felt, would have been both unnecessary and unsporting. These husbands were simply for the test run—afterward, Horace was sure, it would all boil down to a matter of observation and instinct, both of which he was laden with.

"Dee deedle dee dum, dee deedle dee dum," Horace sang one evening before supper as he walked out into the kitchen where Katherine was compounding a casserole. He did a short buck and wing.

"Horace," Katherine said suspiciously. "What have you been up to? Why have you been so happy these past few weeks?"

"Why, my dear," said Horace, kissing her on the cheek. "Whatever are you talking about?"

"I don't know, you've been acting funny, so happy and all," said his wife, eyeing him sternly. "Tell me honestly, dear, are you stealing something from somebody?"

"I'm shocked," said Horace. "Utterly shocked."

He was so happy, that particular evening, because he had been in the bedroom trying on his deliveryman's costume and it looked wonderful. Simple, functional. Horace had purchased a peaked cap, and one of those almost-uniform jackets which deliverymen wear. He bought a black tie.

By a stroke of great good fortune he found just the cap badge he had in mind. It was a large, copper-colored badge with the number '18' stamped

impressively, if rather senselessly, on it. He pinned the badge on the cap. He surveyed himself in the mirror. He knocked on the mirror; stood there, bored and impatient, holding his package. Perfect, he thought.

Oops, he said to himself. I really must get one of those large metal-bound books deliverymen write those mysterious things on. I'll do that first thing in the morning. (And a pocketful of pencils, he added.)

For tomorrow was the great day; the day he started going to the doors...

HORACE waved good-by to Katherine—he'd told her he was going downtown, and might go to a movie later—as he backed the station wagon down the drive that afternoon. He drove down to a secluded spot in the park and, choosing a stencil from one of several he had cut, he lettered GRINDLE'S, LTD. on the station-wagon door. He donned his cap and jacket and black tie and drove across town to 888 Maple Drive where one R. L. Poobly, a certified public accountant, was sitting around the house waiting for his wife to come home from her club, and taking cat naps in the process.

Horace rapped on the door, and soon Mr. Poobly appeared, sleepy-eyed.

"Grindle's," Horace snarled.

"Hmpf," Mr. Poobly said, rubbing his eyes. "Grindle's."

"C.O.D. six-forty," Horace said, shoving a box at Mr. Poobly and writing a receipt in his metal-bound book.

"Yes," said Mr. Poobly. "Grindle's. Six-forty. Thanks."

Horace pocketed the money, and, as Mr. Poobly stumbled back to his sofa, carrying his packaged pepper mill shaped like a Kodiak bear, Horace walked down to his station wagon, whistling. He delivered a hat to a Mr. Grantham, at 1623 Mockingbird Lane, and a box of plant food (enriched) to a Bertram Miller, who was taking down the storm windows at 2914 Circle Drive.

At 3422 Bronson Boulevard he noted in time that Mrs. Arthur O'Gleason hadn't gone out after all, and kept driving. By three-thirty or so, he felt he had done enough route work for the day and totaled his collections. He had fifty-three dollars and eighty-nine cents. His outlay for the delivered items, including cost of the cardboard boxes, had been eight dollars. He was not a greedy man, and this was, after all, merely a hobby. He quit for the day.

(In only one case had the husband opened the box to see what was costing him five-ninety-eight. It was a bowl with no apparent purpose. The husband, a personnel supervisor, shook his head and exchanged a sympathetic look with Horace. He said, "Why do they buy these damn things?" Horace said it beat him. They parted friends.)

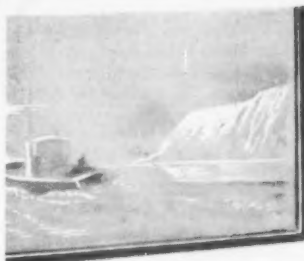
"How was the movie?" Katherine asked, as he drove back into the drive, after stopping by the park to rub the painted GRINDLE'S, LTD. off, and to hide his uniform under the seat.

"Fascinating!" said Horace, exuberantly. "A touching commentary on contemporary times. It renewed my faith in human nature."

"Would you go down to the store and get me a box of vacuum-cleaner bags?" asked Katherine. "The Hodson Products man didn't come today."

"Delighted," said Horace. Everything delighted him today. He had found the touchstone; he was back in the saddle, he was that happiest of all mortals, a retired man with an interesting hobby.

It would prove too technical to chronicle the improvements J. Horace



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van Velay made in his hobby over the next few weeks—in no time at all he was prepared for any eventuality, up to and including the appearance of an unexpected wife at a door. (He would give her a handbill advertising a white sale.)

He stopped laying extensive groundwork to isolate husbands left alone—it was too much like shooting fish. He got them on the wing, for he came to the point where he could, with a high degree of accuracy, merely sense the presence of a lone husband in a certain house. Many hunters are familiar with this sensation—a tangible thing, an uncanny facility which allows one to pass up a dozen clumps of underbrush, then stand poised before the one that contains the only grouse in the field.

Anyhow, the weather was getting warmer and folks spent more time outside—happy was the day when Horace, his every sense tingling, could deliver a package to a husband on the front porch while the wife was in plain view in the back yard.

He wondered, but had no means of finding out, what the reaction was when wives came home and found, say, an unexplained, paid-for chafing dish. He suspected strongly there was very little reaction; that such items were accepted, like manna, or that the wives thought dimly that maybe they really *did* order it. (Anyhow, they had needed one.)

The greatest problem faced by Horace was not in the technical aspects of his delivery route. Far from it. As a matter of fact, things got so simple—bordering on boredom—that occasionally he went back to a former customer and delivered a *second* pepper mill to the same husband.

Or, if a husband appeared adequately blank, or showed his absolute unawareness of domestic affairs by a certain belligerence, Horace would merely present him with a bill for four dollars and sixty-three cents and not give him any package at all. So, then, what was Horace's problem?

A universal one—the inability to let well enough alone; the overconfidence which comes with even a modicum of success. Horace became badly overconfident. This led to a drop in his guard, a lack of observation and, consequently, the end of his story.

IT HAPPENED on a Saturday. Saturday was always a good day. Horace was driving down Elm Street, eyeing the houses and thinking grand thoughts. Being a creative man, he prided himself on his originality. That is the thing to remember.

For quite a while he had been resisting the yearning to expand. Big ideas were coming to him. By proper choosing of employees, he was sure, he could branch out—he could hire route men to cover other territories.

"I could even grow to having regional offices," Horace thought this afternoon, as he drove along. "Brandon, Regina, Saskatoon—there's no limit."

He applied brakes sharply as he saw an undershirted man, pushing a lawn mower, bid farewell to his wife who was striding down the front walk, dressed for shopping. He let her round the corner.

"Nonesuch Products," Horace barked at the husband. He had adopted the name this very morning, being in a whimsical mood. "Here's your package. That's eight-fifty-four."

It was somewhat of a shock when the two men clasped his arms as he opened his station-wagon door. His heart sank. Bunco-squad boys. He knew the breed, too well.

"Let's go downtown," said one of

the plain-clothes men, a Sgt. Beevil, in a weary tone. "We got you cold, buster—we been following you for hours. I wouldn't have believed it, I really wouldn't have believed it."

In the police car, Horace sat aloofly, silently, on the way to the station.

"What's the charge?" he demanded, at the desk.

"Well," said Sgt. Beevil, "we're having a little trouble on that right at the moment. We'll think of something."

They booked him for investigation and they put him in the holdover cell. Sgt. Beevil shook his head as he watched the small deliveryman with the trusting blue eyes being led away.

Sgt. Beevil went to the telephone and called his wife.

He cupped the mouthpiece, and he said, "Honey, listen. Last Saturday afternoon while you were shopping some fellow brought a box to the door and I paid him six bucks and it was a bonbon dish. I put it on the sink. Did you really order that? You did?"

Sgt. Beevil's eyes grew alarmed as the voice on the phone became angry, strident. He said rapidly, "No dear. No, I didn't mean that at all. Of course you have a perfect right, dear. Yes, I know it was a bargain. I just wondered, that's all. That's right, honey. Listen honey, I—listen honey, I—listen. Listen..."

And so back to durance somewhat vile came J. Horace van Velay, and as he sat in the holdover while the cogs of justice whirled and they finally decided what official types of larceny to charge him with, he wondered and he puzzled. How did they single him out from all other men who come to the door?

He couldn't figure it out. He hadn't figured it out when Katherine came down to go his bond. She eyed her husband as he walked from his cell.

"I'm sorry, honey," he said, and he was—sorry that his great and original idea had been nipped so cruelly. He had to know the cause. He turned to Sgt. Beevil and asked, "Who tipped you? Who fingered me? I must know."

"Anonymous caller," said Sgt. Beevil. "He said he recognized you as a customer of his. He said he had delivered things to your house, and recognized you when you brought a pepper mill to his house."

"How ironic," Horace breathed, and it was. He had proved, repeatedly, that nobody ever remembers what a deliveryman looks like and sure enough, he hadn't known one of his own deliverymen.

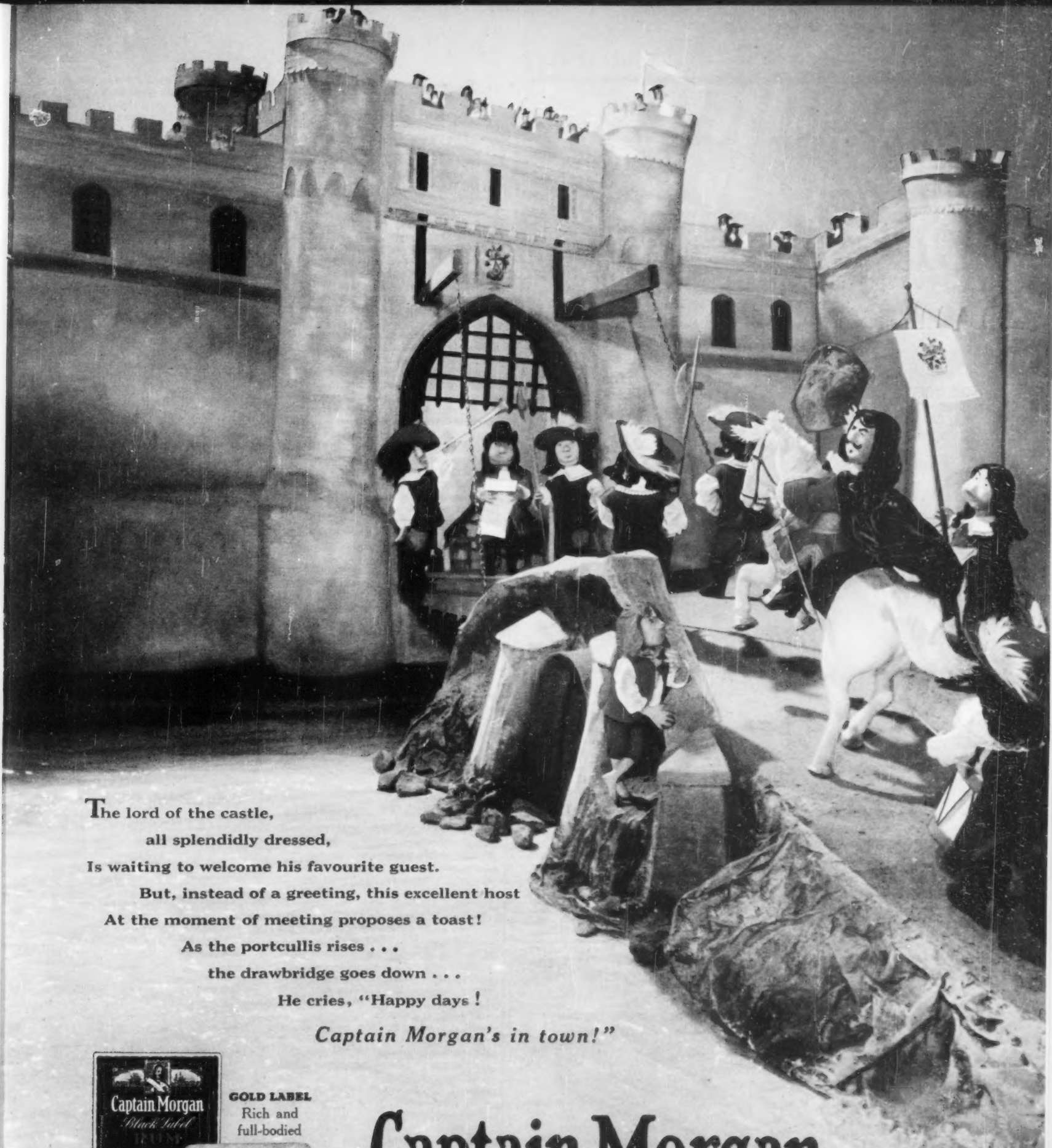
"He said to tell you he was your Friendly Flavors man," said Sgt. Beevil. "That mean anything to you?"

"He's that fellow you order all that stuff from," Horace muttered to his wife.

She looked at him and said, "Who?" "Your Friendly Flavors man," Horace said, impatiently. "He brings your herbs and stuff on alternate Fridays. You know."

"I wondered why you were buying all that thyme and vanilla," said Katherine. "Why, I never heard of a Friendly Flavors man in my life..."

J. Horace van Velay and Sgt. Beevil, two husbands of a great tribe, looked at each other and they paled, as the terrible thought dawned. What vast plan lay behind these men who came to the door, what far-flung syndicate was Horace, a small businessman, trying to buck? They looked at each other and they were sad, for a great faith had been shattered. Never again could they answer the knock, which sounds like a drum over the land, and meet the man there with childlike faith. For who knows from whence he really came? Who, indeed...? ★



The lord of the castle,
all splendidly dressed,
Is waiting to welcome his favourite guest.
But, instead of a greeting, this excellent host
At the moment of meeting proposes a toast!
As the portcullis rises . . .
the drawbridge goes down . . .
He cries, "Happy days !"
Captain Morgan's in town!"



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Backstage Across the Jordan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

penny of its upkeep comes out of the British Treasury. Altogether Britain provides eleven million pounds a year to the Hashemite Kingdom, almost all of it for the expenses of the Arab Legion. On a recent trip to London Glubb Pasha was reported to have got this amount raised to thirteen millions; this must necessarily be speculation, since the British Parliament has yet to approve next year's estimates, but it's accepted in the Middle East as a probable figure.

Jordan could not exist as a state without the Arab Legion. Not only is it the country's only army, it is also the only industry. Except for the farms in the Jordan valley, which until 1948 were part of Palestine, and a very few fertile patches in the deserts of Jordan's previous territory, this annual payment from the British Treasury is the little state's only source of income.

It is a payment, not in any sense a dole. The Arab Legion was organized by Glubb Pasha in the first place as an important part of Britain's Middle Eastern defense system; they were to be a support and a reserve for the troops in the Suez Canal zone. During World War II they played a useful role propping up the shaky kingdoms of Arab and suppressing the pro-Nazi rebels or defectors who cropped up from time to time. Now they, along with their mortal enemy the Israeli Army, are the only reliable fighting forces in the region to stand against an attack from Soviet Russia.

Unfortunately this wholly owned instrument of British foreign policy has never worked quite according to plan. Long before the U. S. became so entangled with Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee, Britain had learned in Jordan the drawbacks of putting on a puppet show with live puppets.

TO TAKE the most recent and most serious example:

After the UN decided in 1947 to divide Palestine into an Israeli and a new Arab state, Britons in Trans-Jordan (as it was then called) pointed out there was no provision for a functioning Arab government in the new state, or even for the maintenance of law and order. Glubb Pasha flew to London. He suggested that when the partition deadline came the Arab Legion should move into the Arab sector to keep order until a government could be set up. Whitehall said, in effect, "That sounds like the sensible thing to do."

But while these arrangements were being prepared in London, the Arab League was screaming threats of blood and death in Palestine. When partition went into effect in May 1948, the secretary of the Arab League cabled to the secretary-general of the UN that the League was declaring war on Israel. And the late King Abdullah of Trans-Jordan, not wishing to be left in a back seat, proclaimed himself leader and commander-in-chief of all the Arab armies.

British and ex-British officers in Jordan don't stress this point when they are recalling the events of 1948; in fact, they put the Arab case as if they were Arabs. Their recollection is of a peaceful, policing Arab Legion moving into Arab territory according to plan, and suddenly meeting the embattled Israeli far inside the line of partition. But in view of the bellicose talk both inside and outside Palestine, it is hardly surprising that the Jews

took the Arab Legion's move for an invasion and reacted accordingly.

There's no argument, though, about the fact that Jordan was the chief sufferer in the 1948 war. Other Arab countries were defeated by Israel in the sense that their soldiers were ignominiously chased home, but their territories and populations were not much affected. Jordan, a tiny state of 300,000 people who were mostly either Bedouin herdsmen or tillers of small poor farms, suddenly acquired a million new citizens who had lost either their homes or their normal livelihood or both.

All the fertile land of Palestine, except for part of the Jordan valley, was in Israeli hands. Jordan had half a million refugees living on a dole from the UN, and another half million whose homes were on the Jordan side of the cease-fire line, but whose living had depended on unimpeded trade and intercourse with the rest of the country. Palestine's biggest export crop has always been citrus fruit; it's a symbol of the postwar situation that in the hotels on the Jordan side of Jerusalem



you can't get orange juice at any price.

Because it was a British prime minister's promise of a national home for the Jewish people that begot Israel in the first place, the Jordan Arabs blame and hate Britain. In spite of the fact the country lives on British pay, the election campaign that was in full swing when I was there resounded with anti-British slogans and epithets. My Arab guide in Jerusalem translated for me some of the election signs strung across the narrow streets of the Old City; apparently all parties have to prove their detestation of the British.

And yet, ironically, Jordan has little chance of being admitted to membership in the UN because she is regarded, not without reason, as a British puppet.

This is a pity. If Jordan were able to speak her own cause in the UN hope for a settlement might arise sooner than it otherwise will. The farther away from the scene of action an Arab country is, the louder and more bloodthirsty and more intransigent have been its spokesmen. Jordan is right on the firing line.

Prime Minister Tewfik speaks no English; the usual voice of the Jordan Government to Westerners is the Minister of Defense, Anwar Nuseibeh. He is a tall, quiet, grave man with a young face but greying hair; he walks with a heavy limp, for he lost a foot in the fighting of 1948. Nuseibeh was the only Arab I met who could speak about Israel without getting into a dither. In the present state of public agitation it might be impossible for him to speak in public as calmly and reasonably as he does in private, but the visitor leaves with a feeling that if this man were able to take a full part in Arab-Israeli negotiations, there'd be some chance of working out a peace. ★

She Knows the Kind of Children You'll Have

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

us. Our marriage is getting along fine. We've adopted a wonderful child."

An accountant and his wife wanted to know whether to risk having another child. Their ten-year-old daughter was healthy but their seven-year-old boy was a "bleeder." He had hemophilia. The slightest blow or scratch would hospitalize him instantly. Dr. Walker began to interview relatives, write letters to others and search hospital records.

She knew there were two possible explanations for the youngster's condition. He could have inherited it from his parents, or—as sometimes happens by a quirk of nature—a hemophilia gene might have suddenly evolved in the boy. This process is known as mutation. Dr. Walker's hottest clue came from the client's aunt. "My son died twenty years ago just after his seventh birthday," the aunt told her. "They weren't quite sure what he died from." Dr. Walker studied the records of the hospital where the child had died. They revealed, beyond a doubt, that hemophilia caused the death. The evidence clearly indicated that the ailment of the accountant's son was inherited.

"If your next child is a girl," Dr. Walker explained to the accountant, "she would probably be normal. Girls rarely suffer with hemophilia. But if it's a boy, then there's a fifty-fifty chance he would be a 'bleeder.'"

A woman from northern Ontario once told Dr. Walker: "They're gossiping about us. They say we've got Negro blood." She explained that her husband and two of her five children had woolly hair. Again the heredity counselor embarked on a search of the past. "In about one out of every million births," explains Dr. Walker, "it happens that parents with straight hair give birth to a child with woolly hair." Again, the cause was either due to inheritance or mutation. Dr. Walker made enquiries among the father's family who all lived in Europe. She finally unearthed a grandmother in central Europe who had this unusual type of hair. The client was overjoyed. "I can't wait till I get home and tell the neighbors what you've found," she said to the doctor.

Actually, Dr. Walker didn't share her client's aversion to mixed blood. "Someday," she says, "people of different colors will marry freely. As a geneticist, I'm cheerful about it. New combinations produce better stock."

Like other heredity counselors, Dr. Walker has had no formal training in her profession. As she says, "It's so new you just had to grow up with it." She wrote her doctor's thesis on insects but later she found people more interesting. "Heredity counseling is a natural field for a woman," she says. "It's normal for her to be interested in babies, families and health."

Counselors like Dr. Walker constantly have to combat the thousands of myths about human heredity. Most of these myths stress the importance of what happens to the mother during pregnancy. One mother told Dr. Walker, "I saw a rabbit; that's why my daughter was born with a harelip." It was because of this superstition that, up until forty years ago, Norwegian butcher stores displaying hares were required by law to lop off their mouths.

Not long ago blotchy, red birthmarks were commonly blamed on strawberries eaten by the mother; brown ones on coffee she spilled on herself. If the

blemish were shaped like a bottle, the mother had watched someone drinking out of a bottle. Was the child born with a monstrous head? Then the mother had gone to a circus and seen strange animals. An artistic child resulted from the mother reading good books and going to concerts. The mother could produce an idealistic youngster by thinking fine thoughts. The sex of the offspring could be influenced by the mother's diet. In earlier times, when a son was desperately wanted, the mother was often fed a potion made up of rooster wattles, the head of an eagle, the heart blood of a lion and the testes of a bull.

Science's reply to the black-magic school of genetic study was formulated one hundred years ago by a plump Austrian monk named Gregor Mendel. He kept careful records of the numerous plantings of peas he raised in the monastery garden. After many years he set down a few simple laws about how characteristics are passed along from generation to generation. Mendel's principles were later tested by many scientists who studied both animals and humans. The facts now commonly accepted can be summed up as follows:

A new life begins when a male sperm enters a female egg. The sperm and the egg each contain twenty-four chromosomes. It is the 48-chromosome cell they form upon their union that contains everything the new person is going to be. This single cell starts to multiply and forms blood, muscle, bone and tissue until a completely new person is created.

Chinese Bind Their Feet

Under a powerful microscope, a chromosome has the appearance of a long narrow filament made up of gelatinous beads. These house the genes and there are thousands of them in every chromosome. Each pair of genes—one from the mother and the other from the father—is in part responsible for some feature of the new person, such as hair or eye color, body shape, life expectancy and health.

Each man or woman passes on the same collection of genes and chromosomes that he or she received from his or her parents. Genes remain unchanged from generation to generation. There are a few notable exceptions. X-rays or atomic rays can modify them. Or sometimes, for mysterious reasons, a change takes place within the individual.

No trait acquired by a man or woman during his or her own lifetime can be passed on to that person's children. For centuries the Hebrews have circumcised their children; the Chinese women have bound their feet; certain African native tribes have distorted their faces. Yet none of these customs altered the appearance of later generations. Genes are sealed in. They can't be tampered with.

What exactly is a gene? It is a complex molecule or collection of molecules. Each pair does a special job. But each individual gene making up the pair has its own personality. Some are strong and dominant; others are weak and recessive. Some genes are constructive, others are destructive. The way that your genes are paired up helps to determine the kind of person you are both mentally and physically. In eye color, for example, the black- or brown-eye gene is stronger than the blue-eye gene. Therefore, a child who inherits a pair of genes made up of these two colors will have dark eyes. In nose shapes, the prominent-nose gene dominates the rather moderately shaped nose; broad nostrils dominate narrow ones; long eyelashes

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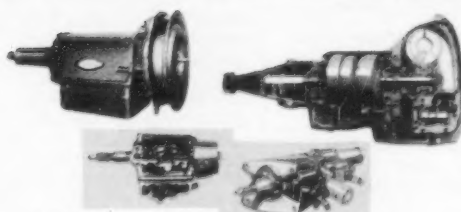
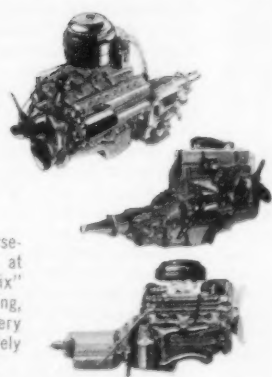
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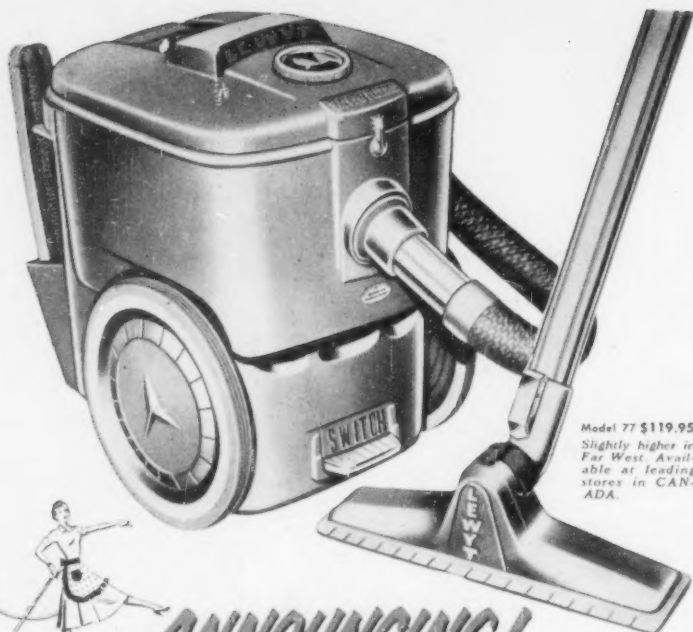


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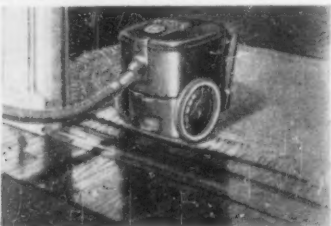
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dominate short ones, and so on.

Some genes carry disease and physical defects. Heredity counselors call them *black genes*. Here too some are dominant, some recessive. If both parents have a dominant black gene, three quarters of their children will probably inherit the disease it carries. If one parent has a dominant black gene, probably half the children will be affected. The conditions passed on by dominant black genes include certain kinds of anemia and blindness and Huntington's Chorea—a serious form of mental illness.

There is another kind of black gene, the *recessives*. These are not as strong as the dominants and may lie undetected, generation after generation. But, as Dr. Walker says, "A hundred years isn't very long to a geneticist." The man or woman carrying the recessive gene is not necessarily affected by a disease or defect. But if he or she should marry someone with the same recessive gene, there's a good chance the couple will pass on to their offspring conditions such as diabetes, some types of idiocy and mental defectiveness. "That's why we frown on cousin marriages," says Dr. Walker. "People who are related are more likely to have the same kind of genes."

There is one black gene well known to every heredity counselor—the *sex-linked gene*. These plague men while virtually ignoring women. "Men come off second best when it comes to heredity," says Dr. Walker. Male children come into the world with more defects than female. Hemophilia and color blindness are only two of the susceptibilities men inherit and women usually escape. Dr. Walker sometimes quotes the advice allegedly given by a European specialist who said: "To avoid baldness, choose your parents and your sex carefully."

Family Stories in Bibles

To make his forecasts, the heredity counselor prepares a chart for each client. He calls this a pedigree; it lists all the client's afflictions and infirmities as well as those of preceding generations. He goes as far back as possible. Women, Dr. Walker has found, are the counselors' best friends. "They have a natural bent for remembering births, marriages, deaths, operations, sicknesses and abortions. All that's grist for my mill."

Dr. Walker deplores the practice of many hospitals that burn their records every twenty-five years. "They make our job a lot tougher," she says. Dr. Walker has a warm place in her heart for old Scottish families who keep family Bibles recording a mine of health information for as much as a hundred and fifty years. The records of Roman Catholic parishes are also valuable.

Recently Dr. Walker was asked to explain why so many male Indians of Manitoulin Island went blind. She managed to get hold of the documents recording the payment of treaty money for the past hundred years. In these records, for purposes of identification, was a description of the physical peculiarities of every Indian. Dr. Walker was able to track down the affliction to an Indian who had died in 1881 after being married three times. His second and third wives were sisters and another sister was blind. For the next five generations there were blind males. "It was an inherited condition which prevented the eye from developing properly," explains Dr. Walker. "The females carried the black gene and the men lost their sight."

Never as a result of Dr. Walker's guidance have a couple intending marriage changed their plans but they have

aff entered marriage with a clearer understanding of the chances involved. Not long ago she received a phone call from a minister. "Two of my young people want to get married," he said. "They're cousins. Will you speak to them about it?"

Dr. Walker never passes up such an opportunity. "Consanguineous marriages (i.e. marriage of blood relatives) should be discouraged," she says. "They're dangerous. If cousins knew the facts about inheritance, they wouldn't fall in love with each other." Dr. Walker can point to the large number of defective offspring from such a union. The albino is one example. Due to a chemical abnormality in the body, the albino has pink eyes, white hair and unnaturally fair skin. Albinism is a rare condition yet twenty percent of all albinos are the offspring of cousin marriages. Amaurotic idiocy—another rare condition—is thirty times as frequent in consanguineous marriages as in normal ones. So are blindness, dwarfism and feeble-mindedness.

In 1918 a study was made of all living members of the royal family descended from Louis VIII of France. Almost half were schizophrenic. Queen Victoria was the first member of the royal families of Europe known to be a carrier of hemophilia. Within a few generations, through intermarriage, this condition was plaguing the royal houses of Spain, Germany and Russia. Rasputin was able to gain political power because of his supposed ability to stem the bleeding of the young Prince Alexis of the Romanov dynasty. When the son of ex-king Alfonso of Spain was in a minor automobile accident in Miami, in 1938, he bled to death.

Society has long been aware that the marriage of blood relatives is undesirable. However, in most modern countries, the law does not prohibit marriage between first cousins although it does prohibit closer unions such as uncle and niece. The Roman Catholic Church refuses to sanction cousin marriages without a special dispensation.

Dr. Walker feels that marriage among blood relatives is on the wane in Canada. "People get around more and families are smaller," she explains. Some exceptions are in isolated rural areas. As for the reason for cousin marriages, Dr. Walker points to a young French-Canadian girl who was a patient in the Hospital for Sick Children not long ago. "In the region where she lived," she says, "this child could count up seventy-four first cousins, half of them men. Is it any wonder that consanguineous marriages do take place?"

Good qualities, along with defects, can be magnified when relatives marry, and it is not surprising that some of the children of such marriages should be exceptionally gifted. Charles Darwin and Abraham Lincoln were born of cousin marriages. Cleopatra was the end product of six generations of brother-sister matches. The ancient Egyptians felt that only royal blood was worthy of royal blood.

In addition to advice on cousin marriages, Dr. Walker is often asked for guidance on interracial marriage. A white person about to marry a light-skinned Negro wants to know, "Will our baby be jet black?" Dr. Walker finds that "the black baby" myth is the most persistent of all myths in the field of heredity. "If only one parent has some Negro blood it's impossible for the child to be darker than that parent. And the chances are he'll be lighter." Furthermore, with each generation, the color will show less. Dr. Walker says, "When you hear reports of a white mother mysteriously giving



I Remember School Days

By PETER WHALLEY



No. 4: For Posterity

birth to a Chinese or Negro baby, when the father is allegedly white, you can be sure somebody is not telling the truth."

Dr. Walker finds it difficult to understand the strong prejudice held by many people against interracial marriage. "As a geneticist, I regard the color of skin as unimportant," she says. "Furthermore, the theory that different races are repelled by each other is a lot of nonsense. Look at the Hawaiian Islands. The various races there freely intermarry. By and large, their children are healthy, vigorous and intelligent."

Dr. Walker is sometimes concerned by Canadian marrying habits. "Our men seem too often to place all the emphasis on sexual charm when they're choosing a bride. That's not sound from a genetic point of view." The man places a premium on the woman with a slim figure, neat ankles, small feet, neat regular teeth and a vivacious personality. "Actually," says Dr. Walker, "a woman doesn't have to be a beauty-contest winner to produce excellent children." She maintains that what really count in motherhood are broad hips, large limbs, big feet, a high IQ and a serious nature.

But if a woman's sexual charm is of no special interest to the heredity counselor, her age definitely is. "I advise women to get married and have children when they're twenty-two," says Dr. Walker. "Professional women should have their children first, then work at a career." This advice is based on recent research showing that the older the mother, the higher the incidence of defectiveness in her children. Some forty percent of all Mongoloid idiots, for example, are born to women over forty. Even more revealing are the results obtained by Dr. Albert Lansing of the Washington University School of Medicine. Dr. Lansing bred large numbers of rotifers—a tiny water insect. Here's what he found:

A group of young mothers (five days old) produced a healthy batch of youngsters, which in turn gave birth. Dr. Lansing stopped keeping track of them after fifty-four generations.

A group of middle-aged mothers (eight days old) gave birth to offspring, which stopped reproducing themselves after eight generations.

A group of old mothers (eleven days old) produced offspring which petered out in only three generations.

What is the significance of all this to human beings? Dr. Walker points to a study recently completed at the University of Pennsylvania. There were 466 families involved—with both normal and defective children. The average age of the mother at the time of her marriage was 21. The first normal child was born when the mother's age was 23. The first defective child was born when she was almost 29.

One Child Was Born Blind

Another study involved 570 mothers. When the mother's age was between fifteen and 29 only one child in a hundred births was defective. But at thirty the proportion of defective children started going up. When the birth took place in the 45-49-year-old age group, the proportion of defective to normal children was three times as great as when the mother was under thirty. "All this seems to suggest that if you want to be born intact, make sure you have a young mother," comments Dr. Walker.

Early motherhood is one of the few subjects on which Dr. Walker will give definite advice. "My job is to give information, not force my ideas on anyone," she says. An example was the couple in their late twenties whose only child was born blind. "They wanted a normal youngster," says Dr. Walker. "I felt it would be damaging to their ego not to have at least one." The counselor gave them the odds on the defect occurring in the next child—one chance in four. She also mentioned that there was such a thing as being overcautious. "Don't hesitate to take a chance as long as your decision is based on all the facts."

A year later the couple were back to show Dr. Walker their healthy youngster and to ask about the wis-

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dom of having still another child. "I told them to do as they wished but that there was such a thing as tempting fate," Dr. Walker recalls.

Dr. Walker feels that even if her client takes long chances after getting advice and, as a result, has a defective child, the advice has still been of value. "If you expect a blow you can roll with it," she says. "It's the unexpected blow that causes trouble." One client, a woman, was a chondrodystrophic dwarf, just over four feet tall with a saucer-shaped face. She and her husband were deeply shocked when their first child was also a dwarf. It created a crisis in their marriage. "I told them there's a fifty-percent chance that any future children might also be dwarfs," said Dr. Walker. "They may try for another child. They may be disappointed but they won't panic the way they did last time."

The heredity counselor is a cautious person. "We've got to go slow and be careful in what we say," says Dr. Walker. "The science of human genetics is still in its infancy." The influence of heredity in conditions such as tuberculosis, goiter, nephritis, ulcer and appendicitis, has yet to be established.

Even in the major "killers" the influence of inheritance is in doubt. We know that a few rare forms of cancer can be inherited. We know, too, that by inbreeding it is possible to produce mice who develop cancer of the lung or breast or skin as they mature. But the data collected on the common forms of cancer are not particularly revealing.

The heredity counselor is even more vague about the inheritance of heart and blood-vessel diseases. A person appears to inherit the predisposition to these ailments. "But it seems that he will only be afflicted if conditions are right for it," says Dr. Walker.

Diabetes is one of the few common major illnesses which in some families are inherited through a pair of recessive genes—one from the father, the other from the mother. But the inheritance of these two genes doesn't mean that the disease will show itself immediately. Often, the individual will go on enjoying good health for many years. The point at which the diabetes shows itself will be largely determined by the individual's health habits. Thus, whenever a family pedigree shows a sprinkling of diabetes, Dr. Walker advises the parents: "Watch your children's diet." Don't let them put on extra weight. And take them to the doctor often for physical examinations.

One geneticist reports the case of a sixty-year-old man who died from a form of anemia known to be inherited by half the offspring in his family. Sure enough, when his four grown sons were examined two showed early symptoms of the illness. "It would be wise to have your spleen removed," the doctor advised them. One followed the advice, and after recovering from his operation enjoyed good health. The other laughed at the suggestion. "I'm as fit as a fiddle," he said. A few years later he became seriously stricken with the same type of anemia that had killed his father. His weakened condition at this stage made surgery impossible. He died.

The heredity counselor knows that forecasting mental illness is hazardous. It has been known for some time that both environment and heredity play an important role in producing mental diseases, but what is the relative importance of each?

Today's thinking on schizophrenia, says Dr. Walker, can be summed up as follows: "Schizophrenia may be inherited by black genes. But it may not. If it is inherited, the carrier of

the genes may not break down unless there's unusual strain in his environment." In another form of mental illness—manic depression—heredity is considered by some geneticists to be more important than environment.

One very rare type of mental illness that the heredity counselor can discuss with more certainty is Huntington's Chorea. If a parent has this disease, each of his children has a fifty-percent chance of getting it. This cruel and sly affliction doesn't show itself until the victim is around thirty-five. By then he's probably married and has children of his own. His speech, movements and power to think rapidly deteriorate. The stigma of this disease is so great that some members of families that have it sometimes move away and change their name. This makes it difficult for the heredity counselor to track down the disease, although the ancestry of one victim has been traced back to an immigrant who arrived at Boston from Suffolk, England, in 1630. The disease has continued in an unbroken line for more than three hundred years through twelve generations.

Doctors, as well as geneticists, carefully distinguish between those who are mentally ill and those who are mentally defective. In the defective group, at the top of the scale, are the morons with an IQ 50-69 (the normal IQ is 90-110); trailing with an IQ of 0-49 are a variety of imbeciles and idiots.

Dr. Walker has some statistics that indicate that morosity is inherited. Recent studies show that about twelve percent of morons apparently get the affliction from moronic or imbecilic parents; fifteen to twenty percent are brain injured; many are drawn from the poorer classes.

Can You Be a Born Drinker?

Perhaps the most tragic cases Dr. Walker has to deal with involve imbecile and idiot children. These include a variety of conditions: Mongolian idiocy (slanting eyes, misshapen forehead, guttural voice); the microcephalic ("pinhead" type); the hydrocephalic ("water head") and so on. These children are usually physically as well as mentally defective. Their condition is due to a variety of causes during prenatal development. But there is also good reason to believe that heredity also plays a role. In Mongolian idiocy, for instance, whenever an identical twin is born with this condition the other twin is invariably the same.

The heredity counselor is sometimes asked questions like this: "My fiancée's father is an alcoholic. Can this condition be inherited?" The counselor can be reassuring on the subject of alcoholism. It is true that the alcoholic's home is often disturbed and disorganized and not a healthy environment for children. But there is no proof that overindulgence damages the alcoholic's sperm, thus producing defective children. Furthermore, his ability to have children remains intact. Indeed, the alcoholic usually has a bigger family than the sensible drinker in the same social class.

A striking demonstration of this facet of alcoholism was recently given in New York. Sixty young children were placed out for adoption in upper-middle-class homes. Half had parents who were alcoholics and criminals; the other half had normal parents. Tested twenty-five years later, the two groups showed little or no difference with regard to the success of their marriages, size of families, drinking habits and criminality.

The heredity counselor has a deep interest in eugenics—improving the vigor of the human race. Genetic

principles have been used with spectacular success to improve animal stock. Yet, as many geneticists have pointed out, we haven't done the same for human beings. It's as though a rancher who wanted to improve his stock gave each bull a completely free hand in selecting his mate; allowed all cows to reproduce regardless of their condition; kept a bull with the same mate all his lifetime, and gave the weak and deformed calves special care so they could reproduce. This roughly is the present state of eugenical affairs among humans, Dr. Walker observes wryly. She's reluctant to advocate a change through compulsory measures. "It's a free country," she says. "People should be allowed to have children if they want to."

Modern medicine, it can be argued from a eugenical point of view, is also weakening the human race. Miracle drugs and new surgical techniques have all but abolished nature's law of the "survival of the fittest." The weak and the unfit, who in previous times might have died, now live and reproduce. Often their children are either defective or carry black genes.

Diabetes is an example. Before the use of insulin in 1922 few diabetic women reached the age for childbirth. The diabetic mother who became pregnant would almost certainly die with her child at birth. But today some large hospitals have diabetic-obstetric clinics in spite of the fact that nature constantly shouts at the diabetic woman, "Don't have a baby!" The diabetic mother has only a 65-percent chance of having a live child. Many of the children will grow up and have diabetes or carry around the diabetic gene as an inheritance for their children.

Surgery saves children with defective hearts, women in childbirth with misshapen pelvis, people with cancerous growths. Our so-called miracle drugs keep alive the weakest and frailest members of the human race. If these people have children they are almost certain to be carriers of black genes.

Among the solutions that have been offered for maintaining the unity of the family in cases of childless marriages is artificial insemination. While it may have value in certain cases, Dr. Walker urges caution. "One donor may have one hundred children or more," she says. "How do we know two of them won't marry each other when they grow up?" Again, from the practical point of view, the anonymity of the donor would make it impossible for the heredity counselor to work up a pedigree if the need ever arose.

Sterilization of the "unfit" has often been suggested. In Alberta, the only Canadian province where sterilization is practiced, 1,175 men and women have been deprived by surgery of the ability to have children in the past twenty years. Dr. Walker is not a wholehearted supporter of this. "The Nazis in Germany misused sterilization and gave it a bad name," she says. She feels that if the sterilization operation were made available easily many men and women would ask for it and then regret having done so.

One of the strongest arguments against eugenical sterilization is that many outstanding men have arisen from "poor" stock: Lincoln, Keats, Franklin, Faraday, Schubert, Beethoven, Hans Christian Andersen, Leo Tolstoy, Michelangelo, Dostoevski and Poe. When this apparent contradiction is brought to Dr. Walker's attention she points out that each person represents a new combination of genes—a combination which may or may not work. "From shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves every third generation" is an old wives' tale which has stood the test of time," she says. ★

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How TV Is Changing Your Life

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

largest first-run theatre audience in Canada's history.

"In the movie industry history is repeating itself," he says. "When radio first came it was supposed to kill off the movies; but sound was put into the movies and the audience bounced right back. Now the same thing is beginning to happen with the introduction of CinemaScope, Vista Vision and Stereophonic Sound. Gone With The Wind played to more people on the wide screen than it did when it was new fifteen years ago."

But other men in competing branches of entertainment are gloomier. "Attendance has dropped at concerts, plays, sports and every kind of spectator activity and it's all on account of television," says R. Julian, manager of Moodey's Ticket Agency in Toronto. "I'm as much a victim as anyone. I get tickets to all sorts of fine performances but once I'm home and the television is on I'm trapped." P. V. Johnson, manager of Eaton Auditorium, one of the country's largest concert halls, confirms the drop in attendance but he doesn't blame television. "Attendance began falling in 1946 before any television was seen in this area," he says. "During the war concert going was at its height and more money was available for entertainment because there were restrictions on consumer goods. Now people have bought houses, refrigerators and cars and they have to save money to meet installment payments and upkeep."

Does It Hurt Sports Gate?

TV presents a far more complicated problem to sports than to other spectator activities because sports themselves are among the favorite shows on TV. If the TV camera's Zoomar lens can improve on a 50-yard-line seat right in your own living room, what does it do to the attendance at the stadiums and arenas?

Up to now sports promoters don't agree. Maple Leaf Stadium in Toronto won't televise its baseball games. Big Four football games are blacked out on television in the cities where they are being played and shown the next day on film. For example, when the Toronto team is in Ottawa, the game is seen in Toronto but not in Ottawa; the next day Ottawa sees the film. Hockey games are televised from Maple Leaf Gardens and Connie Smythe, the Gardens president, believes that the slightly reduced attendances have nothing to do with it; in fact he thinks the slight decline in gates might have been greater without television. In his view TV makes new fans. This contention is apparently borne out by the attendance at wrestling matches, also televised from the Gardens. More women are now present.

"If a sports fan has to stay at home," Smythe says, "it's better to have him watch sports on TV than watch a variety show. That way he remains a potential customer for the next fight or hockey game."

Smythe's theories on television and sport are partly corroborated by two American reports. Cunningham and Walsh, Inc., a New York advertising firm, has found that television delivers new customers to sports events. This firm has taken New Brunswick, N.J., 40,200 population and thirty miles from New York, and renamed it "Videotown, U.S.A." For the past six

years TV in Videotown has been under constant watch. "Sports attendance," the most recent report says, "drops during the first two years of owning a TV set. Ardent baseball and football fans were watching the games from their living rooms, but TV sports were creating new fans who eventually went to the park to see for themselves."

Madison Square Garden has televised almost all its sports events. Vice-president Ned Irish says, "It is not theory but fact that television has no adverse effect on gate receipts, except under extremely unfavorable weather conditions, or when the attraction is mediocre."

One of the most thorough studies on any aspect of television is The Long Range Effects of Television on Sports Attendance, by Jerry N. Jordan. In his thesis for a Master's degree at the University of Pennsylvania Jordan covered 787 universities, baseball clubs, arenas and other sports organizations from every state in the U. S. The following is a summary of his conclusions:

- 1) When a person first buys a set, his and his family's attendance at sports events goes down temporarily. Later — after one season in most sports — attendance returns to normal.
- 2) Different sports are affected differently. Football, with its short season and fewer games, is hurt more during the first season of TV ownership than baseball, with a longer season.
- 3) After one to two years the TV owner's attendance at sports events is higher than that of nonowners.
- 4) TV owners take other members of their families to games more frequently than do nonowners.
- 5) Television, as it is today, will not harm attendance at sports events and may help it.

If television is occupying a viewer's reading time, circulation figures of newspapers and magazines don't reveal it. The most recent statements of the Audit Bureau of Circulations show that circulation is climbing. Circulation managers of the three most popular magazines in the Toronto-Niagara-Hamilton area—including Maclean's—say there has been no drop whatever in sales; most Canadian magazines are at or near all-time circulation highs. In the U. S. Daniel Starch and Staff showed that levels of magazine readership did not drop significantly during the rise of the TV audience. John Bassett Jr., publisher of the Toronto Telegram, says that newspapers in the Toronto area made the greatest gain at the time when TV was first introduced. "Television," he believes, "stimulates interest in newspapers."

A University of Oklahoma report called When TV Moves In indicates that the more a person watches TV the less likely he is to read books. But a prominent Toronto bookseller, Roy Britnell, says, "Business has never been better both in dollars and in units sold. TV seems to be no substitute for people who buy books." Canadian publishers and book distributors say there's now a greater demand for non-fiction, particularly How To books, and they feel that TV accounts for a decrease in light-fiction reading.

The National Opinion Research Centre of the University of Chicago produced statistics recently to show there was no decline in the reading of books by New York TV viewers who were already book readers. In Ontario Angus Mowat, the director of Public Library Service, says that in 1953 there were upwards of a million more books borrowed than in 1952; most of this circulation was in the area where TV is strongest. "But," he cautions, "this increase is probably due to improve-

ment of library service and certain tricks to make people reach for books." One of these tricks is to keep the works of a classic author scattered in different-colored bindings so a reader will be more likely to take a copy of Trollope or Dickens, find that he likes it and come back for more.

The Toronto Public Libraries have opened two new branches since 1948. In 1948 circulation in all the branches was 3,990,029 volumes; in 1953 it had reached 4,727,903. The head of circulation, Miss A. M. Wright, says that only in "escape fiction"—westerns and romances—has there been a slump and this interest, she is certain, has been absorbed by TV. "By showing viewers other countries and new ideas in household crafts," she says, "TV has encouraged reading. We've simply taken the money we spent in light fiction and used it to obtain books on home decorating and home building."

"Circulation is more significant now that TV is here, because reading is no longer just a pastime," says Miss

on Canadian children was conducted in four Toronto public schools by the Toronto Women Teachers' Association. It was discovered that most children in TV homes spend between 25 and 30 hours a week watching it. The teachers found that many of the programs were violent, sensational and too stimulating for immature minds. They felt that children nurtured on TV would lose their desire to read and to create their own fun. They wondered too if a child conditioned to viewing would not be fertile ground later for propaganda of all kinds.

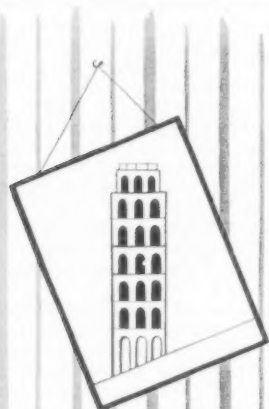
Regarding programs of violence, the teachers pointed to a recent survey in southern California which proved the average child in a TV home saw death inflicted forty times a week. The effect on the child was either that he became upset emotionally or callous to the sight of death and suffering. The Toronto teachers were also critical of health standards created by TV. "Surely," they said, "crouching in a chair or stretching out on the floor for hours in a stuffy, overheated living room cannot be good for any child. What effect will it have on their posture and eyesight?"

The report caused parents a great deal of worry. In some districts they formed television study groups and other such reports followed. The most famous child expert in Canada, Dr. W. E. Blatz, remained calm. In his office at the Institute of Child Study, he explained, "I have no disasters to predict." Blatz maintains, as he has for many years, that the most important factor for the child is the home. "As long as there is an atmosphere of affection plus responsibility in the home," he says, "the child will make a healthy adjustment to his environment, whether it includes television or anything else." He feels certain the children will take television in their stride, as an earlier generation of children did with radios and automobiles.

Does television affect students' grades? Philip Lewis, assistant principal at South Shore High School in Chicago, has just completed a study which tends to reconcile to some degree the conflicting results reported in this area of research. It depends, according to Lewis, on the calibre of the student and what subjects he is studying. Students viewing TV more than fifteen hours a week usually skid in their scholastic standing if they are good students or lower. Only superior students can view fifteen hours or more a week without harm. Television helps students learn history, current events, English literature and some aspects of science; but the learning of subjects requiring much application, memorizing or reasoning is hindered by TV. These include grammar, mathematics and foreign languages.

The child of the electronic era may actually read more than his older brothers and sisters. The CBC has a television program called Hidden Pages on which children's classics are narrated, dramatized and illustrated. The response is such that Miss Jean Thomson, head of Boys and Girls House, the children's library in Toronto, has to get the titles of these books several weeks in advance to meet the requests that follow the program; there never are enough copies and so there's always a waiting list.

A survey of the reading interests and problems of the teen-age group was recently completed by Miss Mary White, librarian of the Older Boys and Girls Section of Toronto libraries. Twenty-one percent of the girls and 23 percent of the boys in Toronto's secondary schools found that television interfered with their reading. A comparison was



FOR DAVIS

MACLEAN'S

Freda Waldon who is in charge of the main branch of Hamilton's Public Libraries.

This opinion reflects the attitude of the many TV owners who find old habits reasserting themselves after the novelty of television has worn off. A furniture-company executive sums up this viewpoint: "Television forces me to be choosier. I no longer read, for instance, just for something to do but because I think I shouldn't miss it. The other way round, I also have to be more selective about the television programs I watch, to have time for other activities."

But although many family habits are restored soon after being changed by TV, the influence of TV often lingers. Veteran viewers whose movie-going habits almost revert to normal still watch twenty-five hours of television for every visit to the theatre.

The concern of many parents over TV's effect on their children is justified by a fact of which few of them are aware. Television marks the high point of a curve in the development of mass communication. Each new medium has tended to embrace a younger group of devotees. Newspapers and magazines, oldest of the four giants of mass communication, are read mainly by adults. Movies have been able to win the adolescents. Next, radio absorbed the preadolescent. With the advent of television, mass communication appears destined to absorb us from the cradle to the grave—television is viewed with rapt attention even by infants.

The first survey on the effect of TV

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made between Grade 9 and Grade 13. Television interfered less with the older teen-agers' reading and proved a problem to only 13 percent of the girls and 21 percent of the boys.

"Since the survey came out," Miss White says, "we have learned that TV can have a positive as well as a negative relation to reading. Both teachers and librarians report that young people have asked for specific books and special information as a direct result of viewing TV programs. She thinks that while television can interfere with reading, and does when it's first installed; the evidence shows that once the novelty wears off television will work not so much in competition with books as in conjunction with them."

The CBC was one of the first agencies anywhere to telecast school lessons. The basis for this experiment was a series called *Life In Canada Today*. Programs covered ranching in Alberta, uranium prospecting, the Kitimat power project and the maple-sugar industry. In sugar making, professional actors carried out all the steps, using a dummy tree and other props. Films and animated charts provided further explanation. About 2,000 teachers were sent questionnaires; 592 returned them to the CBC. These teachers overwhelmingly approved the telecast experiment; ninety-four percent wanted it continued. They said students viewing the telecasts had a better knowledge of the subject than non-viewers and were more interested in the lesson.

At the University of Toronto there is a seminar devoted to studying communications. To test the power of television, a member of this seminar, Dr. Edmund Carpenter, professor of anthropology, conducted an experiment. One hundred and eight students in second-year General Arts were divided into four groups of equal ability. One of the four groups was seated in a studio and given a lecture on "linguistic codifications of reality," just as they would be in a lecture room. A second group in another room followed the telecast of the lecture from a television set. A third group elsewhere heard the telecast as if on the radio. A fourth group read a printed report of the lecture. No notes were taken and all groups were supervised. Immediately after the program the 108 students were given a test.

Of the four groups, those in the lecture studio and those who read the lecture tied with an average of 65 percent correct answers. The radio group averaged 69 percent and on top came the TV group with an average of 77 percent. Dr. Carl Williams, professor of psychology and a member of the seminar, worked out the statistics on the project. He said, "The conclusion one is forced to is that to a large extent the grades you made depended on which channel you received your information from."

TV affects us all for better or for worse. Just before CBC television was launched, Gilbert Seldes, who for eight years was head of the Television Program Department of the Columbia Broadcasting System, was brought to Toronto to advise the inexperienced CBC staff. Television, he said then, will have an effect on our lives even if we never own a TV set and never see or hear a broadcast.

"The fatal weakness of all efforts to control the excesses and correct the errors of television in the U. S.," he said, "is the attitude of people who think themselves untouched because they never look at inferior programs or never see television at all. It is not what one person can turn off, but what fifty accept that counts. There is no immunity—there is no place to hide." ★

Family Allowances

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Division of the Department of National Health and Welfare are sure that all but an insignificant amount is spent for children and they can point to a number of non-government surveys that seem to bear this out.

About a hundred of the two million cheques going out this month will be stolen and cashed on forged endorsements. About sixty will be chewed up by dogs, torn up by children or go through the washing machine in a husband's shirt pocket, and because of this, duplicates will have to be issued later. Another hundred or so will simply disappear, and ten years from now the odd one will still be turning up at banks for payment. Today the Government is still redeeming four or five 1945 cheques per month and at the last count this fall 4,999 cheques worth \$49,000 issued in 1945 were still uncashed.

The bitter and widespread opposition the allowances generated at the outset has simmered down until no really organized opposition remains. Prime Minister St. Laurent said confidently a year ago that no future government would dare do away with



them and he was undoubtedly right. There has been no serious criticism of them in parliament since 1946. Gallup polls indicate that the proportion of the Canadian public that approves family allowances climbed from forty-nine percent in 1943 before they began to almost ninety percent in 1950 when the last poll was taken.

But sceptics still occasionally ask the same old questions.

Have ten years of family allowances proved them to be the commendable and enlightened legislation their creators foresaw? Or do they constitute a grandiose economic monstrosity that lends itself to waste and fraud? How are they administered and how much does it cost? Do you know whether you yourself win or lose in the income-tax family-allowance seesaw?

First of all, what exactly are they?

Every mother of a child under sixteen receives from the government treasury a monthly payment to help her provide for the child. At a cost of \$350 millions a year—almost nine percent of the total government spending—it is by far the most ambitious and costliest social service Canada has ever undertaken.

On the theory that older children cost more to keep, payments increase with age from a minimum of \$5 to a maximum of \$8 a month. Each child receives a total of \$1,188 to help his parents over the economic hurdles of his first sixteen years.

Eligibility requirements are fairly simple. If of school age the child must attend school regularly. He must be maintained by the person receiving his allowance. If not born in Canada, he must reside here a year before payments can begin. He must stay in Canada, although a three-month absence each year for vacation or schooling outside Canada is permitted.

The allowance is paid regardless of a family's financial means. The basic exemption allowed in income tax for dependent children is \$400 but this applies only to children over sixteen

or to those ineligible for family allowances because they haven't lived in Canada a year. Children eligible for family allowances rate an exemption of only \$150, whether the parents accept the allowance or not.

Most family men who earn \$8,000 or more would gain by taking the \$400 exemption for their children instead of family allowances, if they could, but the Income Tax Act won't let them. High-bracket earners can't make a profit by refusing family allowances for their children.

The cheque usually goes to the mother. Where the mother is dead, or has been deemed incompetent, the cheque is made out to the father. Where misuse is proved allowances sometimes are taken away from a mother and paid to such agencies as the Children's Aid Society to be administered for the children. When family allowances were first planned it was thought that in French-Canadian Quebec, where husbands traditionally hold the purse strings, payment would have to be made to fathers. However after long debate *les mamans* won. The dire predictions of family disruption in Quebec didn't materialize.

One fisherman at Louisport, Nfld., a couple of years ago wrote to the Queen complaining bitterly that the cheque should be sent to him each month because he had voted for Joe Smallwood, Newfoundland's Liberal premier, and his wife hadn't. Buckingham Palace sent the letter to Ottawa and Ottawa patiently explained that mothers got the cheques no matter how they voted.

The average allowance per family is a little over \$14. At present there are eleven Canadian families receiving more than \$90 a month; nine of these receive allowances for fifteen children, and two (one in Nova Scotia and one in Quebec) have sixteen children under sixteen eligible for family allowances. The sixteen-child families receive \$98 to \$100 a month.

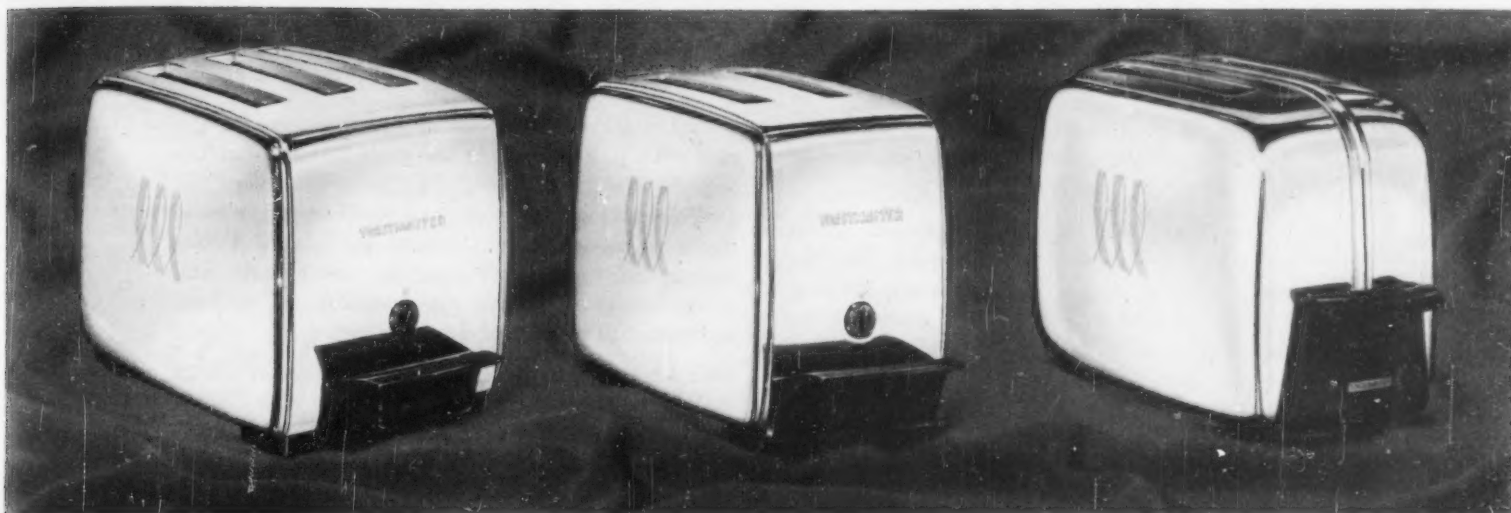
Canada was not a pioneer in family-allowance legislation. In 1945 when it started its program thirty-three other countries had some sort of family-allowance program already in effect. But today Canada's is the world's most generous family-allowance scheme. The United States is the only major industrial nation which doesn't have such a plan.

Ten years of birth records show that family allowances have little or no effect on the birth rate. The average number of children per Canadian family was 2.37 in 1945; today it is slightly less. The birth rate per thousand of population climbed when men returned from overseas; hit a high of 28.6 in 1947; then has dropped steadily to around 27 births per thousand today.

Nor have family allowances made big families bigger by encouraging child-bearing among lower-income groups, as many opponents predicted. At the 1941 census Canada had 170,000 families with six or more children; by 1951, in spite of increased population, the number of these families had dropped almost to 150,000.

Director of Canada's family-allowance program since it began is Byrnes Curry, fifty-one, a six-foot youthful-looking former school inspector from Nova Scotia.

One of the first Canadian advocates of family allowances was a French-Canadian Catholic priest named Leon Lebel. During the 1930s Father Lebel was almost a lone voice. He lectured, testified before committees, wrote reams, and finally, a frustrated old man, he retired to a Catholic retreat in Montreal. But he made some converts. Among them was George F. Davidson, then Canadian Welfare Coun-



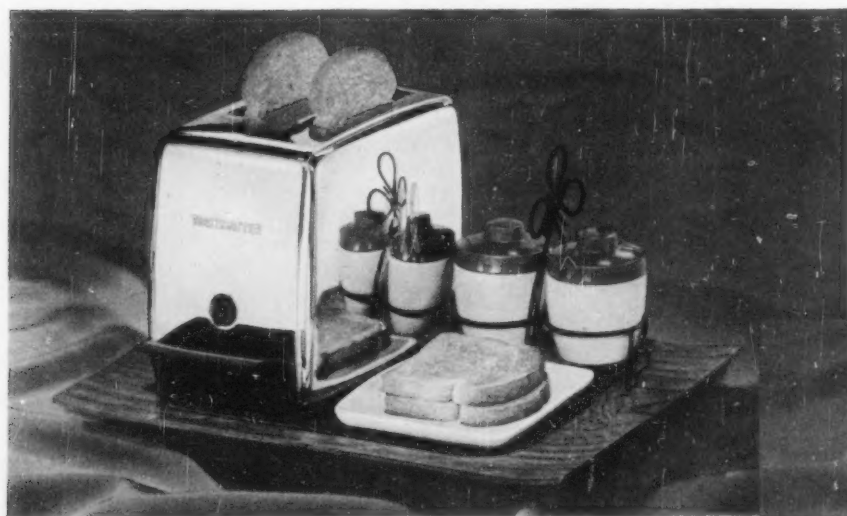
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De Luxe, \$28.95. This model has many millions of satisfied users. Although moderately priced, it is a gift of which you can well be proud. Fully automatic, makes perfect toast every time—light, dark, or in-between. Toast pops up extra high, so small slices are easily removed. Push-button crumb tray opens instantly for cleaning. Large, cool-to-the-touch handles make this toaster safe to carry.

WHOMEVER YOU WANT TO PLEASE...WHATEVER YOU WANT TO SPEND...

One of these  Toastmaster gifts is your perfect Christmas choice!



Super De Luxe Toast 'n Jam Set, \$46.95. Here's quick-snack magic when youngsters swarm home from school. Equally fitting at brunch, bridge, or TV-time. Toaster features "Toastmaster's" exclusive Power-Action. Handsome lined-walnut serving tray is inlaid with gold-figured, blue simulated leather. Two colorful Melmac jam jars and toast plate contrast smartly with the modern-black metal holder.



De Luxe Toast 'n Jam Set, \$37.95. Has all the snack-time usefulness of the Super De Luxe "Toast 'n Jam" Set. Features the "Toastmaster" De Luxe Automatic Toaster, known everywhere for its reliability. Rich walnut tray is inlaid with brown simulated leather. Gay Melmac toast plate, jam jars, and smart black metal holder have dozens of added uses.



PRODUCTS OF



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So new and different it will fire your imagination

It's my kind of car! That's what you'll say when you see this agile beauty with its crisp, new styling expressed in long, low, flowing lines.

There's something about its virile conception . . . its fleet, poised appearance that will send your imagination soaring — set it aflame. You'll sense a startling feeling of motion even when the car is parked at the curb — thanks to a unity of design that has never before been achieved in motorcar styling.

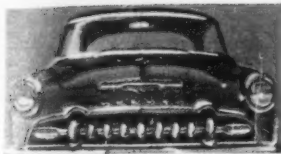
But be prepared for "firsts"! For now, more than ever, Canada's most distinctive automobile is out in front. Every line says "quality" — every colour says "good taste." Here is truly the finest DeSoto ever built.

All DeSoto cars are V-8's this year — powered by the new 185-h.p. Firedome or the great 200-h.p. Fireflite engine. And here's more good news — in every '55 DeSoto you get the incomparable PowerFlite automatic transmission as standard equipment! Power brakes, full-time power steering, power seats, and power window lifts are also available as optional equipment to make your driving easier.

This is too good to miss. See all the exciting new things that DeSoto has in store for you. Visit your Dodge-DeSoto dealer's *today* or tomorrow, for sure!

*Manufactured in Canada
by Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited*





So lovely to look at, coming or going—here's style that will stay in style! De Soto brings an exciting new look to motorcars.



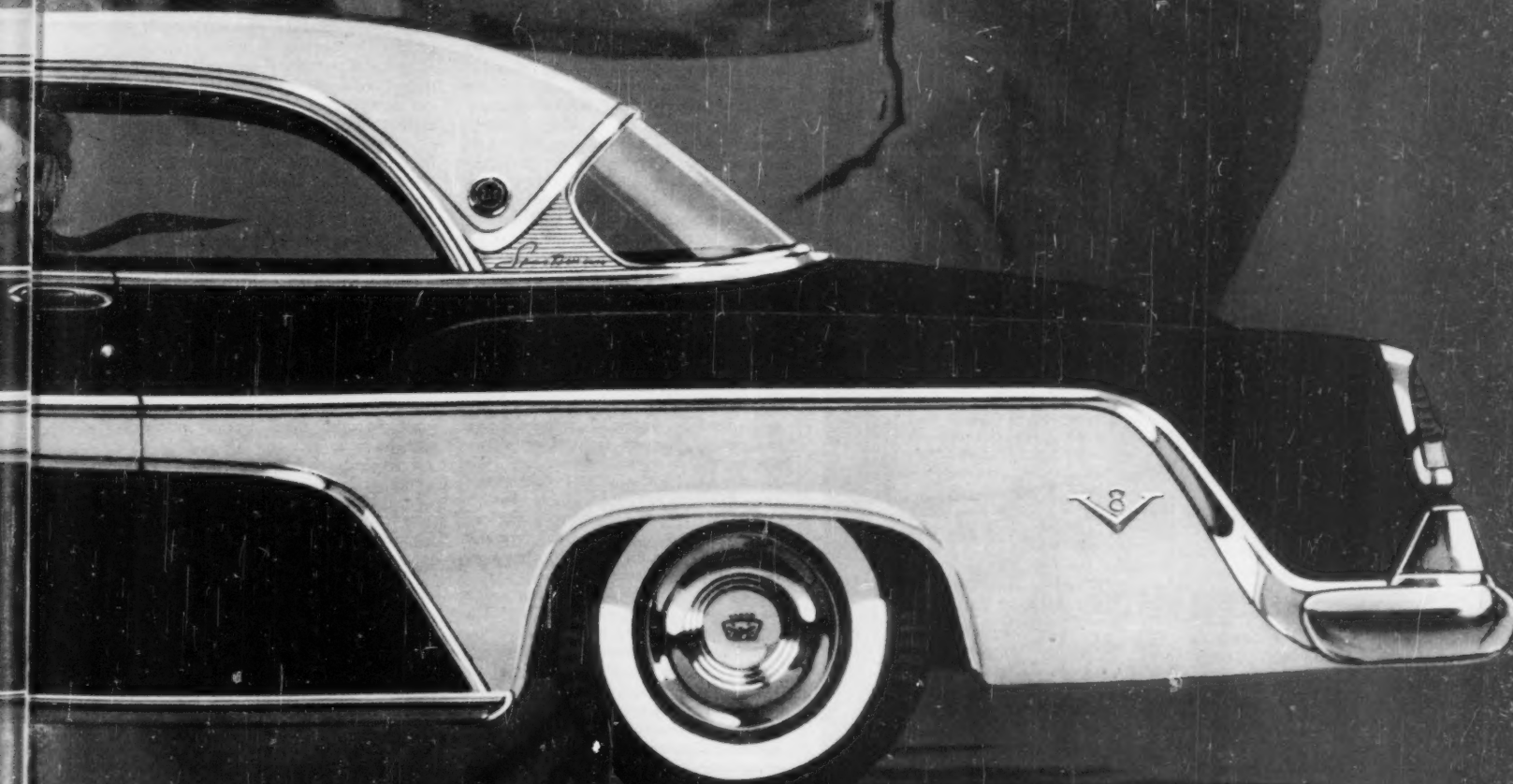
New Horizon full wrap-around windshield wraps around at both top and bottom to give you a broader, safer range of vision.

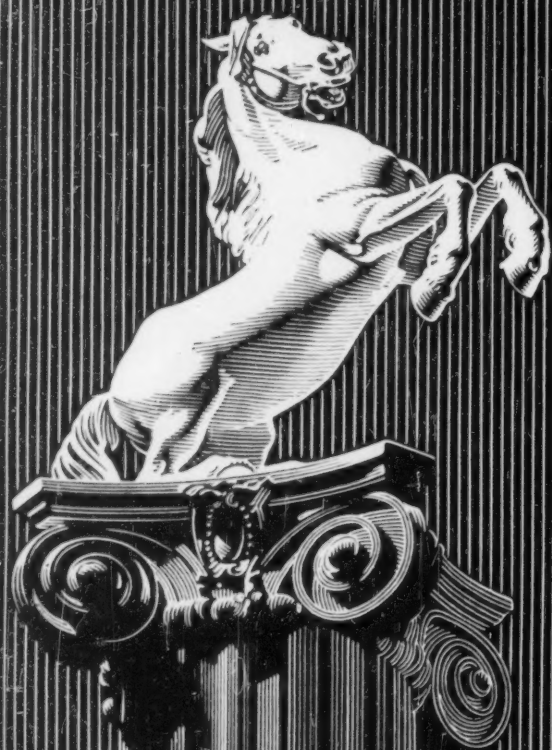


PowerFlite automatic transmission Flite Control lever is on the instrument panel, along with other controls not frequently used.

The fabulous new
De Soto
for 1955

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This is the Scotch! Soft,
gentle, golden-hued . . .
light. Have you tried it?

Since 1746
WHITE HORSE
of course!

Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland
Available in various bottle sizes

W-514M



"No party would dare tamper with family allowances—except to make them bigger"

oil head who a short time later, as Canada's Deputy Minister of Welfare, was to have the whole family-allowance program in his lap. During World War II Britain's sweeping Beveridge Report advocated family allowances. Three months later its Canadian echo, the Marsh Report, did the same. Finally a confirmed and lifelong bachelor, Prime Minister Mackenzie King, started the legislative machinery rolling in 1944 to make them law.

The Opposition objected violently. Progressive Conservative leader John Bracken called them a political bribe. Ontario Tory newspapers claimed it was a scheme to milk wealthy Ontario for the benefit of Quebec's large Catholic families. Ontario's Progressive Conservative Premier George Drew was quoted as saying in an Aug. 9, 1944, radio speech that "the Government of Ontario intends to do everything within its power to make sure this iniquitous bill does not go into effect." But he has been reiterating ever since that he was opposed not to the principle of family allowances but to the way the federal government was pushing them through without consulting the provinces.

But the bill's popular appeal was undeniable and when the showdown came on Aug. 1, 1944, there wasn't an MP who dared vote against it.

Family allowances are still a favorite political battleground, but now the opposition is trying to jump on the bandwagon with the cry "We thought of it first." Almost every year there is an exchange in parliament like this one of last January. CCFer Stanley Knowles declared: "Family allowances were on our platform in 1942, two years ahead of the government." Health and Welfare Minister Paul Martin charged: "It was not. Your party opposed them." Social Credit leader Solon Low chipped in: "The principle of family allowances, the idea of making direct gifts of purchasing power to consumers, was advocated by Social Credit twenty years before the government got the idea." Then CCF leader M. J. Coldwell usually has the last word: "This is an insult to the memory of a great Canadian. Everyone is trying to steal credit for something that Woodsworth proposed before many of us were born."

The Progressive Conservative side of the House stayed out of this particular family-allowance squabble but on several other occasions its members have staunchly claimed that they always approved of family allowances; that they voted for them in 1944; and that they are now in favor of increasing the payments. And Leslie Morris, national organizer for the Labor Progressive Party, declared recently that his party had advocated family allowances ahead of the Liberals, that the present allowances are "much too low," and that the Labor Progressives would increase them and make them payable throughout a child's school life and not cut them off at sixteen.

But the Liberals, meanwhile, interpret every money saving election promise that Opposition parties make as a warning that family allowances would be cut by another government.

The truth of course is that no party would dare tamper with family allowances except to make them bigger. And the reason for the political immunity of family allowances is that no legislation has ever been as intimately linked with the everyday lives of the masses of the people.

The beneficial effects of the allowances are reflected in innumerable ways. At the personal level they are reflected in the many letters such as the one from a New Brunswick mother who wrote with homey candor to director Curry: "Billy wants me to tell you he has his first pair of flannelette pyjamas. I always made them out of flour sacks before."

At the national level the benefits of family allowances are perhaps even more evident. During the first year of allowances milk consumption jumped forty million pounds a month in Canada. The national production of children's shoes rocketed from 762,000 to almost 1,200,000 pairs per month after a year of family allowances. Montreal milkmen reported that they were leaving milk at slum tenements that never took delivered milk before.

The manager of a Quebec City department store wrote in 1946 that the firm never before had an infants' wear department but it was installing one because of customer demand. The Hudson's Bay Company reported it was sending much larger quantities of food to northern trading posts because Indians and Eskimos were rapidly enlarging their diets. One post that sold 98 cases of canned tomatoes and two cases of powdered milk in 1944 sold 1,016 cases of tomatoes and 989 cases of powdered milk two years later.

One of the most dramatic benefits of family allowances has been improved school attendance in Canada. Playing hooky used to be just plain fun; now it can cost the whole family money, because allowances are suspended for children not attending school regularly. When the payments began in 1945 so many children flocked back to school in rural areas of Nova Scotia and Saskatchewan that some sections had to enlarge classrooms. The same problem arose in Newfoundland in 1949 when it joined Canada and allowance payments began there. Ontario courts handled 1,084 cases of truancy in 1944 but by 1952 truancy cases had dropped to 189.

A Prize for Newfoundland

Another benefit, according to economists, is that family allowances are redistributors of wealth from the rich to the poor regions of the nation. Under this heading too, lies the answer to probably the most vexing of family-allowance questions: Does rich, Protestant Ontario have to subsidize poor, prolific, Catholic Quebec?

Ontario does bear the brunt of the bill, but Quebec doesn't profit nearly as well proportionately as some other provinces.

Ontario through taxation pays forty-nine percent of the nation's family allowances and gets thirty percent back. British Columbia also loses. It pays nine percent of the bill and collects seven and a half percent. Quebec, Manitoba and Alberta gain a little on the deal. All other provinces profit handsomely. Saskatchewan collects twice as much as it pays; New Brunswick and Nova Scotia three times as much; Newfoundland close to four times as much; and Prince Edward Island takes seven times as much out of the family-allowance kitty as it puts in.

(Quebec incidentally doesn't win the ribbon for big families, either. Newfoundland, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, in that order, all aver-

age more children per family than Quebec, which comes a poor fourth.)

Perhaps still another national benefit can be attributed to family allowances. They lured a tenth province into Canada. Proud Newfoundlanders had always turned the confederation proposal down cold until in 1948 they learned to their amazement that a big family would receive almost as much in family allowances as the man of the house could earn in a year's cod fishing. Newfoundland quickly changed its mind and voted to join Canada.

The official entry day was set as April 1, 1949, but Newfoundlanders protested when they learned that this wouldn't make them eligible for family allowances until May. Ottawa hastily reshuffled the confederation schedule and Newfoundland officially became a part of Canada one minute before midnight on March 31. For the privilege of having a tenth province for that one minute, Canada paid Newfoundlanders \$700,000 in family allowances during April 1949.

How is the enormous job of getting fifteen tons of cheques into the Canadian mails each month accomplished? The operation is decentralized, with a regional office in the capital of each province handling all the files and printing of cheques for that province. There is only a small headquarters staff in Ottawa.

Toronto, with 800,000 cheques a month to mail, does the biggest job. In a dingy old five-story building on Front Street the Toronto staff of about four hundred starts each day by answering three thousand letters. The postage bill—\$47,000 a month—is higher than that of the whole city of Kingston.

Letters of complaint and praise come in with all manner of weird addresses. Many are addressed to "The Children's Cheque Man, Toronto." A Bradford, Ont., mother who failed to receive a cheque one month wrote a blistering tirade to "The Dept. of Family Warfare." In 1949 a Toronto mother followed the mailing directions on the application form exactly; she carefully copied on her envelope: "To the Regional Director of Family Allowances in the capital city of the province in which you reside."

When a new application arrives it is swallowed up into a vast and complex machinery of checks and cross-checks aimed at preventing duplicate payments and fraud. Birth records from the provincial registrars of births are sent twice a week to the respective family-allowance offices, but the birth verification may not come until three or four months after the mother's family-allowance application has arrived. In the meantime the office has no proof that the baby exists—he could be no more than a fictitious name on the application form—but they go ahead and start family-allowance payments "on faith."

Meanwhile, however, the baby's card has a big white empty space on it waiting for the official birth registration number to be filled in. If the space is still empty after four months, meaning no birth verification has come through from the provincial government, the mother will get a letter asking why. If she doesn't have a good answer, the baby will be cut off family allowance rolls then and there.

One mother near Toronto who had failed to register her baby was asked for birth registration for the child and when she did nothing about it payments were stopped. She stormed into the office of Harry Thornton, assistant director for Ontario, carrying the baby in her arms. "Here!" she exclaimed. "Does he look as if he's born yet?" Thornton explained that they still needed some birth record to prevent

duplicate payment should someone else apply for the child. "We can't file the baby away in a filing cabinet," he told the mother testily.

Sometimes immigrants must use baptismal certificates or International Refugee Organization registrations to prove birth and age of children. Many war orphans have been brought to Canada by immigrant foster parents and there is no record of who the children are, their age or birthplace. In these cases a statement from a doctor is sometimes requested attesting to the child's apparent age.

About six hundred new applications per day are processed at the Toronto office alone, and among Ontario's almost 800,000 families receiving allowances troublesome confusion of names turns up almost daily. Keeping the Smiths, Browns and Joneses sorted out and sending the correct cheque month after month is a nightmarish job. There are nearly a hundred Mrs. Mary Smiths receiving allowances in Toronto alone and every once in a while one of them writes in, signing her name "Mrs. Smith." There are five thousand Smith family-allowance accounts in Ontario. There are three hundred Mary Browns.

When a Child Goes to Work

New Canadians who discover their foreign names are a handicap in Canada, and simplify or Anglicize the spelling, are always crossing up family-allowance records. One Windsor immigrant mother filed an application for her two children using the name Znotoly. A letter went back saying payment was beginning and asking her to forward a birth-verification document for each child. She misunderstood and made out a new application, but by now they were dropping the "Z" from their name. Since there was no record for "Notoly," the new application also was approved and payment began. The mother received a double allowance for three months.

Birth verification is only the beginning of the checking system. If a child stops attending school regularly his name will turn up on reports sent monthly to family-allowance offices by school inspectors. If he is placed in a children's institution and the parents fail to report the fact so allowances can be stopped, the division will soon uncover the fact in their twice-yearly check of children in institutions. If a child goes to work his name will appear promptly in the list which comes regularly from the Unemployment Insurance Commission showing children under sixteen issued unemployment insurance books. If a child dies and the mother forgets to notify the division, the death will probably be reported immediately anyway by the division's newspaper-clipping service, but if not the record of it will turn up shortly in the lists of deaths of children under sixteen which, like birth records, come twice a week from the provincial registrar.

But with all their checking, there is little or no investigation of how allowances are spent to see that they are used as intended for children. The commonest criticism of the allowances is that they are spent on beer, bingo, bonnets and everything else but the kids.

A member of the Toronto allowance staff once saw a woman cash a \$5 allowance cheque at a bank and go directly to a hat shop where she bought a \$5.39 hat. He accosted her immediately. The woman opened her shopping bag and produced school books and a pair of children's shoes worth \$8 that she had bought ten minutes before.

Officials admit the only way they

from

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They buy food, shoes and a farmhouse roof, and one baby just ate the cheque

have of learning of misuse and abuse of allowance cheques is to wait for complaints from neighbors or such welfare agencies as the Children's Aid Society. Most complaints turn out to be inaccurate, but they are always checked. Last year there were only fifteen hundred misuse complaints against Canada's two million mothers receiving family allowances and only about five hundred of these turned out to be serious enough to require a warning or suspension of payment.

"This proves one of two things," says Fred Jackson, the Ontario director. "Either few mothers misuse the allowances or we catch few mothers who misuse them. But we feel certain that ninety-nine percent is spent properly for the children."

Jean Graham, Ontario family-allowance welfare supervisor, told me that of Ontario's 800,000 accounts there are now 112 that have been taken from mothers because of misuse and are being paid to local Children's Aid Societies to administer for the children. "The leading cause is that the mother is incapable of handling money and has got herself in debt," Miss Graham said. "Liquor is probably the second cause. Usually after a year or two of supervision the allowance can be given back to the mother."

Sometimes it takes the wisdom of a Solomon to figure out whether a certain expenditure is for the benefit of children.

Some Take Music Lessons

A New Brunswick man complained about allowance cheques being used to put a new roof on his neighbor's farmhouse. Investigation revealed it was a large family and several children slept in the attic under the leaky roof. Every time it rained they all caught colds. Ottawa ruled the new roof was a legitimate use for family allowances.

In Saskatchewan recently allowances totaling \$1,000 had been saved for a family of seven by a welfare agency receiving the payments for them. Ottawa gave its approval and the money was used as down payment on a house to reunite the family.

Recommendations that the allowance cheque be used for the child's clothing or food were followed literally by a Guelph, Ont., mother. She wrote to the Toronto office: "Would you please send me another cheque? The baby ate the last one."

Several government and non-government surveys on the spending of family allowances have been conducted. According to these, about forty percent pool the allowances with other family income and there is no exact record of how it is spent. Only nineteen percent use allowances for one specific purpose like clothing or savings or insurance policies.

The surveys show that large and low-income families tend to use them for basic necessities such as food, clothing and medical care; smaller or high-income families report more often that allowances are saved for educational purposes or are spent on "extras" such as music lessons or summer camps. In a study of five hundred Owen Sound, Ont., families, by Cecilia Eberle, a sociology student from Loyola University, Chicago, nineteen percent of families said they banked allowances or invested them in insurance policies for future education of their children.

In every case, children's clothing is

the item for which allowances are most commonly spent. This is followed closely by food. Next, and mentioned only about half as often as clothing, is medical care.

Despite the formidable system of checking to prevent paying for ineligible or nonexistent children, the government often gets defrauded. In 1951 the Toronto office discovered it was still paying allowances for a northern Ontario Indian baby that had died shortly after the program began in 1945. The infant's death had been unreported for six years. Officials say it cannot happen again because a list of children receiving allowances in each Indian family is now sent every year to every Indian agent for review.

To begin with, the Family Allowances Division had to verify the births of all children under sixteen, not just new births as now. The applications kept piling up ahead of birth verifications until in 1947 unverified births hit a peak of two and a half million. Every month the division was paying about \$10 millions for children it wasn't sure existed. And some of them, it was subsequently discovered, didn't exist.

One disgruntled St. Catharines, Ont., machinist who felt he had paid too much income tax decided to get some back. He had one child, but told his wife to apply and collect allowances for six. It worked for fifteen months and the couple collected \$530 more than they were entitled to. Then they got frightened and gave themselves away. The mother wrote a garbled letter to the Toronto office saying the children were no longer living with her. The director became suspicious and sent the RCMP around. Later the father had to pay back the \$530 and a \$770 fine to boot.

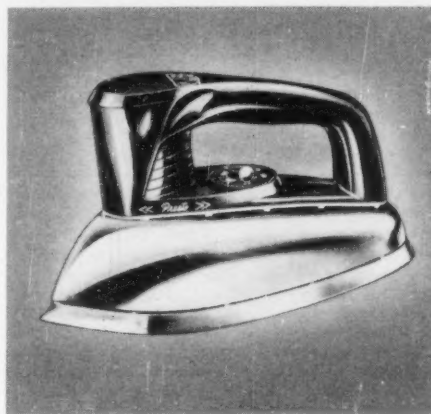
It is a fact that anyone can apply and begin receiving family allowances for a nonexistent child, but for \$5 a month it wouldn't pay. If no birth registration comes through from provincial records in about four months the family-allowance people with the RCMP at their elbows are wanting to know why. Between 1947 and 1951 there were eighteen prosecutions against people who tried to get allowances for fictitious children, or one for every 100,000 families receiving allowances.

One of the toughest disqualifications to catch is nonresidency. When children are out of Canada longer than three months parents are supposed to notify the allowance office and payments are suspended. Sometimes notification isn't made and allowances continue to go out to the address of a relative long after the family has left the country.

A Toronto mother of five children who moved to the United States in 1948 thought her children remained eligible as long as they remained Canadian citizens. For almost two years the grandmother in Toronto continued to accept and cash the cheques, sending the cash to the United States. When the Family Allowances Division finally got wise, the mother had to pay a \$100 fine and refund \$571 she had pocketed in allowances.

Since allowances began ten years ago many millions of dollars have been spent in overpayments but most of it is collected again afterwards. Today, with almost \$3 billions distributed, there are overpayments outstanding of \$320,000, about one dollar of every \$10,000 distributed. Of this, \$145,000

Gifts of Distinction

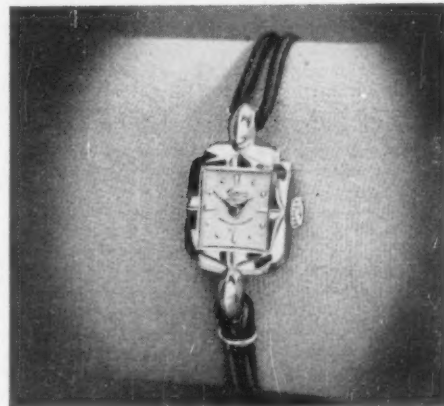


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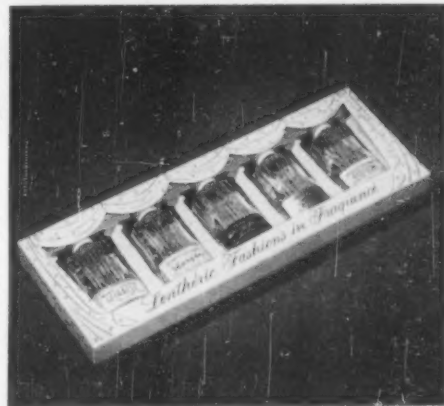
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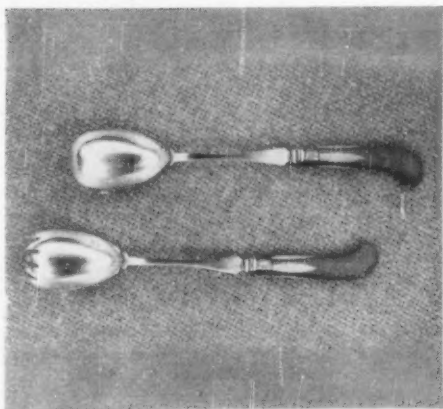


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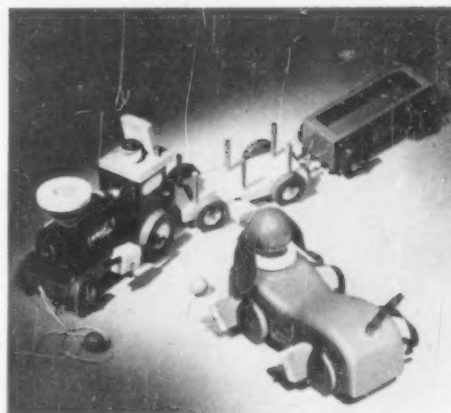
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Refreshing as the first hyacinth of spring! Clifton's luxurious bathtime gift set of a heavenly blue Dusting Powder Mitt—sprinkled with glittering-gold stars . . . and graceful blue vase filled with shimmering Bath Crystals—both in the exhilarating scent of *Spring Hyacinths*! Vase can be used when empty to plant a "real" hyacinth bulb! Available at better cosmetic counters. Clifton's Bath Crystals—16 oz. — \$1.50. Dusting Powder Mitt and Powder—\$1.25.



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All players are individually operated. Decorated in authentic uniforms of "Montreal Canadiens" . . . "BOOM BOOM" GEOFFRION (star player Montreal Canadiens) says: "This game is terrific—it's so fast and exciting. Each player can stick-handle, pass, shoot and score—or even block, same as we do in professional hockey."

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is regarded as collectible; the rest has been written off as uncollectible. Two thirds of the outstanding overpayments are in Quebec. Officials say this is due to Quebec's relatively inefficient system of registering births and infant deaths, which lets overpayments continue undetected for longer periods.

A criticism often heard about Canada's family-allowance system is that the government wastes money paying the allowance to high-income families who neither want nor need it, then each year goes to a great deal more expense to take it back through income tax.

It is argued that if this merry-go-round were eliminated, the administration costs thus saved would make it possible to pay a bigger allowance to families that really need it.

Whatever the answer for Canada as a nation, the individual Canadian can use a rule of thumb to determine whether he personally wins or loses.

Unless he earns \$10,000 or more, his income tax is probably only one third to one quarter of all the taxes he actually pays the federal government. Multiply his income tax by three and a half and this is roughly what he

contributes to the government's revenue. Since nine percent of the government revenue goes into family allowances, it can be assumed that nine percent of an individual's contribution to the government goes into the national family-allowance pot.

A man with three children and an income of \$7,000 pays \$840 income tax. When he multiplies this by three and a half to cover sales taxes, liquor taxes, tobacco taxes and his share of corporation taxes, he discovers that he is paying the government \$2,940 a year. Nine percent of this is \$264.60, his

contribution to the national family-allowance fund. For three children his wife receives a family allowance of \$18 a month, or \$216 a year. Hence family allowances cost him \$48.60 more a year than he receives. In other words he is paying his own family allowance and contributing another \$48.60 to someone else's allowance.

Would that \$48.60 go further if the government didn't go to the expense of collecting and paying back the other \$216?

"On the surface it seems pointless to pay family allowances to high earners and then take it back again," says Byrnes Curry, national director. "But the Government has decided that is the cheapest and fairest way of running it. Any change would require a means test and the cost of administering and policing a means test would be more than the present cost of paying allowances and collecting them back again."

The staff of nine hundred that administers family allowances also handles Canada's old-age security program. The two programs together cost under \$6 millions a year to administer. This is a cost of about seventy cents for every \$100 sent out in family allowance or old-age pension cheques.

One strange inconsistency in family-allowance eligibility regulations is that Canadian servicemen posted overseas, if their children go with them, lose family allowances; but alien U. S. servicemen posted to Canada whose wives and children reside here the required year can collect allowances. Many U. S. servicemen's families in northern Canada and Newfoundland were receiving allowances a couple of years ago, but now they are ordered by their commanding officers not to apply.

Do many people refuse to accept the allowances because of principle?

The division has no way of determining accurately. Officials know the total number of births in each province, and they know that the number who apply for allowances is about one in a hundred less, but in this one percent are all babies ineligible for family allowances because they go immediately into institutions or because their parents take them out of the country to live. Parents who don't apply on principle are therefore much fewer than one in a hundred.

Under the existing income-tax structure, however, parents are paying for the allowances whether they accept them or not. In effect, the allowances are a rebate on income tax, and many persons may take the allowances for this reason, although possibly opposed to the whole idea. In a 1947 survey of 416 prairie families, six families, or one and a half percent, disapproved of family allowances, although some were taking them. Only one group in Canada refuses them for religious reasons—the Hutterites, whose communal religion does not permit an individual or family to have exclusive possessions, money or otherwise.

But the opponents might as well settle down to a long session of grinning and bearing. Family allowances appear to be here to stay. All the arguments for and against become insignificant beside the one overshadowing factor that insures their continuance—the government that would try to abolish them would be risking political suicide. Governments don't do that. ★

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But this Christmas "Gramps" is getting a new jacket. This one, too, has a Lightning fastener—so both he and the thoughtful giver will know that this marks the start of another long-lasting friendship.

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founded in 1925 by the inventor of the zipper, the late Dr. Gideon Sundback.

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The Crew-Cuts

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

mind public is enraptured chiefly by male quartets. The chances in favor of four young men succeeding in show business have never been better weighted. The odds improve when the quartet begins in a city of night clubs, such as Toronto, where the group can gain experience until opportunity scratches a fingernail on the door.

This was the case with both the Four Lads and the Crew-Cuts, whose history is so interwoven that Rudi Maugeri and Johnnie Perkins started singing in a quartet called the Jordonairens with two other schoolmates who are now with the Four Lads. Rudi and Johnnie dropped out of the Jordonairens to finish high school and later, with the example of the older quartet to encourage them, picked up Pat Barrett and Ray Perkins. They called themselves the Four Tones and started to sing in March 1952.

Arthur Godfrey Chilled Them

Barry Nesbitt, a Toronto disk jockey, heard them and invited them to sing spirituals on his weekly teen-agers show, whose audience selected a new name for the group, Canadaires. Agent Dave Bossin found them some bookings in small Ontario cities at fees of about ten dollars apiece. They bought white mess jackets and black tuxedo pants on installments from an understanding tailor. Their first break came when a Buffalo night club hired them for a month at \$300 a week.

The boys quit their jobs. Pat and Rudi had been clerks in Ontario government offices; Ray was a typewriter repairman and Johnnie a timekeeper with Trans-Canada Air Lines. An acquaintance says of this period "They dug spirituals the most," but they began building up a repertoire of popular songs.

After Buffalo there was no work for four months. They lived at home and practiced at Rudi's house, where his mother earnestly pleaded with them to

stop trying to write what later became their first hit, Crazy Bout You Baby. "It's awful," she moaned. In November the Canadaires worked a night club in Niagara Falls for three weeks, then took their earnings and drove to New York to get on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scout program.

They were terrified. The situation wasn't improved by the coldness with which Godfrey treated them. They came second, and a few shabby bookings in third-rate New York clubs followed. "Anyway, we were working and getting experience. We didn't care and we could live on hamburgers," explains Johnnie.

After a few weeks they returned home to Toronto. There was no work again. Don Hudson, a CBC television producer, auditioned them and turned them down as having "no talent." "He was absolutely right," the Crew-Cuts insist today. "We stunk. He would have been crazy to hire us."

"We're going to make it," Rudi insisted throughout the bleak periods. He would point to the evidence that quartets were beginning to have a vogue and the group continued to practice every day. In March 1953 they got a booking in Toronto's Casino Theatre on a bill that starred Gisele MacKenzie. Gisele, a Canadian employed chiefly by the television show Hit Parade in New York, went back to her record company, Capitol, full of enthusiasm about a new quartet. But she couldn't remember their name and the Canadaires continued on the fringe of starvation.

Some of the night clubs in Toronto and Montreal where the Canadaires were booked that summer were filled with outspoken music critics. Dozens of times the Canadaires sang above shouts of "Shuddup" and "Sit down." Once Rudi stepped to the microphone, put his hands on his hips and cursed the fattest oath in his vocabulary. The crowd looked at him with new respect and the boys resumed their program unmolested. That week a Toronto tabloid newspaper printed the simple line: "Why don't the Canadaires learn to sing?"

At Christmas the Canadaires were

JASPER

By Simpkins



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back at the Toronto Casino, stealing the show from headliner Jimmie Boyd. Don Hudson, the television producer, refused to bother hearing the group again. A few days later the Canadaires had a three-day booking in Sudbury, where the temperature was forty below zero. Their Toronto agent Dave Bossin had also found them a guest spot on a television show in Cleveland. "You won't make any money," he told them, "but you might do yourselves some good."

The boys decided to grab it, although it meant driving more than 600 miles without sleep in a 1939-model car with no heater. They finished a midnight show for some miners in a Sudbury theatre, put on their warmest clothes and drove for sixteen hours. They appeared on the Cleveland show for six minutes, sang Crazy Bout You Baby and earned twenty-five dollars apiece.

After the TV show they met with a booking agent named Fred Strauss, another man named Geno Carroll, who produced the show, and a disk jockey named Bill Randle, possibly the most influential disk jockey in the world. Strauss said he would manage them. Then over coffee the older men studied the haggard faces of their new finds and decided to rename them the Crew-Cuts. Next morning Strauss took them to a barber for four haircuts. A few weeks later Randle arranged for them to audition with Mercury Records in Chicago.

The freshly clipped Crew-Cuts borrowed Strauss' car, drove to Chicago and sang Crazy Bout You Baby for Art Talmadge, vice-president of Mercury. He signed them on the spot because he was impressed with their stage mannerisms. "They moved well during the song," he said later. "I knew they'd be great on public appearances." The Crew-Cuts made their first record, Crazy Bout You Baby.

To ensure that disk jockeys would play the unknown tune by an unknown group, the boys then borrowed Strauss' car again and drove to eleven American cities in fifteen days to introduce themselves and the record simultaneously to disk jockeys. On one hop they went without sleep for three days. Three months later, with a quarter-million copies of Crazy Bout You Baby sold, Talmadge called in the Crew-Cuts and showed them a song called Sh-Boom. "How do you like it?" he asked. They hated the song but they were in no position to argue with a vice-president.

The record Sh-Boom appeared early in June and in two weeks sold more records than its predecessor. Competing in a market that produces fifty "name" records every week, Sh-Boom started off among the top ten records in the country and was still there four months later. For seven giddy weeks last summer it was the No. 1 record on the continent. Grateful Mercury purchased a two-page ad in Billboard proclaiming the Crew-Cuts, truthfully, as "The No. 1 Record Sellers in America."

By autumn the record was starting to sell in England and was a best seller in South America, Hawaii and Japan. A Toledo high-school yell was changed from "Sasssss-Boom" to "Shshshsh-Boom." A motorist driving from Syracuse to Buffalo, a distance of 160 miles, heard the song eleven times on his car radio. Dinah Shore opened her television season in October with a special new song, Somebody Goofed, which contained the words "We wanted to bring a ballad into your living room, but nowadays the rage is for Sh-Boom!"

Best of all, Capitol's Stan Freeberg, an outstanding satirist whose most recent victim was Dagnet, produced

in October a parody of Sh-Boom. The Crew-Cuts purchased four copies of the record and played it every day for weeks, laughing helplessly.

"That's the most important thing that ever happened to us," Strauss commented when he heard it. "When the country laughs at you, you're in good shape."

Sh-Boom was the fuse that lit a rocket. The Crew-Cuts' ascent into a higher income bracket can be described almost accurately as surpassing the speed of sound. One afternoon in July Strauss signed a contract with Eddie's, a club in Kansas City, for \$800 a week; two days later a week was worth \$1,500 and two days after that Strauss signed a contract for two nights at \$2,500.

The Crew-Cuts played four weeks at the Chicago Theatre in August for a total of \$4,500. They were invited to return in November for one week at \$4,500. The singers will go to Toronto's Casino Theatre on New Year's Eve and stay a week for \$6,000, plus a percentage of the gross. Their last fee at the Casino was \$350. In February the boys go to Las Vegas for four weeks for \$20,000. After that Strauss won't consider any booking under \$5,000 a week.

Money for Socks and Suits

The soaring earnings of the Crew-Cuts are controlled by Crew-Cuts Incorporated, which pays the four singers and Strauss a salary of about \$500 a week each. The surplus is used to buy orchestrations, annuities, uniforms and such equipment as a station wagon labelled "Crew-Cuts, Mercury Records." The Crew-Cuts distribute autographed pictures of themselves by the thousands, an expense almost equalled by the cost of running fan clubs with 10,000 teen-age members.

Out of their salaries the singers buy clothes—"every time I walk into a store to buy socks, I come out with a whole new outfit," Pat Barrett once complained. They also send money home to their parents. Ray and Johnnie bought their parents a motorboat for an anniversary present. At present Strauss is looking for a charity for the Crew-Cuts to assist; he believes some national organization for the prevention of juvenile delinquency would be "a natural tie-in."

In the eight months since he met the Crew-Cuts, Strauss, at twenty-nine, has (a) had his hair crew-cut, (b) rented a larger apartment and furnished it, (c) put on ten pounds and (d) ordered a red convertible. He has hired a secre-

tary, Rose Buckley, a striking twenty-year-old from Toronto who, ten days after she was hired, had (a) had her hair cut short, (b) had it dyed black, (c) purchased new and startling glasses and (d) changed her name to Robbie Buckley.

From the beginning of their success Strauss continued many of the Crew-Cuts' pauper habits. He booked them into hotels in adjoining double rooms, rather than suites, and ate with them in coffee shops rather than in more expensive dining rooms. He feels costly habits learned early in life might later be a hazard. "They drive a Ford station wagon," he adds, "not a Cadillac."

Strauss has developed other bits of philosophy for his charges. To appeal to the powerful buying public of teenagers, he has selected red as the color of the station wagon and is delighted when the singers off stage wear such ensembles as a grey suit with a pink shirt, red plaid vest and red-and-white-striped tie. "Looks young," he nods approvingly.

To win the less fickle adult audience who could keep the Crew-Cuts wealthy with supper-club dates for years after their last hit record, Strauss has the singers wear conservative tuxedos on stage, prefers that they sing sentimental ballads and insists on decorum. He permits no dates with the teen-age girls who hang around stage doors and hotel lobbies.

The Crew-Cuts still lack some aspects of social finesse—they once made a public appearance while chewing on toothpicks—but they have a high and mature gloss on their public relations. No matter how weary and hungry they might be, the Crew-Cuts never treat casually (a) disk jockeys, (b) people in the record business and (c) teen-agers.

Recently they spent two weeks in Milwaukee, singing in a night club called Jimmy Fazio's Supper Club. During the daylight hours between their noon breakfast and their first supper show, they were interviewed by disk jockeys and on television, turned up for an autograph session in a department store, rode in a seven-mile high-school homecoming football parade, plugged their new album with employees of record stores and, once, flew to Detroit for a twenty-minute spot at an automobile show for which they received \$1,000. They also found time to buy more new clothes, listen to their own and their competitors' records and rehearse an eight-minute medley of songs from their album.



The two-week booking in Milwaukee started off in a typical way. Fred Strauss and Robbie Buckley met the boys at the hotel entrance when they arrived in the dust-covered station wagon from Kansas City, 575 miles away. Rudi, Johnnie, Pat and Ray were wearing new jeans and wind-breakers but looked somewhat rumpled. They usually sleep in shifts on the road, curled around the luggage—seven suitcases, two wardrobe trunks, a tape recorder, two brief cases, three garment bags, a record player, a record carrying case, a spare microphone and assorted smaller pieces. Under the seats are pictures and records; wind-breakers and baseball gloves are stuffed around the spare tire in case they have time to exercise.

They tumbled wearily out of the station wagon, uncoiling their skinny limbs from the luggage. "We left at three this morning," mumbled Ray Perkins, rubbing the beard on his chin. "They gave us all gold tie clips with a diamond on them. We got one for you too, Fred."

"Great," said Strauss happily. "I hear you broke an eight-year record at Eddie's."

"That's right," agreed Johnnie. "That's what Eddie said. What we can't figure out is that the place is only six years old."

"I've got news for you," said Strauss in a lowered voice. "Mercury is getting ready to give you a gold record. Sh-Boom is almost up to a million. Next week maybe, or the week after."

"Whaaaaaaa!" exclaimed Johnnie. The following afternoon the boys dropped into the Mercury distributing office to pick up the first copy of Crew-Cuts on the Campus, which they had promised a Milwaukee disk jockey for its world premiere. While they were waiting in the station wagon, a record salesman leaned against the window and said fervently, "You're a real crazy outfit, boys. I've enjoyed selling you."

At the radio station a few minutes later the disk jockey announced "I think without a doubt this will be the greatest album Mercury has ever had." The Milwaukee distributor, Johnny O'Brien, closed his eyes ecstatically. "He's crazy about it," he sighed. "When he gets through playing the eight songs, he's gonna play the label."

The jockey interviewed the singers. "A few months ago you guys were Pat, Johnnie, Ray and Rudi," he said. "Who are you now that you're the biggest success in the country?"

"Pat, Johnnie, Ray and Rudi," said Johnnie promptly.

During the frenzied drive after the interview, while Johnnie hustled the traffic lights to get to Fazio's in time for the first show, the Crew-Cuts discussed Beethoven.

"He was a real square," observed Ray, staring out the window at the rain.

"None of his stuff went in the juke boxes," added Pat.

"The kids didn't dig him at all," agreed Johnnie.

"The trouble was," explained Rudi reasonably, "he didn't have any promotion. The jockeys didn't plug him."

"I'm wit choo, kid," murmured Robbie Buckley sleepily.

"During the last show tonight I'm gonna use our joke about the food in this restaurant being untouched by the human hand," Rudi said.

"What's that?" asked Strauss in alarm.

"The cook is a gorilla," explained Johnnie.

Strauss relaxed. "This outfit will go on forever," he said contentedly. "When we all get older we'll just change the name. We'll call ourselves the Skin-Heads." ★

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

the others were members of the North West Mounted Police—except that they were not mounted.

The Indian was given a chance to hide and then the chase began. There were some wild scenes but at last the Indian was cornered on a suspension bridge that covered a deep gorge. Two boys held one end of the bridge, the third held the other end, and Winston

was trapped in the middle. They called on him to give himself up or be riddled with imaginary bullets.

Winston sized up the situation. There was a tall tree reaching up nearly to the level of the bridge and there was just a chance that with a jump he could reach a protruding branch. He jumped but the branch broke and Winston fell to the ground stunned, or possibly dead. The terrified boys carried him to the Wimborne house and delivered the body. Needless to say there were terrific scenes but in the midst of them Winston recovered consciousness and

was scolded by parents and relatives.

Not long after my talk with Lionel Guest I was reading a book dealing with the happy-go-lucky period of the reign of Charles II. According to this book Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, was much attracted by the young Ensign John Churchill. She was of course the favorite of the King but that did not prevent her eye wandering to the forceful young ensign who was destined to become the greatest military genius in the war-spattered story of England's conflicts.

One day she invited young Churchill



"The Tube Blacked Out... But Me, I'm Tickled Pink!"

"Wouldn't you know it! Last night, just before the fight, pop!... our TV blacks out! Was my wife mad! (She's a real fan—always cheers for the fellow in the dark trunks.) 'Quick,' she says, 'into the car. We'll watch it at mother's!'"

"Knowing my ma-in-law, I figure the big fight'll be in the living room. But no sooner do we settle, than good old father-in-law hands me a Brading's Ale. 'Have a winner,' says Dad. 'Winner?' say I, 'what gives?' 'Munich' says Dad, 'Munich gives both Brading's Ale and Cincinnati

Cream Lager FIRST PRIZES for Top Quality!' 'And for the second year in a row, too!' pipes up Ma from the love seat.

"So I finish my Brading's (man, is that ale good!) while my wife enjoys her Cincinnati. Mmm-m... by the end of my second Brading's, I'm sharing the love seat with Ma. That's how good those Brading's brews are!

"Our set won't be fixed for a week, but who's complaining? We're invited back to the in-laws tonight, for more TV and more Brading's. Like I say, our TV's

blown its top, but me, I'm tickled pink."

Moral: Don't wait for your TV to go (or unexpected guests to come). Keep both Brading's and Cincinnati on hand over the Holiday Season. You'll be serving and enjoying, Canada's Prize-Winning Brews... BRADING'S ALE... CINCINNATI CREAM LAGER... Slow-Brewed For Mellow Flavour.



to visit her but hardly had they exchanged compliments when, to her horror, the King arrived. Since it was impossible for the ensign to make an exit by the door he opened the window. There was a big drop to the ground, in fact too big. But he saw that a branch of a big tree was possible to reach. So young Churchill made the jump and this time the branch held. The Duchess was so grateful that she influenced the King to advance the young man's military fortunes at a pace much swifter than might have been the case without her intervention. Truly the motto of the Churchills from these two incidents might be "Leap before you Look."

One of the finest attributes in the character of Winston Churchill is his generosity of spirit. Like the Elizabethans he is not ashamed of tears when his emotions are touched and he has an extraordinary power of understanding the difficulties faced by other men.

One day, after Munich, Chamberlain had made a speech in the House in which he had been attacked by several members of his own party. When Chamberlain finished, the House almost emptied. I found myself walking beside Churchill in the corridor when a noisy group of younger Tories passed us, criticizing Chamberlain for all to hear.

"It's all very well for those fellows," Churchill said to me, "but poor Chamberlain is the man who has to press the button. I do not envy him his place at this hour."

Churchill's Hour Was Near

After the Munich dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, Churchill was talking to two or three of us in the smoke room. "Think of these men who have been ministers in Czechoslovakia and opposed Hitler's demands. They never know when they go home at night whether death waits for them, or that they might be kidnapped and taken across the border to Germany. It's the same in Rumania and Hungary. Hitler's claw is reaching everywhere. These poor fellows walk with death."

Again tears filled his eyes and he was unashamed. There is an intuitive, almost feminine, streak in Churchill's character which makes it possible for him to understand the souls of men whom he did not know or whose language he could not speak.

It was perhaps because of these qualities that he formed a genuine affection for Neville Chamberlain in the few months that Churchill served under him in the first War Government in 1939. No two men could have been less alike mentally or emotionally but once they were together in the same administration they forgot the feuds of the past and formed the highest regard for each other. But the fiasco of Norway early in the war, plus the refusal of the Labour Party to serve under Chamberlain, meant that Churchill's hour was near. We held a two-day debate on a vote of confidence. Poor Chamberlain was attacked by Attlee; advised in open debate to resign by Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Liberal leader; shouted at by a noisy section of his own supporters culminating in Leo Amery's dreadful pronouncement: "For God's sake go!"

As the debate reached its climax Churchill, as First Lord of the Admiralty, rose to wind up for the government. He must have known that Chamberlain was doomed and that within a day or two he himself would be summoned to form a government. The Labour members and the Liberals had intimated that they would be willing to serve under him in a wartime

coalition government. Therefore we were certain that in his speech he would defend Chamberlain but would be careful not to estrange the Opposition.

But what did he do? He fought for Chamberlain—the man who would not give him office in the years between the wars—as if he were his blood brother. He pleaded passionately with the Tory rebels to rally behind their leader. And then he turned on the Labourites with fury, denouncing them in savage terms for their failure to support Chamberlain's wartime preparations.

It was a furious scene. There were moments of sheer bedlam as Churchill shouted insults over the din. As the hands of the clock moved to ten when the vote would be taken it was almost impossible to hear what Churchill was saying above the noise but he was cursing the socialists by book and candle.

In the division lobby Chamberlain got a majority but it was pitifully small. Many of his supporters refused to vote for him and sat rebelliously in their seats while the rest of us went to record our votes.

The next day Chamberlain resigned and advised the King to send for Churchill to form a coalition government. Churchill was at last Prime Minister but he insisted that Chamberlain must remain leader of the Conservative Party and stay in the Cabinet.

A month or so later I was sitting behind Churchill in the chamber when the suave debonair Sir Archibald Sinclair was speaking from the other side. Sinclair was only about ten feet from Churchill as he expressed his relief that at last a real leader had superseded the weakling Chamberlain.

Without rising to his feet and almost as an aside Churchill quietly said: "Chamberlain is a finer man than I could ever be." It was not intended for the Press to hear. It was the generous mind of a great man speaking words that came from his heart.

ON HIS EIGHTIETH birthday we, the Lords and Commons, will gather at Westminster Hall, that place of history, to present him with a portrait of himself. Tories, Liberals and socialists will forget their differences in a unison of tribute. But I predict that in his reply he will not emotionalize to summon our unmanly tears.

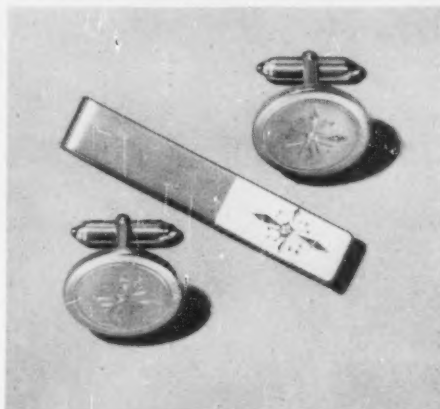
Instead he may say something like this: "In my time I have been praised and denounced beyond my deserts, but I could not have led the nation to victory in the war if I had not been sustained by a vigorous and loyal parliament. Nor could parliament have supported me so splendidly without the sacrifices, the courage and the faith of the ordinary people of this country."

Those of us present will feel the ghostly presence of those other Elizabethans—Drake, Hawkins, Howard, Shakespeare, Jonson, Bacon, Raleigh, Grenville, Burleigh. And perhaps the ghosts will be saying to each other: "This man was truly an Elizabethan kept in the womb of time until called by destiny to bring strength to the Twentieth Century. He sits at this feast with the moderns, but truly he is one of us." ★

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House of Lords CIGARS



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a B.V.D. Nylon Tricot shirt with the new permanently fused collar. It's comfortable for year-round wear... perfect for travelling because it washes so easily, dries so quickly, never needs ironing. Available in blue, tan, grey and white at \$9.95.

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THE WORLD AT THEIR FEET

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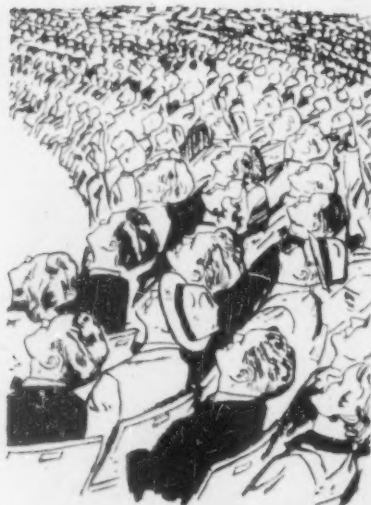
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The War Against the Montreal Underworld

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

and still remained in business. And they found personal inconvenience almost as rare as financial inconvenience. Raids on brothels were seldom made unless twenty-four hours' notice had been given to the madam. Then the madam herself was almost never arrested. Usually she delegated one of her girls to enter the plea of guilty.

Almost everyone caught the spirit of it. One morality-squad sergeant testified that on arresting a girl named Paulette Dery for the fiftieth time he treated the occasion with the ceremony befitting a "fiftieth anniversary." A bookmaker admitted there had been times when none of his clerks felt like standing in for the boss during a raid; his solution had been to recruit a chronic and well-known bum who went off grandly to court to identify himself as one of the underworld's reigning kings.

To establish those general outlines of their city's underworld, Plante, Caron and Drapeau examined 373 witnesses and sifted 4,000 court dossiers and another 1,000 special exhibits. Productive as it was, this laborious search for light had not even tried to find answers to the final question: exactly who was paid off and how much and by whom? Under the terms of the original petition the court had been set the simpler, more practical question: who tolerated lawbreaking while being paid to stop it?

On that basis Plante's victory had only one major limitation: his arch-enemy, Chief J. Albert Langlois, the man who had fired Plante from the force, was absolved of wrongdoing or the toleration of wrongdoing during his term as head of the force. It was because of alleged derelictions of duty while a captain in 1945—before he was Chief or Plante had joined the force—that Langlois was ordered dismissed. He promptly appealed the dismissal and in fact remained in office until Drapeau took over as mayor. Drapeau's first official move was to announce his intention to suspend Langlois and his plan to appoint Plante a sort of super-investigator to look into all departments of city government. On the rights and wrongs of Langlois' feud with Plante the judge found something to be said on both sides. He expressed the opinion that Langlois had not discharged Plante through any sympathy with or desire to make things easier for the underworld. But he added: "Mr. Langlois expelled Mr. Plante because he could not tolerate his predominance."

Twenty-five other policemen and ex-policemen were exonerated completely of various charges laid against them as was J. O. Asselin, Chairman of Montreal's Executive Committee and four other members of the Executive Committee and City Council. But the city was ordered to pay the costs of all municipal and police officials who were exonerated. It was also ordered to pay Plante and Drapeau \$15,000 each for their work in the enquiry.

When the probe began Plante had no idea that anyone was going to pay him for the years of labor ahead. But by then racket busting had become a way of life with him, in spite of the fact that he knew almost nothing about rackets ten years ago.

The Pax Plante of the mid-1940s was a quiet spectacled young lawyer whose hobbies were boating and the theatre and whose chief excitement came from promoting the annual Frido-

linons Revue, whose star, the gifted Gratien Gelinas, was an old friend.

Plante made his living as an obscure city attorney in Records Court, where he helped prepare the Crown's prosecution in morality cases. But though he regretted their numbers, Plante at first saw nothing particularly sinister in the prostitutes and small-time gamblers who filled most of his working days. In his first months in Records Court he had no reason to suspect that Montreal's underworld was better organized than any other; he had seen no firm evidence pointing to collusion or corruption in the police force.

But by 1945, as he gained experience, he had begun to wonder whether the force was as effective in suppressing vice as it might have been. Plante asked and obtained permission to lecture the squad on how to gather evidence and present it most effectively in court. He was still naive enough to think that insufficient knowledge of the law was the police force's only major deficiency.

No Respect for the Law

Then came the now-famous Harry Davis killing and with it an abrupt change in Pax Plante's thinking. Davis was a reputed "edge-man," an upper-echelon racketeer who collects from other racketeers to pay off for protection. The edge-man has immense power; he can dictate through the police he's paying off who can run a book or brothel and who gets raided out of business. Davis was shot by one Louis Bercovitch who claimed that Davis had refused him "permission" to open his own gambling house.

As evidence piled up in the wake of the Davis trial, Plante became convinced that what was lacking in the enforcement of law by the Montreal police force wasn't knowledge of the law but respect for it. The newspapers were hinting at the same conclusion. Police Director Dufresne was under heavy fire. Plante went to him with a proposition. He insisted then, as he does now, that the Criminal Code, as applied to morality cases, has all the strength it needs. He asked Dufresne for authority to direct the operation of the morality squad right from the preparation of its raids to the conduct of its cases in court. While pressure for a public probe mounted, Dufresne, already planning retirement, agreed and placed him in charge of

morality cases but without any new title.

Plante asked for additional men, office space and up-to-date squad cars to replace the elderly wrecks customarily allotted to the vice squad. "I can give you nothing," Dufresne told him. Plante then asked for at least a padded door to his office so his conferences would not be easily overheard by the stool pigeons and vice underlings who linger in the halls of Records Court awaiting their cases. Dufresne promised this. The padded door was finally installed on the very day that Plante was suspended from the force.

Dufresne bluntly warned Plante that he would break his neck on the job. He hinted that powerful interests were on top. "Don't come crying to me afterwards," he said.

But Plante took the job and began his cleanup. His apparent assets were a passion for detail, a retentive memory, persistence, and a bluntness that could be called plain lack of diplomacy. He was no knowledgeable man about town. At thirty-nine he had never been in a gambling house in his life.

Plante's first move was to give his men lectures on the law as it applied to morality. He made them take written examinations, and at the end of the course he asked the class:

"Now, when you see how strong the law is, why don't you apply it?"

There was no reply. Plante said: "I know the answer. You don't feel free to do your duty. You are afraid of losing your jobs." Then he made a promise that he was later to keep at the cost of his own job.

He said: "If you will do your duty in carrying out the law, I will back you up, right to the Mayor if necessary. I make only one condition: You must report to me every attempt that is made to put pressure on you. I promise to remove that pressure. But if you do not report it, or if you submit to it, I will get you out of the squad." He added: "This is no popularity contest. I will hold no grudge if anyone wants to leave the squad right now."

Nobody left.

Plante went on some of the first raids himself and there was a pickup in the morale of the squad. His men realized that if there was to be trouble at the scene of the raid or elsewhere Plante was prepared to absorb the lion's share in person.

When he heard that one of the big

NEXT ISSUE

ANOTHER MACLEAN'S CHRISTMAS PACKAGE

The Strange Story behind the Bible

BY FRED BODSWORTH

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BY BLAIR FRASER

Christmas in Canada

AN ENGROSSING ANTHOLOGY BY JAMES AND EMILY BANNERMAN

The Rustler and the Reindeer

A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS STORY FOR CHILDREN BY RADIO'S "JUST MARY"

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A LIVELY CARTOON FEATURE

PLUS A HOST OF OTHER CHRISTMAS FEATURES

DECEMBER 15 ISSUE

ON SALE DECEMBER 7

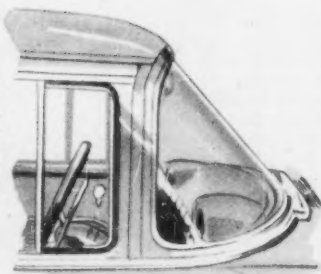
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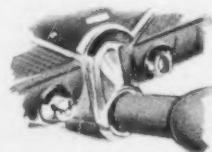


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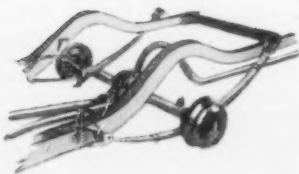


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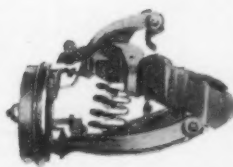
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Plante walked into the headlights. He heard two shots and ducked for cover

books, at 1455 Bleury Street, was operating openly he decided it was time for his first test case. He and his men raided the book, which was on the third floor of the building. There were about fifteen men standing around, uneasily waiting to see what he would do. One officer pointed out the keeper, Julius Silverberg. "Search him," Plante ordered.

Silverberg protested: "I am a British subject. My person can't be touched." "Okay," said Plante, "take his pants off and search them."

Silverberg hastily withdrew his objection. Plante's men searched him and produced a bunch of keys. Plante distributed the keys among his men. "Try them all through the building," he ordered.

Five minutes later one of the officers came running up from the second floor. The key had opened the apartment below, which turned out to be the real book, complete with telephones, ticker tape, boards and adding machines. The third-floor location was simply a front maintained for phony raids.

Plante sent all the found-ins to headquarters for photographing and fingerprinting, two unheard-of practices. Then he called in a wrecking crew, and as reporters looked on he had the whole establishment dismantled for evidence.

A Plot to Run Him Down

The raid at 1455 Bleury had established a few precedents. Raids previously had been conducted against forty-five different apartment numbers at that address. Plante made his case, the first one, against the street number and succeeded in closing the whole building.

The real keeper, Silverberg, had been arrested for the first time. Bail was set by Chief Recorder Thoun at \$1,000 instead of the customary \$200. The found-ins had been photographed and fingerprinted, rendering them liable to a jail term for a second offense. And all the valuable equipment had been confiscated.

The underworld was not used to such treatment. An officer reported from an informer that there was a plan to run Plante down with a truck. It was six years later that Plante learned from Louis Bercovitch, the convicted and jailed killer of Harry Davis, that unnamed mobsters had decided to try to run him down in the narrow lane beside Gratien Gelinas' studio off St. Denis Street. The notorious Johnny Young, first Canadian to be sentenced to life as an habitual criminal, later confessed to Plante that he had been given the task of wiring an explosive charge to the starter in Plante's cruiser. Neither of these plots was ever put into effect, but one Saturday evening on returning to his summer camp near Boucherville from Montreal, Plante got out of his car and started to walk around it into the headlights when two sharp reports sent him ducking for cover as two bullets whizzed over his head. Before Plante could get to his feet he heard the roar of a powerful motor and a car vanished down the Montreal highway.

Plante soon learned his campaign was not popular with certain civic officials. Two different aldermen told him bluntly that he would not be long at his job. One member of the city's Executive Committee had a long talk with Plante. He said that Plante had the wrong notion if he thought his bosses

were against him. On the contrary, they wanted to keep him for he was the man to restore the situation to what it should be. It had gotten out of hand. Instead of forty or fifty bookies there were more than a hundred, and the same was true of barbotte, a Montreal dice game. The underworld was dictating to City Hall. He said: "You are the man we need to reduce these numbers to normal."

Plante asked him: "Which do I raid and which do I allow to remain open? Who decides?"

The committee member shrugged his shoulders. Plante was not co-operating. "You don't realize the money you are losing by your attitude," he said. "Think it over."

Plante told him: "It is impossible to have half a cleanup. The moment you compromise with crooks you are in their power."

He felt he could ignore these first efforts at pressure and intimidation for he had the Press solidly behind him in his campaign, and the powerful Action Catholique had supported him from the start. Moreover, an apparent attempt to embarrass him had rebounded in a happy way when Recorder Leonce Plante had declared to newspapermen one morning: "Pax Plante is making a lot of raids on gambling houses and bookies. Will you go and ask him why he does not raid the church bingos. They are against the law."

Plante went to Director Dufresne. "You see, it starts," the chief chided him. "What are you going to do?"

Plante said that bingos were illegal and they would have to stop.

"You'd better see the Archbishop," Dufresne warned him. Plante said he would, and he called Archbishop Charbonneau at once asking for an immediate appointment.

This was granted, and in a few minutes Plante was at the Archbishop's Palace. He told his story.

The Archbishop said: "You know, Mr. Plante, that the Archbishop has always been against bingos. Those that operate them do so against my often-expressed prohibition."

Plante continued: "I cannot wage a successful campaign against gambling if they continue. I will apply the law."

"Are you going to arrest some of my priests?" the Archbishop asked.

"I have called a press conference for one o'clock. I will give a very clear warning to everybody concerned. May I say that I have your backing?" Plante replied.

"Definitely," said the Archbishop.

Plante issued his warning. There were forty-eight church bingos running regularly at the time, of which one alone had cleared \$40,000 in a single year. They all closed within the week without the necessity of a single raid. Only one curé showed any defiance.

In his main sermon the following Sunday he declared: "Next Saturday night we will have the biggest bingo ever held in this church. I will be there and my priests will be there. I invite all my wardens to be present. It is not a small lawyer from St. James Street who will dictate to me."

Plante heard of this on Monday. On Saturday night he drove up outside the church hall with a group of officers. He watched the parishioners flocking into the church hall, about 1,500 strong. He sat in the car and sweated. Then he called for the three largest Black Marias in the police department and

instructed that they proceed to the church slowly, but with bells clanging. A few minutes later the wagons appeared and some youngsters spotted them as they came up to the church. They rushed into the church hall and announced that the police vans were arriving.

Plante sat back in his squad car and watched a most amazing exodus from that church hall. Within a few minutes the place was empty, except for the curé and his priests, left alone in the big hall. There was no bingo that night, nor did the game re-open later.

Plante soon afterwards raided a swank Milton Street call house and thereby won for himself the active enmity of an important city official who was known to be the personal protector of the establishment. According to Plante, this official called him into his office and said: "You know I have a personal interest in that place. Furthermore, I am told that you had given orders to arrest me if I had been found there. Is that true?" Plante agreed that he had instructed the officers to arrest everyone on the premises no matter how high their rank. "Get out of my office!" the official stormed.

Plante's biggest case was made against Montreal's top gambler, Harry Ship. He had been making his cases against the real keepers of gambling joints in contrast to the old system of accepting stooges for the charges, but the big keepers proved elusive. One day Plante received a tip that a big but exclusive new book was operating on the site of an old and oft-raided horse parlor, Pelletier's place at 1776 St. Catherine St. East. Gathering his squad, he made an immediate raid and when his men were refused entry he ordered that the door be smashed in. Inside he found an elaborate bookie setup and about two dozen prosperous-looking characters gathered in front of the ticker tape. One of them was Harry Ship, Montreal's celebrated "boy plunger."

Plante promptly arrested Ship and sent him to police headquarters. He warned the officers accompanying Ship: "Don't let this man out without an order from the judge, and ask the judge to get in touch with me before granting bail."

But Ship was released on bail. He made the prediction to newsmen that within two weeks nobody would remember Pax Plante's name. It was a challenge Pax Plante promptly accepted.

Plante had been furious about Ship's prompt release on bail and said so openly. He felt, and he still feels, that if Ship had not obtained a quick opportunity to put his affairs in order Plante might have been able to uncover the whole bookkeeping of protection. As it was he uncovered enough to reveal that vice was a major business in Montreal, and he succeeded in sending Ship to Bordeaux Jail for six months, the first instance in Montreal's recent history that a real keeper had been sentenced to jail.

The Ship case was Plante's most spectacular effort while he was in charge of Montreal's morality squad.

Meanwhile Police Director Dufresne turned in his resignation and retired on his director's pension of about \$8,000 per year. Temporarily, Assistant Director Charles Barnes took over.

Although Plante had his supporters for the job among city councilors he realized that a majority of the Executive Committee would not vote for his appointment as Dufresne's successor. Another candidate, Albert Langlois, was mooted for the post. Langlois had an excellent war record, as a disciplinarian in the RCAF, and he was serving as assistant inspector in

the Montreal police force. Plante settled for what seemed a workable compromise. Up to this point he had simply been police attorney advising the morality squad. Now he asked for the post of Assistant Police Director in charge of morality. And he asked that his appointment predate that of the new director. Plante was appointed Assistant Director at a salary of \$10,000 a year and then Langlois was appointed Police Director.

Although Plante was to remain eight months at his new post, which in fact only regularized the authority he al-

ready exercised, his feud with Langlois began almost at once. Early in their brief association Langlois came to regard Plante as a publicity seeker. Their first clash occurred quickly.

A boating acquaintance who, having been rebuffed when he tried to arrange a meeting between Plante and one of the leading racketeers, then tried to name Plante as correspondent in a divorce action against his wife. Though Plante was completely exonerated in court he accused Langlois of reporting the original story to the Archbishop of Montreal. The Archbishop con-

ducted his own investigation and came to the same conclusion as the court, thereby maintaining Church support behind Plante's anti-vice campaign.

Plante found himself increasingly frustrated in the police department. He claimed that in spite of his request for new people on the morality squad to make cases against the last refuge of the retreating underworld, the chartered card clubs, he was told that none were available. His small squad of fifty were soon known on sight to every racketeer in town, and their appearance at a chartered club was the signal for

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games to resume at the orthodox level in which the house is legally permitted to exact a small hourly fee for the use of tables and cards.

Plante considered that open warfare was declared by Langlois over the Fairmount Club. Plante had raided the place at two different addresses, forcing it to close on each occasion. It moved to a third address and Plante again prepared to make a case. In the middle of his preparations Langlois ordered officers from the detective bureau to raid the new place and arrest the found-ins. Some people took this

as an inference that Plante was allowing favored places to operate. But the Fairmount Club was again open for business the day following the Langlois raid. A week later Plante conducted his planned raid and secured the necessary evidence to put the place out of operation for good. Thus in the long run it was Langlois not his assistant who lost face from the episode.

The final showdown took place under obscure circumstances. Three members of the morality squad were giving evidence against a prostitute in Records Court and, under cross-ques-

tioning before Judge Irénée Lagarde, two of them admitted that they had slept with the girl charged. They admitted that it was both unnecessary and against the orders of their superior officer. The judge immediately wrote to the Director of Police and released a copy of his letter to the Press, giving the names of the officers involved.

When their case came before the disciplinary board of the police department, their superior officer, Lieut. Armand Courval, pointed out that the offense had been strictly against orders but recommended some leniency in

view of the heavy punishment suffered by the men by the publication of their names in the Press. The homes of both had been broken up. Courval's report was accepted without criticism by the disciplinary board, which included the senior members of the force, Plante among them. Langlois was not present.

Next day Langlois charged Courval with condoning the conduct of his constables. He instructed that this written charge be turned over to Plante so that Plante would hand it to Courval. Plante protested that Courval was innocent of any such charge and said that if the Police Director still wished to make it Plante was not able to associate himself with it.

"All right," said Langlois, "I'll have someone else deliver it."

He pressed a buzzer on his desk. Assistant Director Belanger and Chief Inspector Pleau walked into his office.

"Do you still refuse to carry out my orders?" Langlois asked.

"I do," Plante replied. "Turn in your badge and gun," Langlois demanded. "You are suspended."

Plante's case still had to be heard by the Executive Committee. He prepared for his defense with a 500-page survey of vice conditions before and during his period of office. Langlois also made some preparations.

But Langlois really didn't need such ammunition, for Plante's fate was already settled. When the Executive Committee met to decide the issue, a majority had no hesitation in agreeing that Plante should be dismissed for insubordination. Executive Committee Chairman Asselin said: "It was the most painful moment of my career." But Alderman Richard Quinn thought "it was just a squabble between French Canadians." One member of the Executive Committee said he hadn't read Plante's defense. He was too busy and it was too big a document. One said he had been laid up with a broken leg.

In dismissing Plante the committee termed him a lawyer who "lacks disciplinary habits He appears susceptible to being carried away by sudden impulses. An analysis of the present situation raises grave doubts as to the soundness of his judgment, if not to his veracity."

Plante received the verdict with a certain fatalism. He knew that a majority had been opposed to his appointment as Police Director, and the intervening eight months had not made him any dearer to them. Plante was no fanatic, but his practical experience had confirmed his belief that it was impossible to have half a cleanup.

There was an outcry but it never became overwhelming. Elections for the Executive Committee were three years away. Too, Plante's own personality and method of operation had something to do with the failure of effective support at this critical moment. Ever alert to attacks and overtures from the racket boys, he had been suspicious of every friendly gesture. One restaurant owner tells of Pax refusing the loan of a book. "He probably figured I had planted some money in the pages," he guessed. But it had actually happened that another restaurant owner had tried to press a gift package of cigarettes on Pax. Plante noted that the seal was broken and quickly inspected the package. He found a roll of bills inside and threw the package, contents and all, into the face of the proprietor.

Plante's brusque rejection of all friendly overtures, even including some that were genuine and honest, alienated many people, and his spectacular methods of operation made others feel that he was preparing to use his position for political purposes. Finally, it

In a comedy of padlocks the policemen locked cupboards and even blank walls

seemed to many that he had accomplished his purpose, and since he was unprepared to come to terms with the new Police Director, against whom there were as yet no charges of toleration of vice, he had got what was coming to him.

Plante soon saw that in spite of strong editorial support from the English newspapers and *Le Devoir* in particular, the decision of the Executive Committee would stand. His wife, from whom he had been separated for some time, happened, through an unhappy coincidence, to choose this time to file suit to make the separation legal. Plante felt that he had been let down on all sides. He sold his Boucherville camp and his boat, bought a car and set out to see Canada and forget his defeat.

He toyed with the idea of politics. While in Vancouver he received a message to return to Montreal via Ottawa. A Montreal newspaper publisher was trying to find a role for him in the Quebec Liberal Party. Curious, Plante went to Ottawa, but he quickly learned there that, although the federal Liberals looked upon him with favor, Montreal Liberals wanted no part of him. Montreal's civic administration is traditionally dominated by the Liberals. Plante thanked his sponsor and went on to Montreal.

There he found it was beginning to be like old times again. The racket boys were already starting to open up again at the old stands. Bookies and barbottes and prostitutes were doing business.

A Frightening Picture of Vice

The newspapers were soon in print with documentary and photographic evidence of the return of vice. Langlois was censured by the Executive Committee. He replaced his new morality squad chief and a few quick arrests followed. Vice subsided again.

But Plante had not subsided. Soon his historic articles in *Le Devoir* began to appear. When they were reprinted in book form councillor Pierre Des Marais, who had been one of Plante's strongest supporters, took the first copy of the book fresh from the presses and placed it before the City Council. "I refuse to vote a single cent of the ten million appropriation asked for the Police Department unless you investigate these charges or sue Plante," he challenged.

The 96-page accusation, drawn almost exclusively from police records, painted a frightening picture of vice in Montreal between the years 1940 and 1950. In it Plante specifically accused the police, who were later to face the same charges in the vice probe, of having tolerated this state of affairs both before his brief appearance on the scene and afterwards. He accused both Albert Langlois and Executive Committee Chairman Asselin of being among those responsible for the situation.

Plante pointed out in his book that the conditions which had existed prior to his term at the head of the morality squad were in the process of being restored upon his dismissal. He named all the old familiar spots with all the old familiar names of tenants and owners. "The farce begins again," he observed.

Then he gave a detailed explanation of just how the vice ring operated; the whole pattern stemmed from the

bookies who, because of the particular needs of their occupation and their basis as a common meeting ground, usually furnished the "edge-man." The job of the "edge-man" was to arrange toleration for the activities of all bookies, gambling houses and houses of prostitution which the usually unknown higher-ups wished to have in operation. Plante named four former "edge-men" including the late Harry Davis and speculated on the possibility of Harry Ship falling heir to the throne. He recalled a conversation with former Police Director Dufresne in which the latter predicted "no matter what you do to Ship he will become boss of the rackets."

Then he listed the six privileges essential to the operation of illegal establishments. These were:

1. To be warned of a raid in advance.
2. To be sure that the police would not arrest the real operators.
3. To be sure that the police would not interfere with operations by removing live telephones or ticker tapes.
4. To be sure that no serious proof would be made in the form of fingerprinting and photographing, which would require a jail sentence instead of a fine.
5. To be sure that no gambling equipment would be damaged or removed and no money seized. (It was later shown that seizures averaged fifty cents a raid.)
6. To be sure that the police would accept a fictitious address for padlocking purposes.

Plante showed this system in operation by examining the record of Harry Ship. Before Plante finally sent him to jail, seventy-six raids had been made on Ship's bookie premises in six years and seventy-six convictions had been registered. Not one of these was against Ship himself although he openly paid the city bills for the establishment, which was listed in his name.

Plante traced this same record of immunity for the real operators of some sixty other bookie establishments which had some 5,000 convictions against them carrying nominal fines. In no case had the police attempted to bring up the previous record of convictions when the charges were heard in court. One place, the headquarters of a former "edge-man," actually paid rent to the City of Montreal.

Plante outlined the system of protection and toleration with regard to barbotte and lotteries. He exposed the "comedy of padlocks" in which police officers solemnly padlocked doors to cupboards and even doors placed against blank walls, in accordance with court instructions which, in turn, were based upon the information supplied by the raiding officers.

He did an equally thorough job of surveying the houses of prostitution, from the swankiest establishments in the West End to the streets that had been lined with brothels, like De Bullion and St. Dominique. He named the leading madams in the racket: Madame Emile Beauchamp, whom he called "Queen of the Brothels, Friend of the Police," Ida Katz and Lucie Bizante. He went into the curious case of Madame Bizante, who through some strange oversight, was actually accused of operating a brothel. The police suddenly returned the seized evidence, and there was no case.

Plante outlined how the houses of prostitution had operated unchecked during the first four years of the war,



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providing an estimated forty percent of all venereal disease contracted by Canadian Army personnel. Then on Feb. 2, 1944, when the Army threatened to place Montreal out of bounds unless the city acted, the brothels closed up overnight. Only a clearly established system of protection and its withdrawal could have made such a mass closure possible, Plante pointed out.

However, if prostitution suffered a temporary setback as a casualty of war, the other branches of vice flourished more briskly, and Plante listed the increase in number of token raids over the next few years.

Plante outlined his reasons for believing that the law could be applied providing he was given a free hand. He told of his interview with former Police Director Dufresne and Dufresne's scepticism. He disputed Dufresne's contention that the blame rested with the judges of Recorders Court. Plante said no attempt had ever been made by the police to present full cases that would have involved effective sentences. He gave the names of some forty-six racketeers, all of them at liberty.

How They Protected Vice

Plante's indictment was received in an uneasy silence. True, Le Devoir had added another 5,000 to its circulation and the book sold out its 15,000 copies quickly. But no one took action against Plante, and no one protested that he had wronged them. Accusations of this nature, if they could be proved wrong, would leave Plante, Le Devoir and printer Pierre Des Marais open to heavy damages, with jail sentences on default of payment, but nobody wanted to try for the jack pot.

Plante had meticulously prepared his charges to stand up in a court action which he eagerly sought.

Plante now estimates that the preparation of his charges represented two years of work. He was confident of his ground, and no one challenged him.

It was his move again and now he had no shortage of help. On May 17, 1950, seventy-four citizens of Montreal filed a petition for a probe of vice conditions in Montreal between the years 1940 and 1950. The petition contained 15,000 specific charges against sixty-two members of the City Council and officers of the Montreal Police Department. It was heard before Chief Justice O. S. Tyndale and it was sponsored by the Montreal Public Morality Committee. Leading members of this committee were Pierre Des Marais, for ten years leader of the City Council, city councillor Dr. Ruben Levesque, F. A. Senecal, president of International Envelopes Limited, and J. W. Jette, president of a large plumbing firm.

The brief was 1,100 pages in length and it was presented by lawyers Plante and Jean Drapeau. All charges were based upon judiciary documents and centred around 400 disorderly and gambling houses. A list of more than 1,000 witnesses had been prepared. The petition specifically stated that civic officials "have maintained a system of tolerance and protection of organized vice, a system which required the conscious and deliberate complicity of officers and of the Police Department, and members of the City Council." There was no direct accusation of graft, an extremely difficult charge to prove.

On May 31, two weeks later, Chief Justice Tyndale ordered a judiciary probe into charges of malfeasance and corruption. He set the date of Sept. 4 for the commencement of the sittings and he named Mr. Justice Caron as the presiding judge.

The appointment of Mr. Justice

For years the probe faced every legal obstacle skilled lawyers could devise

Caron indicated how seriously the probe was regarded by Chief Justice Tyndale. Caron, a tiny, sharp-minded, caustic dynamo of a man, had cleaned up Hull. Those who knew him from his conduct of the Hull investigation into charges of municipal corruption realized that Montreal's dirty linen was in for a thorough airing.

To no one's surprise there was a firm determination on the part of some of the accused to permit no such thing, and for the next two years the course of the probe was strewn with every variety of legal obstacle the fertile minds of a battery of skilled defense lawyers could devise. Five times issues were taken to the Quebec Court of Appeal, and in each instance the probe judge was sustained. Twice a group of defendants succeeded in having writs of prohibition executed to suspend the probe altogether. In each case they carried the fight through to the Supreme Court of Canada, in each instance meeting with resounding defeat in every court to which they appealed. The second writ of prohibition drew an unprecedented blast from Supreme Court Chief Justice Thibault Rinfret, who denounced "voluntary hindering" of the probe in strong words:

"This enquiry is of the highest interest for the public. It is evident—it could not be more evident—that procedures have been taken to hinder the probe."

"The Supreme Court knows it—all Montreal knows it—and I might probably add that all Canada knows it."

"The second writ of prohibition was granted on a Saturday afternoon when everybody knows that courts are not functioning, except the judge who was waiting to issue the writ. (It was Judge Louis Cousineau who issued the writ.)"

"This Court is unanimous in its opinion that the procedure was an abuse of the machinery of justice."

The delaying tactics succeeded in stretching out the probe for three years, and it ran the costs into astronomical figures. The grand total is beyond computation. Some idea of what this total might be can be estimated from the fact that about a month after the probe had started attorney Ubald Boisvert, representing a group of the accused, stated that his costs to that date were \$70,000. A common estimate of the cost to the City of Montreal alone is half a million dollars.

As the enquiry got underway between appeals, Plante drew first blood in an exchange with Edouard Masson QC, who appeared in the early stages as one of the two counsels for the City of Montreal. Masson suggested that if Plante were sufficiently versed in law he would know that he could quickly establish ownership of the premises under question simply by calling the individuals listed in the city rolls as proprietors. Plante elaborately thanked Masson for his lesson in law and said that he hoped to be able to call Mrs. Germaine Smith, maiden name of the wife of Edouard Masson QC, to give evidence on the ownership of the property at 1455 Bleury Street, listed in her name.

As the probe entered its second week, Plante pointed out that the records showed there was no variation in the mechanics of protection; raids were made but there were no arrests of real keepers, nothing was seized, no real case was made. "Look at any file," he

said, "you will find it is always the same. Disorderly houses always had two doors, sometimes five or six. But only one door is raided at a time."

A procession of landlords and administrators of buildings used as disorderly houses appeared before the court. Generally they were co-operative. John P. Rowat, notary and member of the City Council, was the administrator for a mortgage company that held a property on 362 Notre Dame West. He admitted that he had received several notices from the police advising that the premises were being used for illegal purposes. He informed his client but did nothing else, although the question was being debated in the City Council.

The judge asked him: "That is the way you felt about your duty as a city alderman?"

Rowat replied: "That is the way I felt."

Henri Forgues, manager and heir of the late Madame Beauchamp, told how, when a lower floor of one brothel was padlocked, cutting off access to the furnace, he would call the police and have the padlock removed while he stoked the furnace to bring heat to the shivering prostitutes on the second floor. The police officer would then replace the padlock.

"You could certainly call that 'Service of the Police,'" the judge sardonically observed.

The testimony all had a similar pattern. Edouard Masson QC, admitted he charged as much rent for the disorderly house at 1455 Bleury Street as the traffic would bear. After forty-six such witnesses the judge stopped the procession. "I have heard enough. The point is established."

He Locked the Wrong Door

Next came a stream of officers and constables who were connected with the prosecution of disorderly houses but who were not accused in the probe petition. When the judge indicated that he had heard enough constables, lieutenants and captains were called. One of them, Captain Hugh McCoy, admitted that morality work was "dirty work from start to finish." He was asked:

"Would it have been difficult to close the houses?"

"No. They could have been closed in forty-eight hours."

"Why didn't you do it?"

There was no answer.

The judge persisted: "Were you threatened?"

McCoy replied: "No, but I could feel it in my bones."

Plante pressed the question: "Why did you feel that?"

McCoy turned to him: "Mr. Plante, you should be the last one to ask me that. Look what happened to you."

Former Captain Darius Grignon testified that he had been fired because he had padlocked the wrong door of a bookie in 1944. He had locked the

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main outside door which shut off access to the book instead of a conveniently useless inside door as was the custom. Within two hours he was requested to hand in his resignation for failing to carry out a court order.

After hearing eighty-one of some 500 constables and officers on the petitioners' list, the judge declared that he needn't call the rest. The pattern was clearly established. Most constables agreed that it was easy to locate the brothels and gambling joints. They reported them every week in writing to their captains, giving the exact locations. They were never asked to find out the names of owners and operators. The reports always said: "Keeper unknown."

The testimony of lieutenants and captains was the same. They knew the locations. McCoy spoke for them all when he said: "They could not operate for two weeks without our knowledge."

Testimony of "strawmen" and croupiers, reluctantly given, filled out the picture of the "comedy." Barney Shulkin admitted that he had been arrested "several times" as the keeper of a betting house. The court record revealed that "several times" meant 102 times. He had never been sent to jail. Plante estimated that had the law been properly applied Shulkin would have served a total of forty years.

Paulette's Police Record

The largest audiences for the probe proceedings were attracted by the appearance of ex-prostitutes, who testified that the ownership of the brothels was no secret. The girls worked on a 50-50 basis with the brothel owners and out of their half they had to pay their share of the fines. Nine girls were called and their stories were pretty much identical. One told of leaving the house after her shift was over at Madame Bizante's, only to be called back to stand in as keeper for a raid.

Another, Paulette Dery, added a demimonde social note when she said that prostitutes arrested in swank Guy Street locations dressed no better than their lower-class sisters who operated in the district below St. Catherine Street. Some of the owners were very fond of their girls. One, Madame Lucie, had even given a reception in her own Outremont home when one of the girls got married. Paulette was confronted with a record of hundreds of arrests. The judge said: "You were very unlucky. How was it that you were arrested so often?"

Paulette explained: "Often Madame Beauchamp would send me to a place to replace a sick keeper, and then there would be a raid."

A number of real keepers were called to the stand. Madame Blanche testified that bawdy houses were so plentiful that she had a hard time at first making a go of her business. There was too much competition. The judge asked her: "What kind of a place did you run?" She replied with evident pride: "A very good house. We never opened on Good Friday."

Joseph Pervin, a bookmaker, admitted that his house had been raided "so many times that I couldn't possibly remember." He had never been convicted, and he had never heard of any other real bookies who had been convicted. A 25-percent partner of bookmaker Max Shapiro, he denied paying any graft. At the time Pervin was questioned the booking premises were closed and the judge asked: "Why do you continue to pay such high rents for empty space?"

Pervin replied: "The weather may change."

Jack Nish told how he had worked

first at 10 Ontario Street West, the wire service and nerve centre of the books. Then he decided to open a small service himself, so he located in an obscure back alley and was raided within a week. All his equipment was seized and he was jailed. So he went back to work at 10 Ontario West, where everything was under control.

The big names of the underworld began to appear. Ludger Audet admitted that he operated three main books and when he was asked, "How did you operate without police interference?" he replied calmly: "Ask the police." He and all the other racketeers who followed him virtuously denied paying for protection. Max Shapiro, by common consent, the largest operator of them all, admitted having an exclusive book in an office in the Drummond Building and an interest in a swank gambling spot on Peel Street, The Wheel, as well as other spots.

It was at this point, after a large number of witnesses had pieced together the whole pattern of toleration of Montreal's organized vice but with key witnesses still to be heard, that the defense launched its strongest attack on the very existence of the probe. There had been constant skirmishes. The question of stenographers' fees for recording the voluminous evidence had been a sore spot between the city administration and the judge. The judge had clashed sharply with Police Director Langlois when he learned that the latter was instructing testifying police officers to interview his own lawyer first.

Now a new diversion was attempted when a notice was served of a request to ask permission to open a new probe to investigate the conduct of Pacifique Plante, Sergeant Armand Courval (he had been demoted after the dismissal of Plante), Sergeant André Guellette and Roger Latremouille, key men in Plante's vice squad. The petition, entered by a group of private citizens who had no visible connection with the accused in the main probe, charged Plante and his staff with collecting graft from prostitutes and gambling houses. This petition was speedily dismissed by Mr. Justice Tyndale, who stated: "It would be unreasonable, not to say absurd, to have two such investigations proceeding at the same time, particularly when there is another and more appropriate remedy for the second." The petitioners did not avail themselves of Mr. Justice Tyndale's suggestion that they bring their charges before the first probe.

At the same time, the first writ of prohibition was issued by Judge Cousineau. It accused Mr. Justice Caron of being partial, exceeding his jurisdiction and acting as a complainant and judge at the same time. The Superior Court promptly quashed this writ, and it went through the mill of appeal. Immediately after the Supreme Court of Canada had rejected it with costs, as it had been rejected in the Quebec Court of Appeal, Judge Cousineau granted a second writ of prohibition. This also was overruled in the appeal courts, but the actions had gained the defense a year of delay.

The probe resumed on July 6, 1952, after having been stalled since May of 1951.

Plante continued to conduct most of the examinations in person.

George Samson admitted that he had operated a gambling joint at 6696 St. André. Seventeen complaints were filed against him after Plante had been dismissed from the police force. Not a single case had been made. Harry Ship took the stand. A former Queen's man who hadn't graduated, he admitted readily that he could not operate a book without the toleration of the



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police. He sketched his own career.

He had started as a bookmaker in 1940. Before that he had worked as a bookmaker's clerk and in a barbotte joint on St. Catherine Street. At twenty-two he opened his own book at 906 St. Catherine East. When his book was raided the book handed over bail money on the spot for house employees and found-ins. Ship testified he had never been given a receipt for bail money and that the raiding squad always left at least one telephone behind. In some raids no telephones were touched. The ticker tape that supplied results and prices was never touched.

"Too valuable, I suppose," commented the judge.

"Probably," agreed Ship amiably.

"So the Bell Telephone, the CPR and the CNR were all in with this betting business in order to make money," the judge observed sharply.

Later, a Bell Telephone official, William G. Bell, explained some of the difficulties communications systems face in defending themselves against such charges. He testified that his company had co-operated with the police and that in raids on 153 premises phones were seized in only four. "We could not disconnect or refuse telephones on doubts, only convictions," said Bell. "We could not function as a court of law."

Ship explained he took bets on anything—hockey, baseball, football, elections. Like all the other brothel, book and gambling-house proprietors who appeared, he denied paying protection money as such, but he did admit that he benefited from toleration.

"What form would the toleration take?" asked the judge.

"To pinch you just enough and not to break you—to leave you a little surplus—the fines we paid took care of the Police Department, salaries, or a large part of them, and the city coffers were getting fat. I think that's why we were tolerated."

After each raid on his betting house Ship said he ordered the apartment number on the door changed because he knew that any given address raided twice in a one-year period was subject to padlocking. His place was raided by Montreal police thirty-four times between 1940 and 1946, with forty-two similar visits from the Provincial Police.

"The police raided forty-four different apartments in a space of three feet by forty feet," added Pacific Plante.

Ship's testimony had pretty well summed up that of the other keepers. They had never been arrested. They put up bail and paid the fines for all customers arrested on their premises. They considered themselves a legitimate business. (Ship even had pencils with his name and phone number stamped on them.) They made no attempt to hide. And theirs was a very big business.

Eighteen city councilors appeared as witnesses. In general their stories were similar. They had received complaints from their constituents, who often accused them of being in the rackets because of the open way the disorderly houses operated in their districts. They turned these complaints in to the Executive Committee and the Director of Police with no effective results.

Councilor Frank Hanley cut an unhappy figure. He said that he had never heard of disorderly houses in his district, which included the heart of the red-light area. Observed Mr. Justice Caron: "It's your oath and not mine, and I'm very glad it's not mine." Hanley further told an incredulous court that though he had been in politics since the tender age of twelve

he had never heard of more than one or two gambling places. He didn't know whether barbotte was played with cards or dice.

"Did you think it was played with a skipping rope?" asked the judge in disgust.

Former Council leader Pierre Des Marais, a strong Plante supporter, testified that he had been offered \$100 a week to stop complaining about a gambling joint at 356 Mount Royal East. The offer, he said, had been made by another city councilor.

Councilor Edmond Allan, who was a former police officer, testified that in 1945, following particularly bitter Press criticism of the vice situation in Montreal, a special caucus of city aldermen had been held to give Police Director Dufresne an opportunity for explanation. Dufresne talked for three hours and then asked for questions. Allan got up and asked him why his morality-squad officers arrested only a handful of the found-ins and let the others go. Dufresne had replied: "If you don't sit down, I'll turn up your record on the force."

Allan told the court: "I was so flabbergasted that, though I had nothing to hide, I sat down. I knew what they could do to the records, too."

To show that the vice situation was public knowledge some twenty-five newspapermen were called to identify 500 newspaper articles, editorials and cartoons dealing with the vice situation in Montreal over the period covered by the probe. A number of those who covered City Hall said that they received \$1,200 a year from the city, although one, Tracy Ludington, of the Gazette, said that his newspaper returned the payment to City Hall. City Hall attorney Rodolph Godin said he had once been offered a bribe of \$50 a week by Police Captain Arthur Taché to help persons accused of operating illegal establishments. He said he had reported the offer to Police Director Dufresne but had refused to make a written accusation. "I am neither an informer nor a constable," he explained.

The Police Were Prosperous

Police prosecutor Albert Berthiaume said that he had never received instructions to explain to the Recorders Court judges how the gambling houses and brothels were making a farce of padlocking to trick the police. Plante pointed out that among the owners of gambling spots and brothels were a trust company, a bank, a city councilor and even a physician who had formerly been in charge of contagious-diseases prevention in the City Health Department.

A former chief of the morality squad, Captain Arthur Taché, gave a picture of sudden prosperity. In 1947, after leaving the police force, he paid \$10,000 in cash for an apartment house. Taché said that this and other funds represented the savings of thirty-three years. He had received \$3,000 a year as a captain but he had worked in his spare time washing walls and ceilings. The only person whose name he offered as one who employed him in this capacity appeared in court later and denied that Taché had ever worked for him in that capacity.

Taché's sister-in-law, a Mrs. Amyot, from whom he had purchased the apartment with cash, was called and asked: "Weren't you surprised to receive payment in cash like that?"

"No," she told the court. "I am used to seeing money in large quantities. I used to gamble at The Wheel."

The court asked her: "You were gambling at The Wheel while your brother-in-law was captain of the

Now Plante knew that an honest man can beat a bunch of crooks — if he's tough

morality squad. Weren't you afraid of being arrested?"

She laughed, and replied "No."

Former Police Director Dufresne testified over a period of days. At the beginning he announced that he had complete confidence in the men surrounding him when he was Director of Police. Then he went on to say: "I was like a squirrel in a cage running and getting nowhere. I was surrounded by a wall that was like rubber. It escaped me when I tried to touch it."

He said that until 1940 city councilors had the right to appoint two constables each time the force was expanded, and only seventh-grade education was required. He faced disloyalty among top-ranking executives. There were special difficulties in the morality squad, where very few men lasted more than six months because their wives complained that they came home late at night smelling of liquor and cursed the children.

Dufresne pleaded that the police had been undermined during his term of office. In 1940 there were 200 day beats and 150 night beats that were unmanned. He estimated that 849 more men were needed at that time. His inability to crack down, he contended, stemmed also from the lack of severity in Recorders Court judgments. But he admitted cynicism toward vice. Low morale and lack of pride in the force were apparently exhibited in all ranks of the Police Department for fifteen years without his knowledge. He had never once called a conference of his police captains to discuss morality in the city.

Director Albert Langlois made his appearance later to defend himself against charges of laxity and incidentally to discuss his vexed relations with Plante. Langlois said that he objected to a photo of a barbotte game which had appeared in the Press with Plante's co-operation. It was pointed out by Plante's assistant, Drapeau, that the photo had been authorized by Acting Chief Barnes before Plante had taken over the vice squad and while Langlois was still at No. 4 Station. Wherever else it failed to agree, the testimony of Langlois and the questions of Plante made one thing clear: temperamentally the two men were simply incapable of getting along with each other.

Jean Drapeau finally summed up for the petitioners. He declared that witnesses had made thousands of false statements. Only three of the witnesses called had failed to appear. One had died, a second had fled to Europe and the third was in hiding, address unknown. He contended that gambling houses had operated like legitimate business, organized as closed corporations, and paid business taxes in the form of fines. The city had ignored an earlier report which had named twenty-three brothels as sources of infection; one of these was only 300 feet from a police station. Figures indicated that

some 3,800,000 people visited illegal establishments in Montreal each year—roughly three times the population of the city.

There were some incredulous gasps at this point, but Mr. Justice Caron interjected: "You forget, Mr. Drapeau, that in the brothels the girls worked in shifts. That last figure can be raised considerably."

The probe had set a record in Canadian jurisprudence for length, the number of important decisions involved, the number of witnesses, the volume of testimony and the obstacles encountered in bringing the probe to its conclusion. Sifting through its millions of words was to take Mr. Justice Caron another eighteen months of almost constant night-and-day work.

When he brought down his judgment it was clear to him that the main contentions of Plante and the petitioners were true; a pattern of tolerance had been established.

Plante and Drapeau had spoken; so had the court. Now it was up to the public. On Oct. 26 the average citizen's voice shook the underworld. A landslide reform vote swept Drapeau, at 38 the youngest of nine candidates, into office as mayor, along with a majority of reform councilors. The underworld, which had fought a stubborn battle in the courts, waged a violent one at the polls, and there were pitched battles and gunfire. Drapeau's committee rooms were wrecked by gangs armed with baseball bats.

Nine Men to Guard Plante

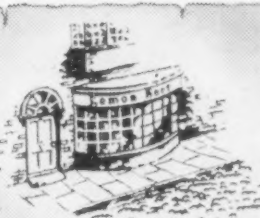
The end result—the vindication of the court and a powerful vote of confidence by their city—were the immediate rewards earned by Plante and Drapeau. They had taken on an incredible job of organization; the indexes that Plante alone brought to court each day had consisted of four big boxes of loose-leaf sheets. Though Drapeau had been a powerful assistant, Plante had had to carry the main load. Public subscription had met most of the expenses of the petitioners. Plante himself got financial support from his relatives.

Plante had lived under great tension throughout the proceedings. He had asked for a policeman to go with him from his office to his home each night. Langlois put nine men on three eight-hour shifts to guard him. In six months their wage bill cost the taxpayers \$26,000.

Plante suspected their real job was to spy on him. When he had confidential visitors he made his police guard turn their backs to prevent identification and kept the guards in his office long enough after the visitors left to forestall possible shadowing. Plante's danger from the underworld was taken so much for granted in Montreal that in the autumn of 1953, after the probe had ended, the discovery of a headless corpse in a city alley caused a flood of enquiring phone calls at Plante's home and office. He had to return from the country and show himself at newspaper offices to kill the rumor that he had been murdered.

The probe verdict—and the subsequent violent response of Montreal's voters to it—established for Plante a point he had often wondered about. It proved that an honest man can beat a bunch of crooks, if he's tough enough.

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ADRIENNE CORRI and DENHOLM ELLIOTT
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LOCAL THEATRE

have hardened and sharpened him. During the longest adjournment of the probe he decided to have a look at nearby Ville St. Michel's politics on election day and he landed in jail on order of the since-deposed mayor. Plante claimed an attempt was made to plant a revolver on him as justification for the arrest. He waded into that side issue as cheerfully as he had exchanged punches with Montreal's underworld and their police cohorts. He won a criminal case against the policeman who claimed to have found a gun on him; the cop got six months in jail for perjury. Now Plante is suing ex-Mayor Charles Lafontaine and the city of St. Michel for \$25,000 damages before the Quebec Superior Court.

But Plante is not a born scrapper. He just can't stand a mess. When the Ville St. Michel police searched him they found a list of girls' names in his wallet. It looked as though they might have uncovered Plante's love life. But the girls all had the same address. It was the address of a hospital for destitute crippled children, for whose inmates he had been buying presents.

Plante always liked company. He takes an occasional drink of liquor or good wine but one is usually his limit. He likes the company of pretty women, too, but as soon as he took on the job of public prosecutor of organized vice in Montreal he knew that even the most innocent friendships might provide ammunition for his enemies.

During the probe sittings he pleaded in court all day and spent his nights preparing for the following court sessions. Boating is his favorite hobby and over the last few summers he has converted a cousin's Nova Scotia fishing boat into a cruiser similar to one he used to own himself. Last year, along with Pierre Des Marais Jr., he cruised to New York in it. His second great hobby is building, and he is good at it. He likes to repeat the remark of one woman who disapproved of his vice cleanup: "I don't think much of you as a reformer, but you're a fine carpenter."

He has kept himself in good physical shape. The only signs of the last six years of struggle are a pronounced silvering of his hair at the temples and a quieter, less cocksure manner. The police bodyguard that Langlois attached to him at the beginning of the probe learned that Plante kept himself in good trim. They had trouble keeping pace with him when he walked from his office in St. James Street to Fletcher's Field, ten stiff uphill blocks, every night after finishing work around 11.30 p.m.

In the city he dresses soberly and tastefully. His horn-rimmed glasses have become almost a badge, often featured in photographs and cartoons. In the country he goes for plaid shirts and more casual garb, but he always manages to look well groomed. His passion for order, tidiness and the latest techniques are apparent in his sister's camp on the Richelieu, which he is gradually converting into a comfortable year-round country house. His tastes are simple, but he likes "the best," whether it is a saw for his work bench, a pair of deck shoes to wear on the cruiser or an electric heater for the camp.

His capacity for work is almost frightening. Joseph Cohen, one of the opposing lawyers in the recent probe, told him: "I wouldn't have tackled that job for a million dollars."

He still has strong beliefs. He says that the morality of a city is the face of the city; it offers its citizens the surest way of judging the quality of its administration. "When the face is dirty," he says sadly, "you don't have to take off the shoes and socks to know the feet are dirty too." ★

MAILBAG



Who's Right About Kurt Meyer?

Your editorial in the Oct. 15 issue (Kurt Meyer is Free; Is Ottawa's Conscience?) is very near the mark. It is likely that someone representing the Canadian government had a guilty conscience. Kurt Meyer's death sentence would have been carried out but for that.

At the time Maj.-Gen. Chris Vokes commuted the death sentence, I was reminded of an order given to me, just before the 2nd Canadian Infantry Brigade landed in Sicily. "Take no prisoners," was an order from a commander who received his orders from the brigadier. The order was given verbally. It would be difficult to prove. It required that the same action be taken that Kurt Meyer was condemned for.—W. S. Backman, Westlock, Alta.

● I was shocked to realize that you are of the opinion Meyer was an innocent man. How can anyone who was said to have ordered the cold-blooded massacre of our boys who fought for the cause of freedom be innocent? It is the opinion of many that life imprisonment was a just sentence but nine years is an outrage. It will soon become apparent to you that the citizens of Canada heartily disagree with your editorial . . . —Stanley S. Atherton, Saint John, N.B.

● War means killing other people. Germany did not invite these 18 Canadian soldiers to Germany; they went to Germany for no other purpose but to kill Germans and got killed themselves . . . Kurt Meyer and others defended their home and country against invaders—our soldiers. If defending our life and homes is a criminal action, well then, God help us . . . Would you condemn me if I killed 18 German soldiers if they came on Canadian soil to kill me?—P. R. Jeske, Winnipeg.

● Your appeal to Ottawa's "conscience" on behalf of Meyer is truly ironical; no editor with the slightest sense of moral obligation could have produced such a shameful editorial. The reason for this brazen support . . . may be to persuade Canadians that Meyer should now be brought forth in a new military role.

Let me assure you that any such plan will arouse the angry opposition of every decent Canadian.—Willard Campbell, Toronto.

A Blind Man's Courage

After reading How a Blind Man Runs His Farm, by Robert Collins (Oct. 1), I must compliment not only Maclean's but Mr. Collins. All through the narration one is aware of his warm sympathy and admiration for three heroic characters . . .

The deep faith, indomitable courage and perseverance of Emil Strand surely could not be surpassed . . . One feels assured that Emil, his sister Lena and the devoted and loyal friend Alex Strubeck will all receive their own special awards. The Almighty truly guided and guarded Emil. It would be nice if the people of Readlyn could drive out occasionally to visit them. Their loneliness makes one weep . . .

Your article is a magnificent story of courageous living.—Emily Shields, Toronto.

The White and the Gold

For several months Maclean's featured Thomas B. Costain's version of early Canadian history (The White and the Gold) . . . I should like to register my protest at the biased, undocumented and inaccurate accounts dealing with the Iroquois conflicts with the French. The insinuation that the Indians were "lesser breeds," debased, dishonest, dull-witted, inhospitable are most distorted . . .

Perhaps the finest short account of the Iroquois "savages" is that of Paul W. Wallace in The White Roots of Peace. Indeed, as Wallace points out, a comparison of the Iroquois constitution and that of the United Nations shows a remarkable similarity. The speech of Deganawidah, founder of the League, contains much that we



might take to heart in Canada. "Our strength shall be in union," said Deganawidah, "and our way the way of reason, righteousness, and peace." This is hardly the language of a diabolical savage.—Paul W. Sweetman, Toronto.

● I wish to send you words of appreciation for your magazine and for The White and the Gold.—Mrs. M. Niziol, Edmonton.

● You deserve congratulations . . . —B. C. Widdowson, Read Island, B.C.

● I enjoyed the series very much . . . —Leonard Moore, Sherbrooke, Que.

● In The White and the Gold, a paragraph on the society known as the Congregation of the Holy Family . . . falsely implies that the Confraternity of the Holy Family was founded to permit the women of Quebec to retail gossip . . . Mr. Costain is apparently confused about the "chapter of Faults" or "couple" as it is called in French . . . In the "chapter of Faults" one does not simply recount all one has heard about others. One recounts one's own outward faults against the rule—times late for chapel, the times one has been unkind to the others, etc. Then one may make . . . remarks on the behavior of other members of the community and of persons who are present in the room . . . It is possible that it was sometimes abused as all good things can be . . . but the confraternity was not formed for gossip-mongering.—Ursula McEwen, White Rock, B.C. ★

Never Ask a Woman the Way

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

I whip around and apply child psychology. "You keep that little trap of yours shut. You get too much allowance, that's the trouble with you."

"For heaven's sake!" my wife murmurs, her eyes glowing with something besides adoration. "Are you going to get a typewriter ribbon or are you going to stand here waving your arms till you get us all arrested?"

I storm off and find that the typewriter place wasn't on Queen West at all but Adelaide East, but they left two months ago anyway. By the time I meet my wife I am out of breath and twenty minutes late. My wife in the meantime has picked up two dresses for the kids, a birthday card that I forgot for a nephew of mine, and also has a typewriter ribbon for me which she got for half price at the store I was looking for.

I'm always trying to equate what goes on in my wife's head to my fourth-form geometry, and I usually find myself with a lot of loose angles left over. The odd part of it is it always leaves me facing the wrong way.

Once it left me in another country altogether. It was last year in Florida; a plump, forthright woman in crimson treader pants and white gob hat came over to our car and asked the way to the beach.

My wife told her. "You go south," she said, pointing east, "to a bridge, then go that other way and just keep on to where the cottages are."

The other woman seemed to understand this. She said, "You mean you go around until you're at that fork where it's all lumpy?"

"That's right," my wife smiled, "but you don't pass the gas station. You turn straight ahead."

I couldn't stand it any more. "You go east to highway 22A," I snapped. "You cross two bridges."

My wife looked at me quickly. "You mean one bridge," she said.

"You cross two bridges," I said, in perfect control of myself, ignoring my wife.

"But there's only one bridge between here and the ocean," my wife said.

I pursed my lips and studied a nearby coconut palm, like Charles Laughton looking up at a yardarm. "There are two," I said, "but if you think there's only one, it's up to you," I said, clearly picturing the two bridges.

I smiled at the woman again, just as I remembered the other bridge I'd been thinking of was at Wasaga Beach in Canada.

When I tried to straighten things out the best I could, the woman in the red pants started to nod her head slowly about two inches from my face. "Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya," she said. "Just like my husband. He knows everything."

My wife and she had a good talk after that about the price of play shoes.

It wasn't the first time I've noticed that women band together in this sort of thing. One time my wife stood on top of a mountain in Vermont, looked south and said, "I can see the Laurentians."

"You looking in a mirror or something?" I yodeled.

A stout woman with dark glasses looked over at her and said, "How they hate to be told anything, don't they?" She nodded toward her husband, a stout man who was standing off by himself looking the right way. "He's just the same. Stubborn as an ox."

My wife can be right so often for

the wrong reason, and come back with a brand-new permanent, that she gets me doing the wrong things for the right reason.

One time in a traffic snarl in Washington she kept telling me to turn east, pointing west. I kept so busy pointing out the shadows cast by the sun and trying to get her straightened out, that I passed the same cop three times going the wrong way on three different one-way streets.

The first time he held up traffic and got me turned around.

"Now we're going right," my wife gloated. "South."

We were going north. I swore, circled around till I was going the opposite way on the next street down. The cop in the meantime had strolled down a block. I passed him again, smiling sheepishly, going the wrong way.

The third time this happened, he leaned on my window and said, "Look, Buddy. Suppose you tell me where you want to go and we'll see if we can work something out."

Kingston is Sort of North

Somewhere under my wife's finger wave, parallel lines meet and light rays were bent long before Einstein. She'll say, when I'm going down to the corner for some cigarettes, "Why don't you go down the lane, it's faster."

"How can it be faster?" I say. "One way I go twenty yards east and a quarter of a mile south. The other way I go a quarter of a mile south, then twenty yards east. What's the difference?"

"Because if you go by the lane, you go the twenty yards first," she says, not looking up from shredding cabbage.

Or she'll say, "We should drive over to see Grace and Ed some Sunday. They're living up north now. In Kingston."

"You mean Niagara Falls?"

"Niagara Falls? Grace and Ed never lived anywhere near Niagara Falls."

"Well, how do you figure Kingston is up north?"

"It's sort of north."

"Whaddaya mean it's sort of north?" I rise half out of my chair, like an old welterweight at the sound of a buzzer.

"It's closer to Montreal than it is to Toronto and Montreal is north of Toronto."

In spite of all this, she can prove her point oftener than Euclid, by a queer process that hinges on letting me talk long enough.

One time I stood in front of a hotel window, far enough back so that nobody on the street could see me in my pyjama top. My wife made a dash for the blind.

I stopped her.

"How—can—anybody—see—me—without—a—periscope?" I said, jerking my arms at my sides with each word for emphasis and making my pyjama top wave.

"I must say, you look pretty," my wife said. "Why can't you wear the bottoms like normal unrepressed men?"

"We're discussing angles of vision!" I yelled. "As far as anyone on the street knows, I've got my pyjama bottoms on. Nobody can see me unless he's standing on a roof."

I looked out the window. There was a guy standing on a roof, watching me with a paintbrush in his hand.

All in all, we started quarreling about this sort of thing on our paper-wedding anniversary, and I presume we will continue to fight about it through wood, tin, plastic, iron, glass and kapok. Sometimes I think all we need to do to make our marriage work, is to agree on which way is north. ★



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Christmas Gift Suggestions

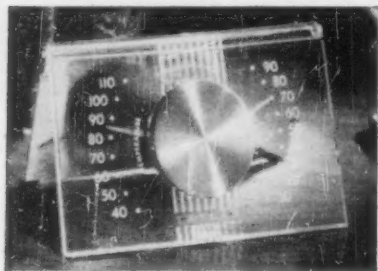
... for the man who has everything!

Here are gifts that most people would like, don't have and often wouldn't buy for themselves. Here are gifts that will give a man a vital new interest in life.

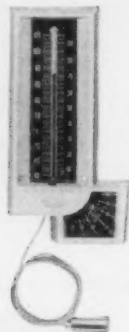
And rare is the gift that lives and becomes a man's treasure... the gift that even ten or twenty years from now will still remind him fondly of you.

As sure as the sun will come up tomorrow, so will these Taylor Instruments live. The man who watches them, quickly acquires a fascinating new hobby. A glance at the sensitive pointers and the eloquent dials... a knowing look at the sky... and all of a sudden he's a local weather prophet... and a pretty good one, too!

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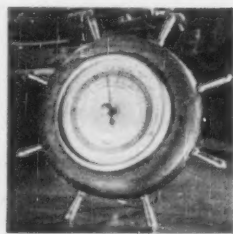
Is it the heat or the humidity? This instrument tells both. White figures and red pointers stand out sharply against the clear transparent plastic... smartly set off by a chrome-plated mirror back. Looks like a lot more than \$4.75.



Frost tonight? This smart new Taylor Indoor-Outdoor Thermometer lets him give an authoritative answer without so much as sticking his nose outside. Shows both indoor and outdoor temperatures. In molded Sandalwood, Grey or Willow Green, \$8.50.



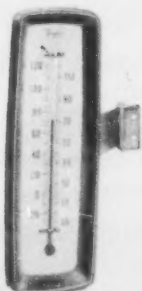
Weather forecast, temperature and humidity are all indicated on the Fairmont Barometer. Deep maroon plastic case has gold-finished reed trim. Adjustable for altitudes 0 to 3500 ft. Size 8" x 5 1/4" only \$17.00.



He'll have fun trying to guess the weatherman with this Taylor Ship's Wheel Barometer. (And many times he can, too, because he's only concerned with his own neighborhood!) Hand-rubbed genuine walnut case, brass spokes. Unique, easy-to-read STORMGUIDE dial shows clearly what barometric pressure changes mean. \$16.50.



He'll treasure this Miniature Pendant Barometer, which tells tomorrow's weather today. Easy reading STORMGUIDE dial and thermometer. Beautiful mahogany case with brass trim. Looks like twice its modest price of \$25.00.



He can read this Window Thermometer from far away because of the magnified tube, bold scale. Weatherproof. Tenite case, stainless steel bracket... \$3.50.

Taylor Instruments
MEAN ACCURACY FIRST



THERE are sermons in stones, and traffic accidents have inspired some, too. Few have done so with such directness as a crash that sent two men to hospital seriously injured, near Prince Albert. Among the other horrified motorists who happened along right after the smashup was a Presbyterian minister we know, and among the personal belongings he noticed scattered along the road where the car rolled over was the centre of a shattered popular record. The title was "I'll never get out of this world alive," and when last seen the reverend was carrying it thoughtfully home to his study.

A Quebec businessman who travels on both sides of the border down east, recently visited a farmer friend in New Brunswick. The farmer runs a small rural milk route and the visitor asked him if he ever found the smaller-size American milk bottles being passed off on him among the empties his customers leave out for him. Told that the dairyman did, the visitor asked if he didn't find the trick a bit infuriating. "Oh, the American bottles are no trouble at all," was the reply. "I just fill 'em up next day and return them to the same people who put them out. Never get them back twice."

A civic swordsman in the employ of the Toronto Street Cleaning Dept. was working his way up Yonge St., spearing a cigarette carton here, a subway transfer there, when he was hailed from the sidewalk. The hailer wore an ill-fitting suit, his English didn't fit much better, and though he smiled cheerily the TSC man bridled instantly at his greeting, "That's a damn fine way to make money!"

Though the city worker glowered as a couple of bypassers turned to



catch the exchange, the other fellow repeated his remark. "You the lucky fellow to make such easy money!"—still beaming cheerily, and waving at the street cleaner's stick. Now blushing furiously, the spearman threw down his weapon and advanced barehanded upon his challenger. But the other fellow ducked, grabbed up the spear himself and shook it under its owner's nose—pointing delightedly at the five-dollar bill that had been skewered between the transfer and the cigarette carton.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

Soon after school opened in the fall a Vancouver teacher discovered one of the new first graders, a likely lad named Kenneth, trying unsuccessfully to open the locker of a girl classmate. Assuming the boy was merely confused the teacher explained that the boys' lockers were all located on the other side of the hall,



but still the youth yanked and banged away at the girl's locker.

"Can't you see," demanded the teacher, "this locker has Shirley's name on it... here's yours over here."

"But—" protested the lad, hanging doggedly to the locker handle, and "But what?" demanded the teacher with some heat.

"But Shirley's in there!" declared the boy, and when teacher had finally forced open the locker, out stepped Shirley.

When a woman from Niagara-on-the-Lake interrupted a day's shopping in Toronto to telephone a city friend, she had to line up to get a booth in the crowded store. The one woman between her and the booth turned to her and muttered anxiously, "You got d'dime?"

"I beg your pardon?" said the visitor.

"Can you gimme d'dime—d'dime!"

"Oh—the dime, sure," and the Niagara woman obligingly started digging in her purse. But the woman in front had given her up in disgust and was impatiently demanding of the woman behind, "Gimme d'dime!" and the woman behind was telling her obligingly, "Quarter to twelve."

Hunting season opened almost as soon as school did in British Columbia, with the exception of certain areas including those concisely described in an advertisement in the Vernon News: "Notice—No hunting or trespassing on any lands known as the Anderson Stock Ranch. All trespassers, with or without firearms, will be prosecuted, especially friends and relatives."



The man who founded a tick-tock town

EVER LISTEN to the fleeting "tick-talk" of a fine Swiss watch? Then you've heard of *Le Locle*. For it was to this small Swiss town—way back in the early seventeenth century—that a young ex-blacksmith came, with a satchel of handmade tools and a headful of ideas on timekeeping. His name was Daniel Jeanrichard and he left a heritage of inventive skill that has made the Jura Mountains of Switzerland famous.

And the watchmaker's version of perpetual motion—the self-winding timepiece—was dreamed up right here by a young engineer, Abram-Louis Perrelet.

Along with these notable firsts, *Le Loclers* are proud of their centuries of fine craftsmanship, their outstanding watchmaker's school, their wonderful jeweled-lever watches. It's truly a tick-tock town.

But the significant thing about *Le Locle* is that it is not unique at all, but typical of the many Swiss watchmaking towns, of the old

traditions and new inventions that make time and its telling the art of the Swiss.

Let your jeweler give you the story behind the fine Swiss watches he sells. He'll tell you that they owe the beauty of their slender cases to the compact precision of their jeweled-lever mechanisms. And he'll demonstrate his knowledge and craftsmanship, too, by the efficiency and economy of his Swiss watch servicing. For the gifts you'll give with pride, let your jeweler be your guide.

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